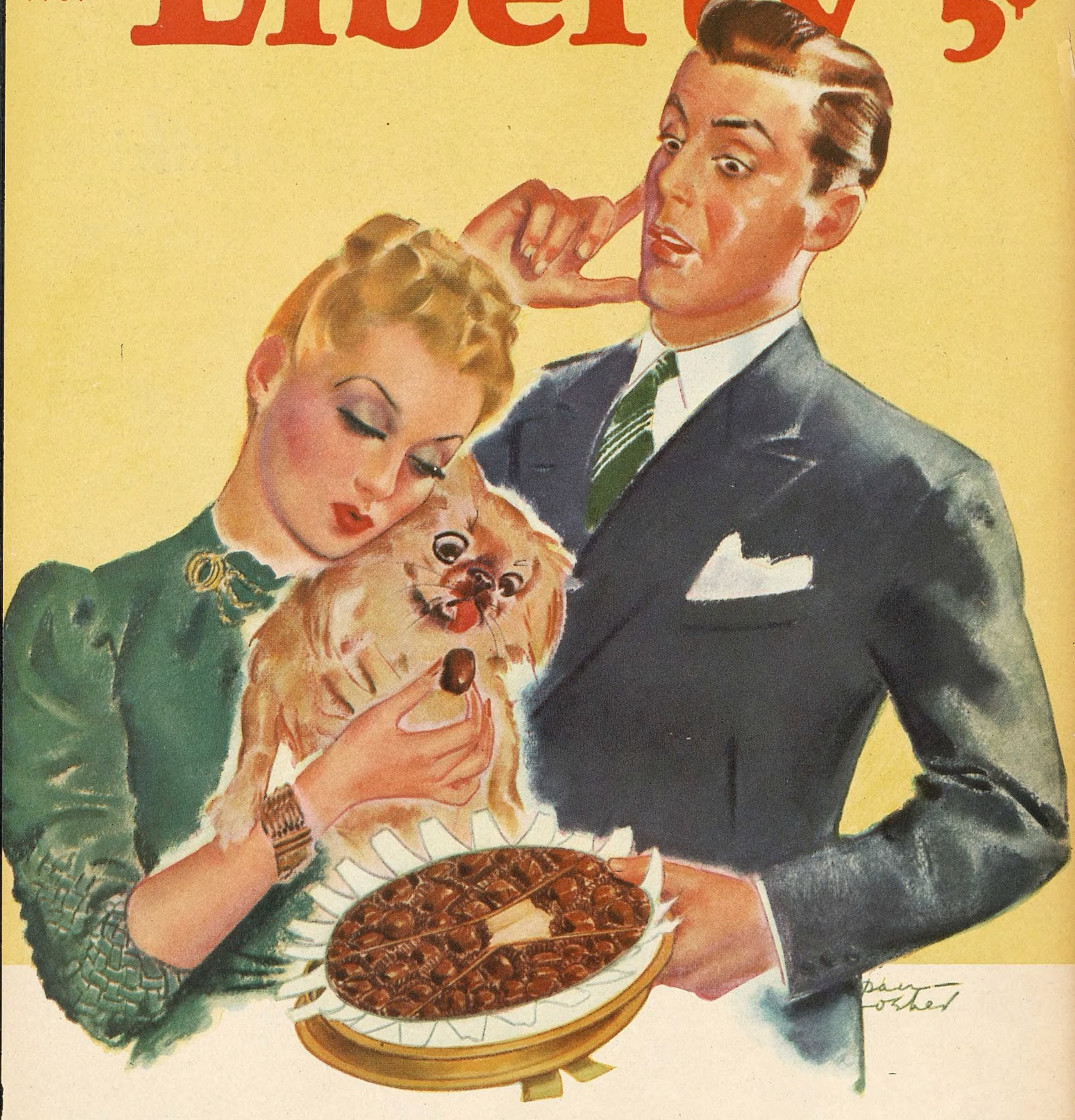
ITCHERS ARE SISSIES by GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDE

APR. 8,
1939

Liberty

5¢



WHY I AM AGAINST PEOPLE'S VOTE ON WAR
by Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

HE GIRL WHO DANCES FOR HITLER: MARION DANIELS' LIFE STORY

"I bought *my* flour by the barrel"

GRAN'MA feels very superior in her married daughter's kitchen, a little boastful of flour by the barrel and bacon by the side. Gran'ma's meals were lavish and mouth-watering, but her resources were limited: you could tell by the main dish at dinner what day of the week it was. Gran'ma had to buy a lot of food at a time; she couldn't lift a phone and order without worry. She had to pick out everything personally—pinch and squeeze and smell and taste, the meat and vegetables and groceries she bought.

Her daughter doesn't buy her flour by the barrel, but she buys more food and more different kinds of food. Her bread comes cut and wrapped, a half a dozen kinds—even an assorted loaf with white and whole wheat mixed. Her bacon comes in Cellophane, uniformly sliced, her hash in cans. Browned and on the platter, the only difference in the hash is the absence of ache in the elbow.

For Gran'ma's daughter, the grocery store is her pantry—with a variety on its shelves even a king could not afford alone; and a menu that staggers Gran'ma's imagination. Caviar to catsup, cooked potatoes to plum pudding; in cans and jars and transparent bags, in bottles and boxes and wax-wrapped packages, all as standard and reliable as dollar bills.

Gran'ma's daughter does her marketing by brand. She doesn't need to buy and beware. She knows that this week's, last week's, and next year's peaches will be the same—in quality and honest weight. And, confidentially, her branded preserves fool even Gran'ma.

Packaged marketing made possible the liberation of Gran'ma's daughter from soap kettle and chopping bowl. And packaged marketing was made possible by advertising, which created mass selling for the products of mass production.

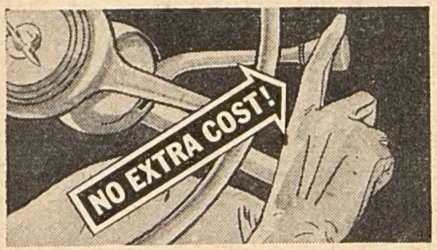
The modern food business has raised standards and lowered prices; it has changed and broadened the eating habits of Americans. Cooks and chemists watch over the welfare of Gran'ma's children—tasting, testing, developing new products and processes for greater health and convenience.

Advertising plays an important part in the modern food industries. Advertising has turned pantries into playrooms, and housewives into citizens. Advertising has created standards of buying and eating which amaze the grandmothers of the world.

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY *Liberty* IN SUPPORT OF THE FOOD INDUSTRIES "PARADE OF PROGRESS"

Facts Show It— Owners Know It

PLYMOUTH IS THE MOST FOR LOW PRICE


NO EXTRA COST!

STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "De Luxe" models—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission.

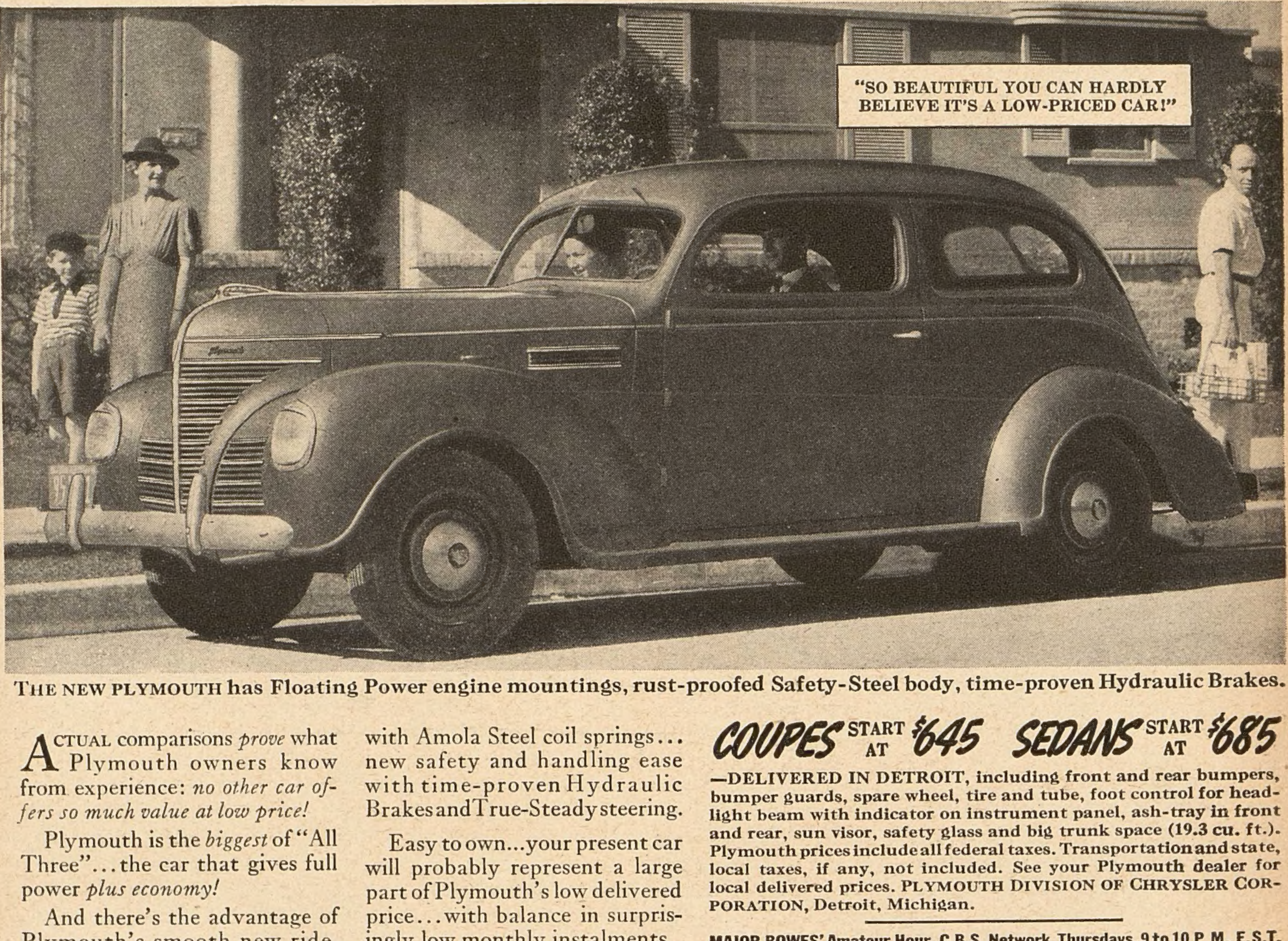
☞ Of the leading low-priced cars, Plymouth is *biggest*—5 inches longer than one; 6 inches longer than the other!

☞ *Every* Plymouth model has the same big, 82-horsepower "L-head" engine—giving the thrill of full power and exceptional economy *as well!*

☞ The only low-priced car with the matchless ride of independent coil springs—standard equipment *on all models.*

☞ The only low-priced car with a revolutionary new "Safety Signal" Speedometer...another Plymouth "Safety First."

☞ The only low-priced car with steering-post gear shift standard equipment in De Luxe models at *no extra cost.*


"SO BEAUTIFUL YOU CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT'S A LOW-PRICED CAR!"

THE NEW PLYMOUTH has Floating Power engine mountings, rust-proofed Safety-Steel body, time-proven Hydraulic Brakes.

ACTUAL comparisons *prove* what Plymouth owners know from experience: *no other car offers so much value at low price!*

Plymouth is the *biggest* of "All Three"...the car that gives full power *plus economy!*

And there's the advantage of Plymouth's smooth new ride, with Amola Steel coil springs...new safety and handling ease with time-proven Hydraulic Brakes and True-Steady steering.

Easy to own...your present car will probably represent a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price...with balance in surprisingly low monthly instalments.

COUPES START AT $645 SEDANS START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT, including front and rear bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu. ft.). Plymouth prices include all federal taxes. Transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. See your Plymouth dealer for local delivered prices. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

MAJOR BOWES' Amateur Hour, C.B.S. Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"

THIS YEAR
PLYMOUTH'S
THE CAR

APRIL 8, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 14

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

LAWLESSNESS–THAT IS OUR MAIN TROUBLE

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Strict enforcement of our laws is one of the outstanding needs of this country at this time—rigid adherence to the laws of the land. Our legal enactments should be respected.

The oath of office, which is supposed to be a serious ceremony binding our officials to strict allegiance to rules and regulations of constitutional government, is frequently swept aside as meaningless.

We are supposed to be governed by laws and not by men. Officials are not supposed to have the right to ignore enactments that they have sworn to enforce. No one ever takes an official position without swearing to uphold the laws of this government by every means in his power.

Many of our officials have recently assumed the role of a dictator. When laws are infringed, they make no effort to enforce them if not to do so is to their advantage. If, for political or other reasons, they consider it desirable to ignore these infractions of our legal codes, they apparently consider it their privilege. Their oath of office is often forgotten.

We are a lot of dumb victims of the lawmaking habit. Our legislators seem to think that anything can be remedied by this means. And perhaps it is necessary to make another law definitely stating that it is the duty of officials to honor their oath of office.

The recent wave of violent strikes could not possibly have occurred if the laws of the various states had been properly enforced. Strikes in some instances were called by a small minority of the workers, and through threats and intimidation plants were closed.

As to the rank and file of labor—the majority are not by any means in favor of such lawlessness. The sympathy of the general public, which is so important to workers, will disappear with the continuation of such policies.

When our pioneer ancestry initiated this government through our Constitution, they set up signposts along the road of our national life. These landmarks—if we might so term them—pointed to the road ahead, told us just where and how far we could go. Our Constitution laid down these "signposts"—rules and regulations—clearly and definitely. They showed us the way to continue enjoyment of the freedom that has indeed been a blessed privilege through the last century and a half.

And this administration has removed some of these signposts. It is apparently desirous of removing nearly all of them. It has not only ignored the rules of constitutional government, but it is apparently desirous of changing or removing the regulatory power of the United States Supreme Court. This attitude has been clearly manifested on frequent occasions. The administration would apparently like us to abandon the guide which has shown us the safe and sound road to the continuance of our freedom. It would apparently like us to start on a new road, without signposts of any kind, without regulations. . . . We would then be on our way but we would not know where we were going.

And it seems difficult for people to understand that the United States Supreme Court does not make our laws. It is governed by instructions that are so clear and dependable that it is difficult for it to vary from the rigid rules that it is supposed to follow.

The judges on the Supreme Bench can only present their interpretation of our constitutional regulations, and it is these restrictions which represent the signposts that guide our national life. Washington, Jefferson, and the other wise men of their time knew what was necessary to protect the liberties they had won at such a terrible price.

If the New Deal should have its way, every new session of Congress would have the right to make any fool law that might occur to its members or be forced upon them by enthusiastic groups which are often the victims of fanatical theorists.

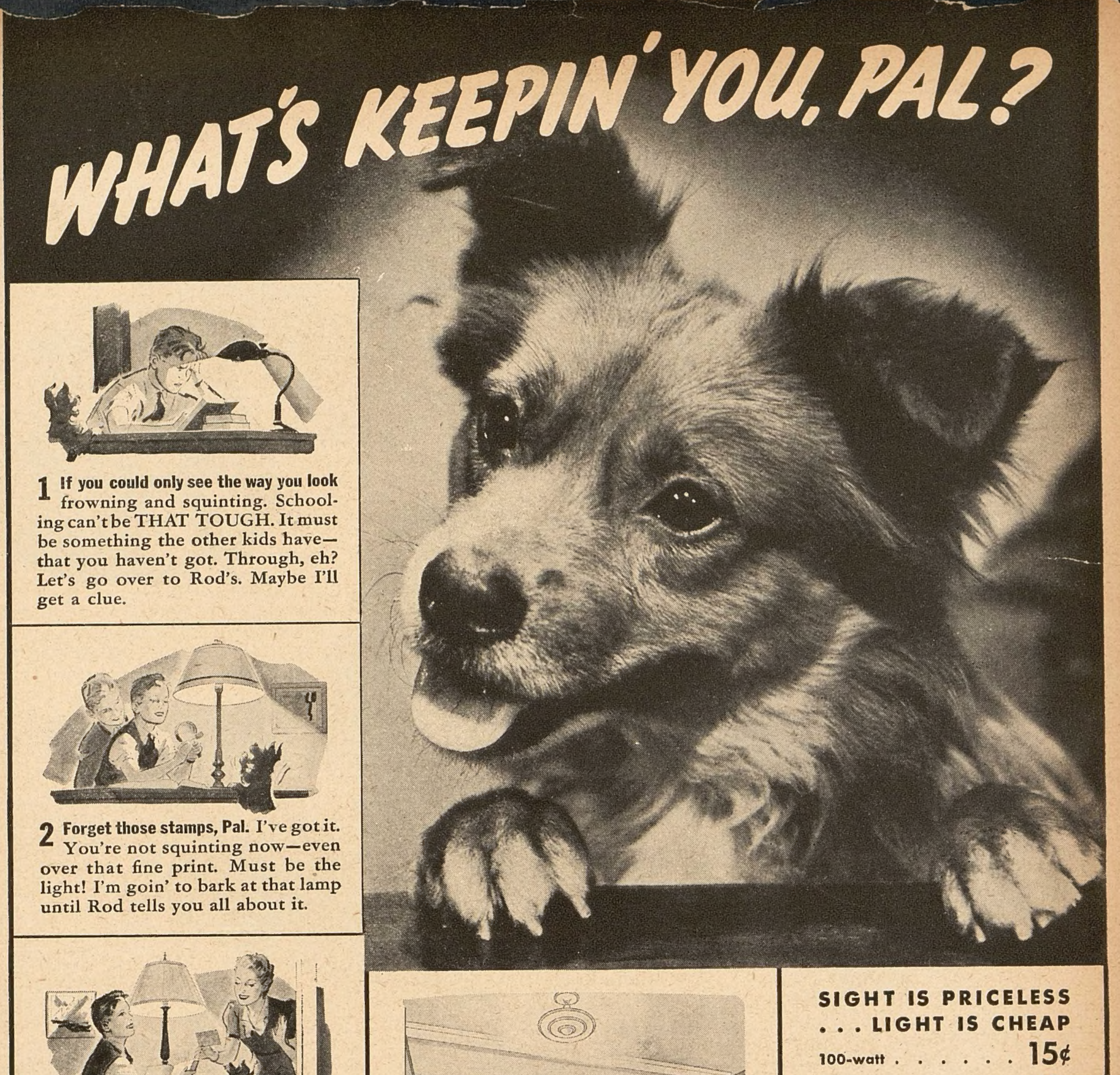
We should demand proper respect for the oath of office. Its meaning should be more definitely defined. Then the officials of this country would begin to enforce the laws. Let me repeat: We are supposed to be governed by laws and not by men. The sworn duty of officials is to enforce the laws as they are recorded, and they should be made to assume that duty.

Bernarr Macfadden

TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 62

Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador; 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions; also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

Copyright, 1939, by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, in the United States, Great Britain, and Canada. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



WHAT'S KEEPIN' YOU, PAL?

1 **If you could only see the way you look** frowning and squinting. Schooling can't be THAT TOUGH. It must be something the other kids have—that you haven't got. Through, eh? Let's go over to Rod's. Maybe I'll get a clue.

2 **Forget those stamps, Pal.** I've got it. You're not squinting now—even over that fine print. Must be the light! I'm goin' to bark at that lamp until Rod tells you all about it.

3 **See! What did I tell you, Pal?** A good report! But don't give all the credit to that lighting girl who told your mother how poor light hurts kids' eyes and slows 'em down in school. Give ME some credit!

4 **So you've come to it, too, eh?** Bought a light-conditioning package of G-E bulbs and some new I.E.S. lamps. Folks, I wouldn't know the room!

5 **Look at this:** Even "cookie" feels better since they put a silvered bowl bulb an' fixture in the kitchen. What's that, pal? Okay, I'll be with you in a jiff. But it's pretty good to see YOU waitin' for me.

SIGHT IS PRICELESS
. . . LIGHT IS CHEAP

100-watt	15¢
3-lite (100-200-300-watt)	60¢
Silvered Bowl (150-watt)	65¢
75, 60, 40, 25 and 15-watt	15¢

6 **Begin to light-condition** your home . . . to have enough light in enough places to make seeing easier and prevent eye strain. Ask your dealer to help you make up a package of G-E MAZDA lamps in the sizes you need for Better Light - Better Sight.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

EXCHANGE
368

Big *in* Value

. . . Little *in* Cost

Few things give you so much convenience, happiness and security—all rolled into one—as your telephone.

Telephone service is not only exceptionally good—it's cheap. Nowhere in the world do people get so much service and such good service at such low cost.

Experienced management, trained people and good equipment are three important reasons for this fact.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT THE BELL SYSTEM EXHIBIT AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

WHY I AM AGAINST the PEOPLE'S VOTE on WAR

A distinguished and forthright rejoinder to a challenge which appeared in Liberty last week

by Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WE must be given the " right to refuse to be conscripted again without our consent, to fight again for foreigners "! The Ludlow Amendment is our only defense, according to Rose Wilder Lane.

This does not seem to me a very realistic viewpoint, for I have yet to see a Congress which was not responsive to expressed public opinion. It is true that the congressman from Mississippi may not be very much interested in what the people of Maine may think about him, but he is always sensitive to what the people of Mississippi think about him.

The fact that ours is a representative form of government, and that when we elect men to office we should trust them—which Miss Lane passes over so lightly—is a fact worth thinking about seriously. When we elect men to office they carry out our will as it is expressed by us from time to time. We intend that they shall do what we desire. A representative form of government such as ours envisioned the election of men to office on platforms whereby they agreed to stand for certain things; but we have never been willing to remain static, and our representatives are constantly being deluged with advice from home. We may not trust our politicians, as Miss Lane says. In that case our remedy is to watch them more closely and keep them better informed as to our opinions.

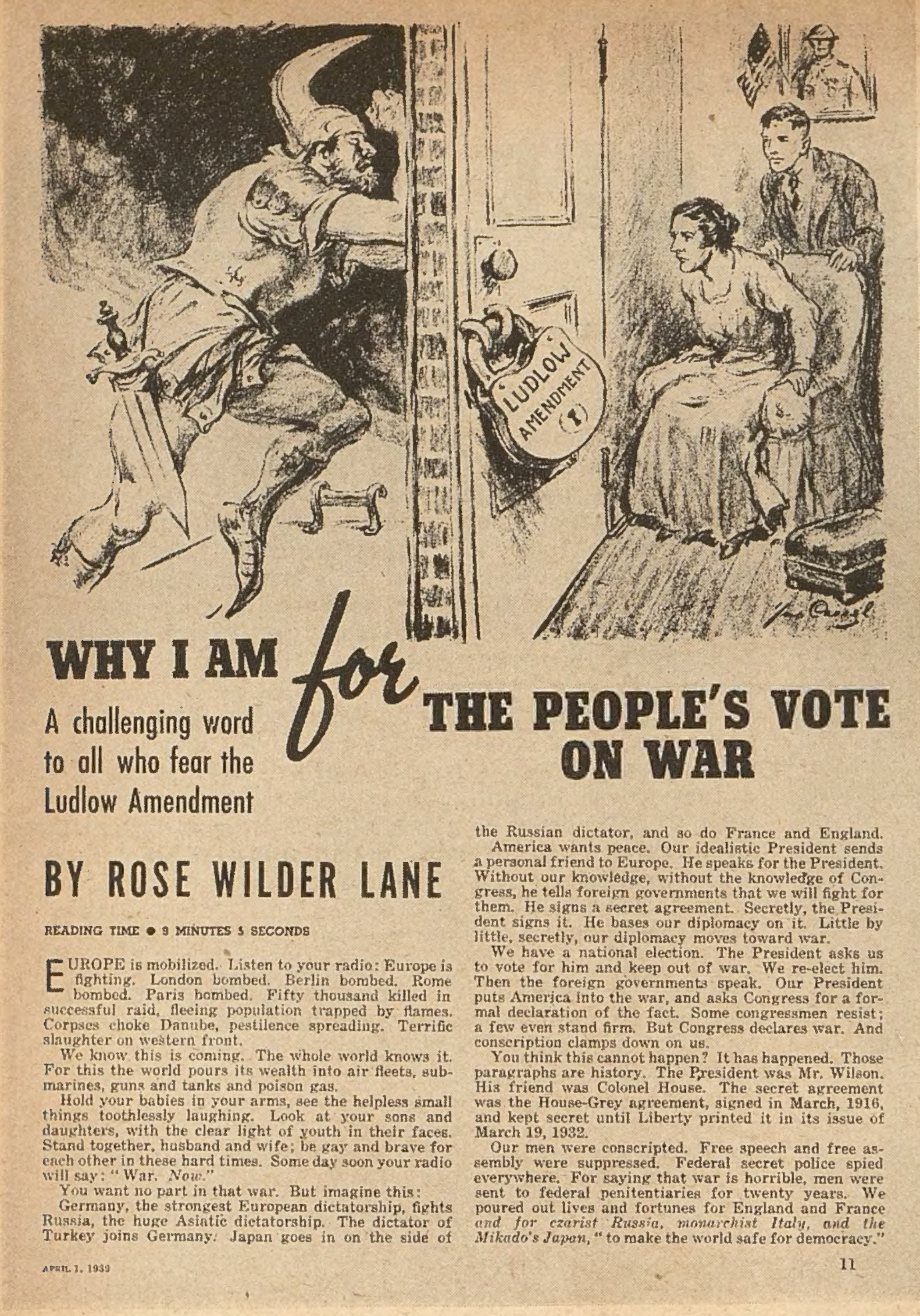
We need no Ludlow Amendment if we are really aroused to making Congress carry out its representative functions. The real thing to be afraid of is not the power of public opinion, once it is formulated, but a hasty vote by the people influenced by propaganda and not in full possession of the facts.

If we are going to refer the question of going to war to a popular referendum, why not refer any number of other questions which equally touch the lives of every individual citizen? A constitutional amendment, for instance, can be voted on either by the whole people in a referendum or by the legislatures of the various states, just as Congress decrees, and yet a constitutional amendment is of vital importance to every citizen. The question, for instance, of what shall be done about a health program affects every individual throughout the nation. Why not take a referendum on that? Why not take a referendum on legislation to curtail automobile accidents, which in a given period of time have taken toll of as many lives in this country as did the World War?

If we begin taking referendums we might very well be taking the government out of the hands of the Congress, changing it from a representative form of government to a form of government which at present we seem on the whole not to be anxious to duplicate in this country.

In the case of the Ludlow Amendment, it is true that responsible government officials know certain facts in a crisis that they cannot divulge to the nation at large, and the people must elect to office men whom they can trust to have the nation's interests at heart. Then, if they keep their representatives informed as to their attitude toward such things as they feel fundamentally important, there is no danger of action being taken which in the light of existing facts would show a deliberate opposition to the expressed feeling of the nation.

Certain forces are always mobilized to affect public opinion, and the fear that people will not make up their minds on facts alone, but on the prejudices which propaganda brings about, is far more realistic than the fear of not being able to register their desires and having



WHY I AM *for* THE PEOPLE'S VOTE ON WAR

A challenging word to all who fear the Ludlow Amendment

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

EUROPE is mobilized. Listen to your radio: Europe is fighting. London bombed. Berlin bombed. Rome bombed. Paris bombed. Fifty thousand killed in successful raid, fleeing population trapped by flames. Corpses choke Danube, pestilence spreading. Terrific slaughter on western front.

We know this is coming. The whole world knows it. For this the world pours its wealth into air fleets, submarines, guns and tanks and poison gas.

Hold your babies in your arms, see the helpless small things toothlessly laughing. Look at your sons and daughters, with the clear light of youth in their faces. Stand together, husband and wife; be gay and brave for each other in these hard times. Some day soon your radio will say: "War. *Now.*"

You want no part in that war. But imagine this:

Germany, the strongest European dictatorship, fights Russia, the huge Asiatic dictatorship. The dictator of Turkey joins Germany. Japan goes in on the side of the Russian dictator, and so do France and England.

America wants peace. Our idealistic President sends a personal friend to Europe. He speaks for the President. Without our knowledge, without the knowledge of Congress, he tells foreign governments that we will fight for them. He signs a secret agreement. Secretly, the President signs it. He bases our diplomacy on it. Little by little, secretly, our diplomacy moves toward war.

We have a national election. The President asks us to vote for him and keep out of war. We re-elect him. Then the foreign governments speak. Our President puts America into the war, and asks Congress for a formal declaration of the fact. Some congressmen resist; a few even stand firm. But Congress declares war. And conscription clamps down on us.

You think this cannot happen? It has happened. Those paragraphs are history. The President was Mr. Wilson. His friend was Colonel House. The secret agreement was the House-Grey agreement, signed in March, 1916, and kept secret until Liberty printed it in its issue of March 19, 1932.

Our men were conscripted. Free speech and free assembly were suppressed. Federal secret police spied everywhere. For saying that war is horrible, men were sent to federal penitentiaries for twenty years. We poured out lives and fortunes for England and France *and for czarist Russia, monarchist Italy, and the Mikado's Japan,* "to make the world safe for democracy."

APRIL 1, 1939

11

The first page of Rose Wilder Lane's article in Liberty last week, which Mrs. Roosevelt answers.

Congress put the nation in a situation with which the people are out of sympathy.

The confusion of a referendum on war at a time when rumors would be flying in every direction is not conducive to a reasonable vote; and why does the lady think we would have ten days to spare in deciding on the question of whether we would join with some other nation in a war? The minute there was any question of our doing anything of the kind, we would be open to attack by the enemy, and there is no longer a "gentlemen's agreement" that you do not attack your enemy until war is declared. Undeclared war is the fashion today, and you can kill as many people in an undeclared war as after you have announced the fact that you are at war.

Unfortunately today, no matter how far away your enemy may be, there is no part of the world so far away that we would not be menaced by enemy planes. No, we would not have ten days, ten peaceful days, during which our people might decide reasonably whether they wished their Congress to vote for or against a war.

Then there is that other statement which Miss Lane so lightly dismisses, namely, that the Ludlow Amendment will weaken our national defense, and she sees no connection between this amendment and our defense. Defense is not made up entirely of war machinery. There are many lines of defense which precede the actual use of guns, airplanes, and the navy.

Suppose, for the sake of argument, that we were making no threats at all, but that a nation was taking a highhanded attitude in its dealings with us. Would it make it any easier for the representatives of our State Department to deal with that nation if they knew, and the other nation knew, that ten days must elapse before this nation could go to war? Is it not conceivable that one of the things which keep us free and clear of war is that back of our diplomacy lies a strong national defense ready for immediate use at the behest of the Congress and the President? We do not intend to use it for offense, but if any nation ignored our diplomatic representatives and encroached on our rights, threatening military action, would not the immediate availability of our military defense act as a deterrent on a foreign Power?

Are we one of the world's strongest military Powers today? I remember Mr. William Jennings Bryan's remark that all of our swords should be made into plowshares and that a million men would spring to arms overnight if we needed them. But what arms would they spring to? The sportsman's rifle as against the latest machine guns? The strongest military Power must have the latest inventions in the air, on the land, and on the sea. Of course young men, and young women for that matter, would fight furiously in defense of America, but what good would it do them without planes, antiaircraft guns, ships, and artillery?

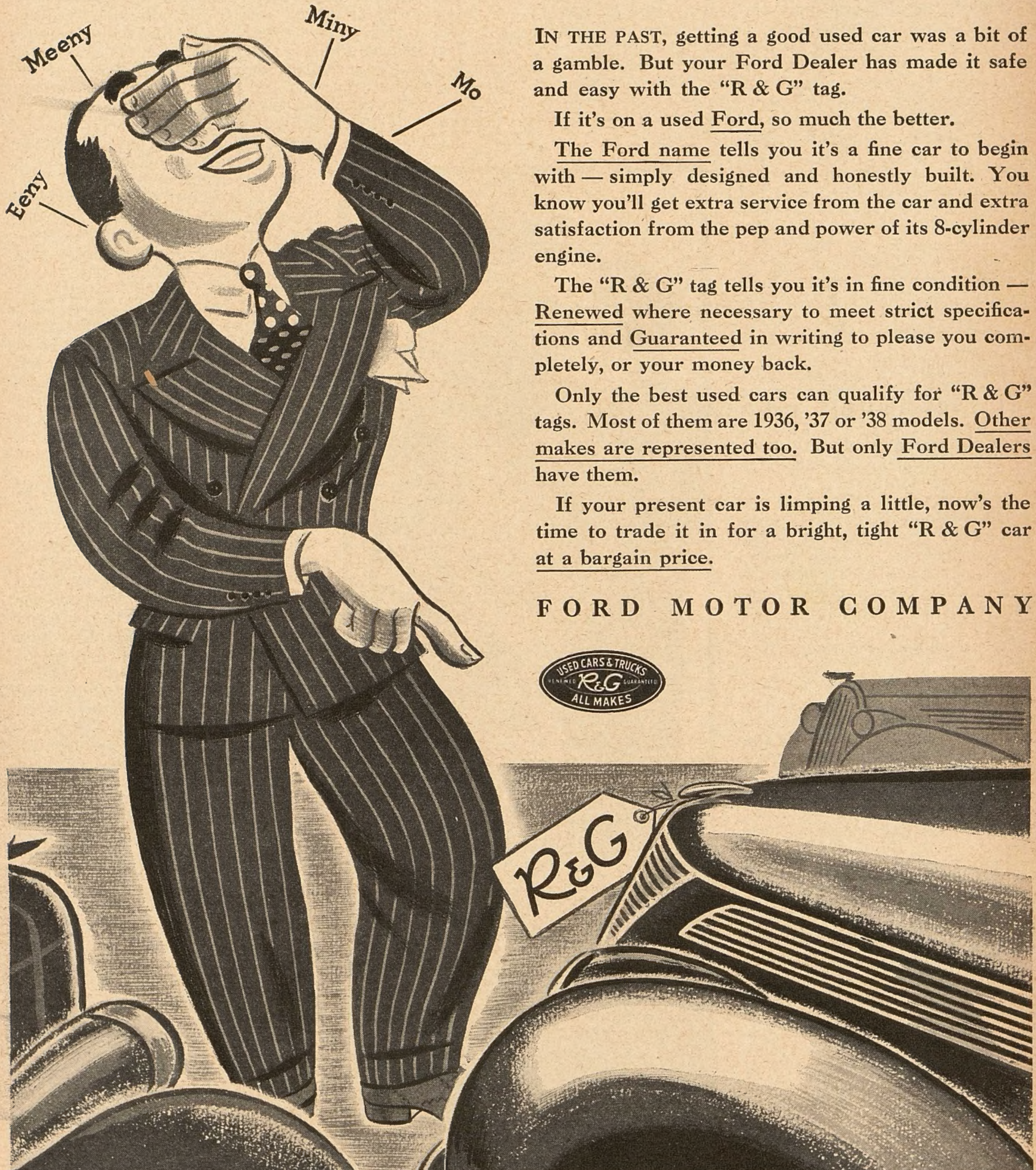
I do not want to see the Ludlow Amendment passed in Congress. I am willing to have it debated, because I should like to hear all the arguments brought out and set before the American people as to the real effect of an amendment such as this. The only possible reason for passing the Ludlow Amendment is found in the fact that we seem to have lost faith in the value of expressing our own individual conclusions on world affairs to our representatives. We are willing to let things happen in the world and take the comfortable and lazy attitude that it is not our business to decide what is right or wrong. We soothe our consciences, which prick us a little, by saying that it is undiplomatic for people as individuals to state their point of view on the actions of other nations; that it might embarrass our State Department or our Executive. Of course, if we carry this too far we might presumably be faced with a situation where the Congress was not aware of what the people really felt, and then a referendum might be necessary to inform them.

If, however, there is a real danger, it is not a Ludlow Amendment which we need. It is a return to the courage we once had to face situations and say where we stand. Conceivably we might announce that we do not intend to go to war, but that we have made up our minds that one side or the other is in the right and therefore, as far as we can do so, our influence and help shall be given on the side with which we are in sympathy. This decision might really help in some situations to prevent a war before it began. Perhaps we might prove that moral support, backed by economic support, was worth something in averting wars.

No, Miss Lane, I want no Ludlow Amendment and I want people to believe in their representative form of government. They should feel the responsibility of electing representatives who will carry out the will of the electorate. If we cannot trust our representatives, then I think we cannot trust ourselves. When we register our real feelings so that they are unmistakable here and abroad, we will need no Ludlow Amendment. We will be strong in our democracy, stronger than we are today; for no one, not even Congress, will be uncertain as to where we stand as a nation.

THE END

"R & G" takes the guesswork out of buying USED CARS!



IN THE PAST, getting a good used car was a bit of a gamble. But your Ford Dealer has made it safe and easy with the "R & G" tag.

If it's on a used Ford, so much the better.

The Ford name tells you it's a fine car to begin with — simply designed and honestly built. You know you'll get extra service from the car and extra satisfaction from the pep and power of its 8-cylinder engine.

The "R & G" tag tells you it's in fine condition — Renewed where necessary to meet strict specifications and Guaranteed in writing to please you completely, or your money back.

Only the best used cars can qualify for "R & G" tags. Most of them are 1936, '37 or '38 models. Other makes are represented too. But only Ford Dealers have them.

If your present car is limping a little, now's the time to trade it in for a bright, tight "R & G" car at a bargain price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

AT FORD DEALERS' ONLY—RENEWED AND GUARANTEED IN WRITING

MAKING AMERICANS OUT O

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE three mass migrations of Jews to America occurred in periods centering about the years 1848, 1881, and 1907. There were, of course, Jews in the United States prior to 1848—as many as 3,000 at the time of the Revolution and more emigrating to this country during the following years. But the three periods that I note are important for purposes of this analysis.

The so-called 1848 migration covered a period which included the range of years from 1848—the year of revolution and economic distress in Europe—to the beginning of the American Civil War. The Jewish immigrants came principally from Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. A large number of Polish Jews were included; but all had lived under the influence of Germanic culture. They had been influenced by the rising nationalism of western Europe and they assumed that allegiance to the state meant loyalty, responsibility. When they arrived in America, they were like other Germans.

Hard-working, quiet folks, they were dispersed all over the United States. At first peddlers and small retail storekeepers, they prospered here until they became the principal merchandisers of the land.

It is very interesting and important to note that this element among our Jewish population did not concentrate in New York. Their spiritual center was established in Cincinnati. Their greatest spiritual leader, Isaac M. Wise, was rabbi in that city. Their theological seminary was there.

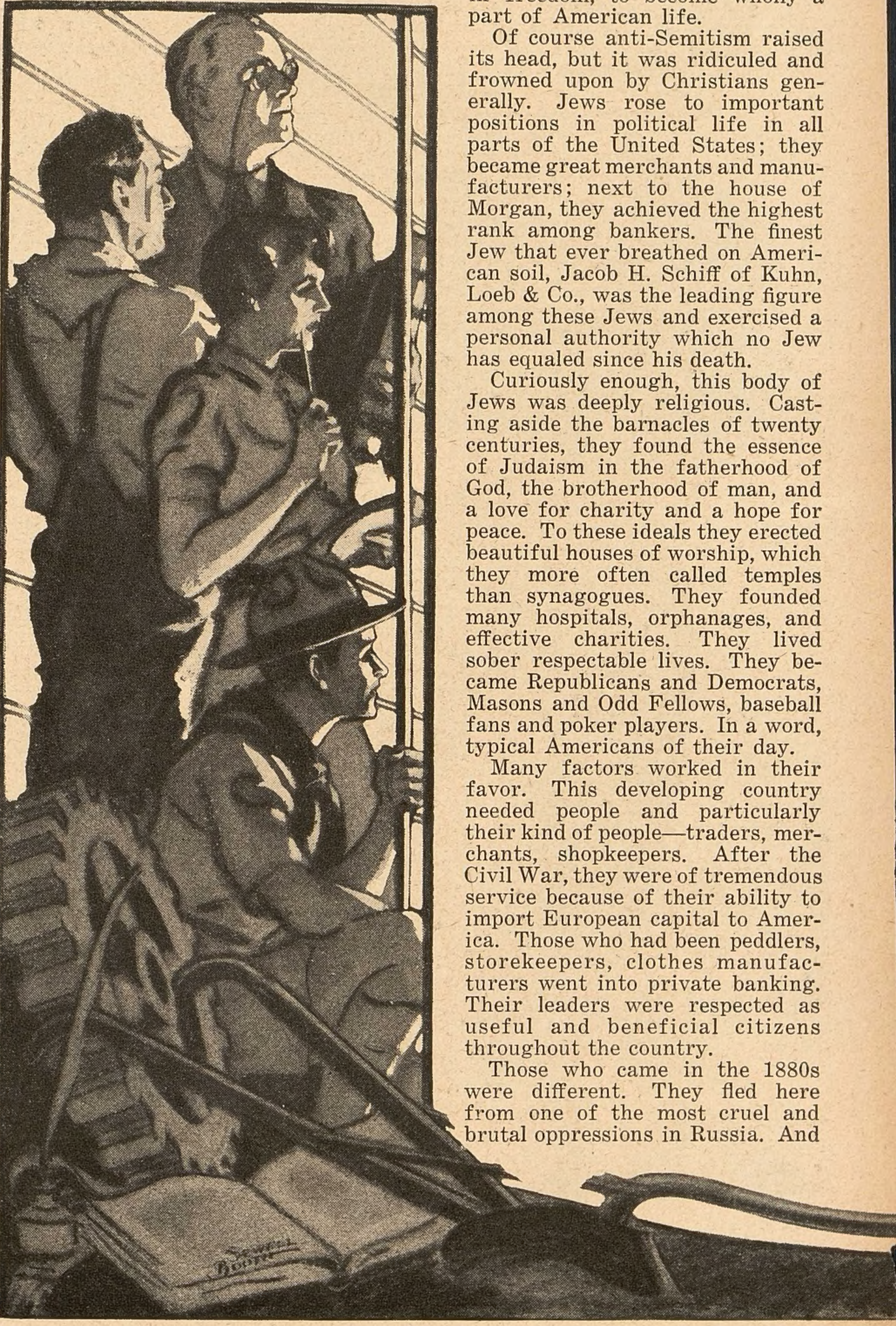
Intermarriage was more general among them than among any other group in American Jewry. Settling without regard to the presence of other Jews, they were often so isolated that a single Jewish family lived in a village, or a few families lived in a small town. Thus there was no cultural resistance to their quickly becoming part of the local community.

In fact, under the influence of Dr. Isaac M. Wise, the very religion of these Jews was "reformed"—one might say "Americanized." Hebrew disappeared almost entirely from the prayer book. The prayers were shortened and all references which might not be consonant with what the early reformers regarded as American ideals were eliminated. Kosher food disappeared from their homes.

The traditional Asiatic custom of wearing hats in a house of worship as a mark of respect was discarded. The Asiatic separation of male and female was given up; they were permitted to sit together. Instead of two days for each Jewish holiday only one was permitted. Some rabbis, led by Dr. Emil Hirsch of Chicago, switched their services from Saturday to Sunday.

Frankly, it was impossible to discover very much difference in the religion and ritual of these Jews from that of the Unitarians and some other Christian sects. And therefore it was an easy step-over for young people from Judaism to Christianity. A surprisingly great number of intermarriages occurred. Such prominent Jewish families as the Pulitzers, the Fleischmanns, the Belmonts, etc., practically disappeared from Jewish life because of this process.

This was not a question of imitation. Nor was it invariably a desire to achieve economic or social success. Basically, it was a conscious desire, in freedom, to become wholly a part of American life.



Of course anti-Semitism raised its head, but it was ridiculed and frowned upon by Christians generally. Jews rose to important positions in political life in all parts of the United States; they became great merchants and manufacturers; next to the house of Morgan, they achieved the highest rank among bankers. The finest Jew that ever breathed on American soil, Jacob H. Schiff of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., was the leading figure among these Jews and exercised a personal authority which no Jew has equaled since his death.

Curiously enough, this body of Jews was deeply religious. Casting aside the barnacles of twenty centuries, they found the essence of Judaism in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and a love for charity and a hope for peace. To these ideals they erected beautiful houses of worship, which they more often called temples than synagogues. They founded many hospitals, orphanages, and effective charities. They lived sober respectable lives. They became Republicans and Democrats, Masons and Odd Fellows, baseball fans and poker players. In a word, typical Americans of their day.

Many factors worked in their favor. This developing country needed people and particularly their kind of people—traders, merchants, shopkeepers. After the Civil War, they were of tremendous service because of their ability to import European capital to America. Those who had been peddlers, storekeepers, clothes manufacturers went into private banking. Their leaders were respected as useful and beneficial citizens throughout the country.

Those who came in the 1880s were different. They fled here from one of the most cruel and brutal oppressions in Russia. And

EWS BY GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

they came mostly from a great area in Russia known as the Pale of Settlement, into which millions of Jews had been crowded. In that area there were distinctive Jewish villages, distinctive Jewish sections of cities. There developed a *Jewish life,* a characteristic Jewish family life, religious life, cultural life; they even spoke their own language, Yiddish.

The Pale had hardly been affected by the great revolutions of modern civilization. Russia and Poland were in the Middle Ages even in the nineteenth century, and the Jews in those areas reflected their environment.

My own father was a product of this environment. Son of a rabbi, himself trained for service in religion, his mind was concentrated on service to his God. He could not go out and pioneer in a distant village, because he had to have kosher food and a synagogue. He concentrated, like so many others, in New York, whose East Side had become a ghetto.

Nothing in the lives of these people had prepared them either for the political freedom or the individualism of America. In their own communities, ethics and morals were enforced by religious pressure. Here in America no such social pressure existed. The authority of the rabbi and the religious community could not easily be established, and the fact that the precedent Germans were " reformed " complicated the problem. To the orthodox Jew, these reformed Jews were equal to converts. They did not belong. Perhaps a Roman Catholic can understand the depths of such emotions better than a Protestant. The symbols of religion *do* count, if you are brought up that way.

And so these people, brought to this country at a moment of spiritual anguish, left to their own devices, thrown into a brutally competitive economy, unprotected either by the ways of their ancestors or by the ways of the new land which they did not understand, suffered a spiritual collapse. The younger folk rejected not only the external symbolism of religion but the essence of faith.

Assimilation was out of the question as a quick solution.

But for their children there were three great agencies for Americanization: the public-school system, the social settlement, and the Zionist movement. The public school was truthfully a melting pot. It cooked down the differences and accentuated the fundamental. It was also like a transplanting: the roots forcing themselves into the new soil and gaining strength and depth through careful nurturing. It was roots that the old public-school system gave my generation. " When Freedom from her mountain-height unfurled her standard to the air "—we were drilled in such phrases as this all the time, until American freedom, the ideals of the American Revolution, of the founding fathers, became ours.

And our parents were conscious of that. They were all poor—our parents. They were struggling in a new economic and social environment against unbelievably horrible odds. Their very lack of the English language made life harder for them. Most of them went into sweatshops. They were crowded into miserable tenements because they had to live near each other. They were frightened by our love for freedom. They were driven by disintegrating forces which they could not understand.

The second great influence was the settlements, which did an amazing job in Americanization, supplementing the public schools and giving bright boys and girls opportunities to improve themselves and to adjust more rapidly. My own settlement was the Educational Alliance, which produced a large number of outstanding Americans of the Jewish faith.

And the parents were reached. These settlements were catalysts of Americanization in the melting pot. They built character in a free society. They overcame distrust of American liberty. They offset the corruptive influences of politicians and the influences of radical agitators.

The third great influence was actually a nonassimilative one, and yet, as it has worked out, Zionism proved an Americanizing influence. It lifted numbers of young men and women off East Side streets, out of prospective gangland, to a self-respecting social consciousness which served admirably as a stimulant toward Americanism.

The 1907 immigration was altogether different. The Russo-Japanese War, the 1905 revolution in Russia, the persecutions of Jews which followed drove huge numbers of Jewish men and women to this country. These Jews came mostly from Russia and from Russian Poland, but they were not of the same generation nor the same manner of living as those who had come in the 1880s. Many of them had been to secular schools. Many had come under the influence of western European culture. Some had been active in Russian revolutionary movements. Some had fought in the Russo-Japanese War. Some had been industrialized in modern plants.

And when they came here, few agencies of assimilation were actively engaged in forming them into Americans. They brought Old World quarrels and Old World ideologies with them. And the America that they came to was altogether a different country. Our great industries were established. Our great cities had come into existence. We were no longer forming our national characteristics; rather, they were jelling, and the newcomers found walls of resistance and prejudice.

And this was particularly true during the war years, from 1914 to 1920, when every alien was anathema. And in the subsequent years of the Ku Klux Klan, with its attendant chauvinism. And after a short boom, followed the depression, in which we still are. Human beings do not easily adjust in the face of such changes.

This element is not yet assimilated. It is not yet American. Mere citizenship does not turn an alien into an American. There must be more than that. Pride of country, faith in its destiny, belief in the righteousness of its way of life can come only from an ordeal of rebirth.

Few achieve it as adults—but the children of these immigrants can be as true to Americanism as any child of the American Revolution if we return to the melting pot—if we realize that a primary function of our schools is to teach Americans to love America, to respect her Constitution, to believe in liberty, to have faith in the equal rights of human beings.

The melting pot did that for many generations of Jews in America. It can again be set to work. But there can be no stirring of the emotions of loyalty and unity if simultaneously class hatred and social prejudices are encouraged. Yet that is what our politicians have been doing during the depression years — and unless we undo the evils they wrought, we shall be brewing the European poison of " minority groups " in our land.

For liberals . . . A frank and revealing study of a vital problem in prejudice

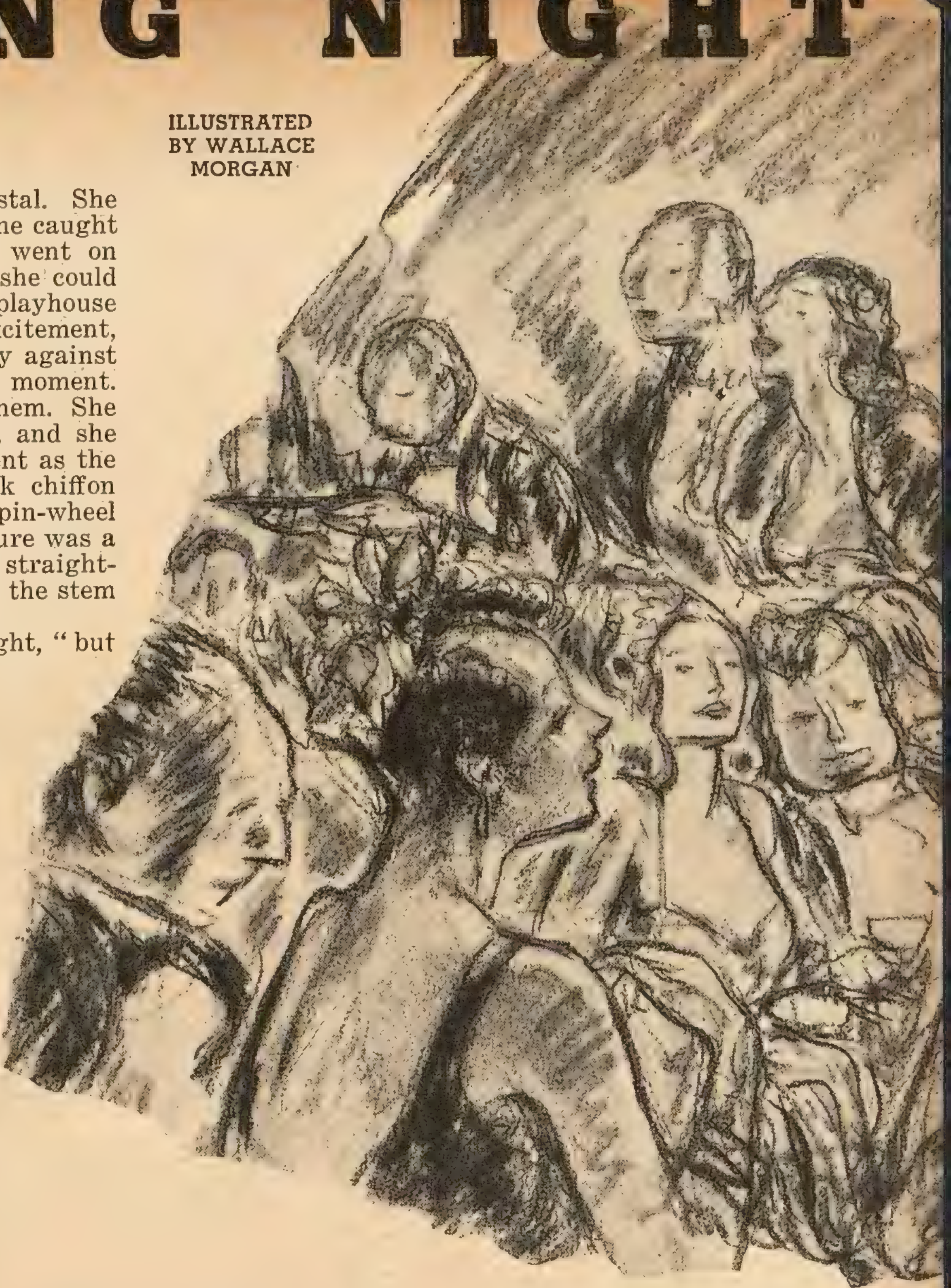
---

Further observations by Mr. Sokolsky upon the problem of the Jew in the world of today will appear next week.

OPENING NIGHT

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED
BY WALLACE
MORGAN



Of crumbling dreams, the faith of a girl, and the lights of Broadway. . . A poignant tale of loyalty and a love that was blind

THE bar glittered with chromium and crystal. She stood there tense but trying to be casual; she caught snatches of the quick bright chatter that went on around her. Through the plate-glass window she could see limousines still pulling up in front of the playhouse across the street; and she was aware of the excitement, the first-night fever which ticked more heavily against the pulse beat of this crowd with each passing moment.

She saw café society, she elbowed against them. She could watch her reflection in the bar mirror, and she knew she looked as sophisticated, as magnificent as the others, from her glistening pumps to the silk chiffon dress with its deep crossed bodice and the pin-wheel flaring skirt, the gown in which her smooth figure was a mold, a statuesque form, perfect, flawless. She straightened her shoulders, she let her fingers toy with the stem of her cocktail glass. A patrician, she thought.

"Pardon me," it was a male voice on her right, "but aren't you the girl who served me coffee in Childs last week?"

She looked up. She hadn't been aware of this man beside her. He was large, and he had a good-humored mouth, a square-cut face. His eyes were dark and his black hair was very curly.

She threw back her head, covered with shimmering reddish-gold hair, and she laughed. Her delicate face was convulsed as though she were just *too* amused.

"As a matter of fact," she said, "yes."

"You're the one who not only brought coffee when I ordered milk, but you spilled the cup in my lap."

"That was me," she admitted.

He said to the bartender: "A whisky, neat." Then: "It's a small world."

"Isn't it?"

"I remember," he went on, "I came in the next day looking for you. Was that waitress stuff a gag?"

"No," she said, "it wasn't a gag."

"You were a very bad waitress. You're better like this." He smiled.

She glanced at her watch. The tenseness was growing in her now.

He nodded toward the window. "You going over there too?"

"Yes."

"Bitter Laughter," he said. He took down the whisky. "It'll probably be good."

"It can't miss," she replied. Then she repeated it over and over again to herself.

"Well," he went on, "it has a good author and swell out-of-town notices."

"It'll be a sensation," she said.

"What are you—one of the backers?"

"Yes," she said. "I saved up my tips at Childs to back it."

She had to keep talking. She didn't know what it was going to be like to see Charles again for the first time in six months; and then to have to see him beyond footlights, to have him not even know she was watching. But it was his chance, his first star role. And she would talk to him afterward. She'd already sent flowers. There was one thing about Charles: he would never stop loving her. She had watched the columns. His name hadn't once been linked with any other since the divorce. And after tonight—

"Maybe we'd better follow the crowd."

She looked up; she had forgotten him. People were moving out of the place now, crossing the street. He caught her gently by the elbow, and she began to walk. She was numb and cold . . . and scared.

"My name's Eric," he said. "I'm a very cynical young man to have to go to a play about bitter laughter."

"You cynical?" she asked.

"My heart has been battered. My girl, she—" he showed her two tickets.

"Oh, that's too bad."

"Would *you* mind sitting beside me, nameless one?"

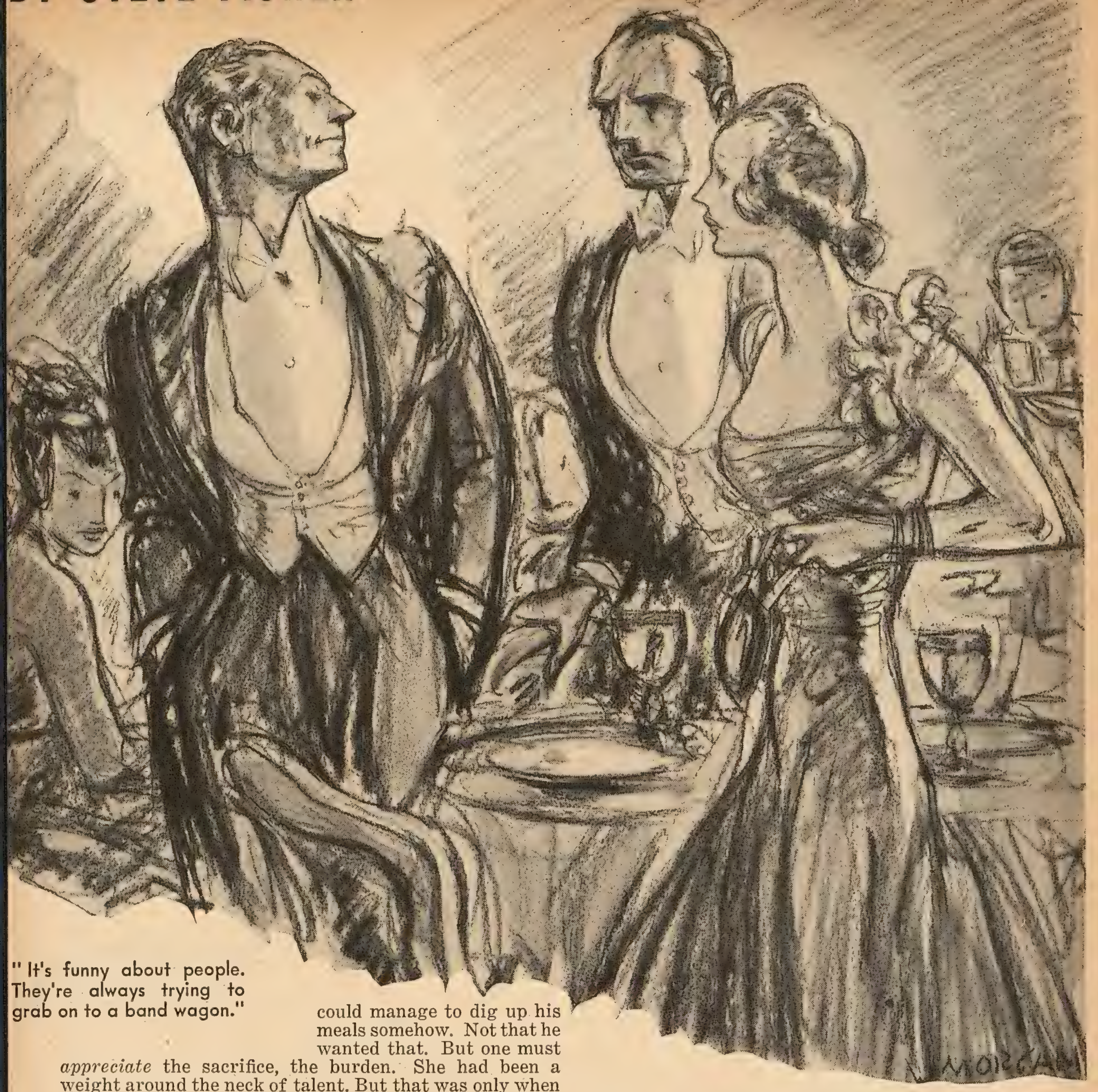
"I'll sit beside you. My name is Margaret."

The orchestra seats he had were very choice; between Woollcott and Bide Dudley.

The excitement before the curtain pressed down on her like a smothering blanket, and she had to catch for her breath.

She remembered the roominghouse, how Charles had stood that last morning, shaving, yelling at her. The things she had thrown back at him. "You're selfish . . . narrow." But he wasn't. He was simply overwhelmed with poverty, cross and jumpy, trying to support a wife, trying to feed both of them. "Two," he'd say, "can live as cheaply as two." She knew all the rest: alone he could get a room at the club. Credit. A man

BY STEVE FISHER



"It's funny about people. They're always trying to grab on to a band wagon."

could manage to dig up his meals somehow. Not that he wanted that. But one must *appreciate* the sacrifice, the burden. She had been a weight around the neck of talent. But that was only when he raved. Underneath it he loved her. He loved her more than anything in the world. The last thing he had said was: "If you should ever come back, Margery . . ."

The curtain was going up now. She caught hold of an arm. Eric's arm? Had he said his name was Eric? He touched her hand. It was electric, a minute as vital as the whole world. . . . Then it passed. The play was on.

THE curtain rang down on the third act. The theater thundered with applause. The curtain came up. The entire cast took its bow. The curtain rang up and down again. Once more. Charles stood alone. The theater echoed with the slapping hands of enthusiasm. Margaret clapped until her palms stung. Tears ran down her face.

She was on the way out then, Eric guiding her.

Backstage wasn't the place to see him, she told herself. She had known she wouldn't go back. There was too much confusion. It wasn't the place after six months. She knew where he always went after an opening.

Eric was saying: "Now where to?" He was very bland.

"I'm going to Leon and Eddie's, if—"

"Sure," he said. "Me too. We'll start there."

"But I—"

They were outside. Eric handed her into a cab, and climbed in behind her.

"What's this Charles McAdams to you, honey?"

"Husband," she said.

"Oh." Abrupt.

"Well . . . he was. I don't know how to explain it. We're divorced now. It was one of those Mexican things. Phony, maybe. But good enough for the purpose."

Eric was feeling better. "Any old thing for the purpose," he said.

"I paid for it, five dollars a week."

He leaned forward. "Look. As merely a man who's had a lapful of coffee spilled over him, it's none of my business. But where'd you get this knockout gown, and your hair like that . . . and your fingernails? I mean—"

"I saved for it. For this night."

"You blew the works?"

"Yes," she said, "the works."

"This is your night, then?"

She was laughing in her ecstasy. "My night to howl."

They were stopping in front of Leon & Eddie's. She had walked, the last night she came here. Walked with Charles.

That had been an opening too. The author had said his play would have them in the aisles, and he had been right. They were in the aisles, going out. So she knew that nothing would be able to stop him from coming here.

Eric said: "I've had a table reserved for a week. This is a very tragic night for me."

"What happened to your girl?"

"Must we go into that?"

"No." She laughed. She was beginning to like him. She noticed him more. Every one was talking to him. "Hello, Eric. . . . Hiya, Eric?"

Then she saw Charles. He was just coming in. He had brought the whole cast. He was big and blond and good-looking. Just thirty . . . looking younger. Laughing, talking, in a very good humor. Eddie was announcing them, and people clapped. Margaret rose. Her heart fluttered and hurt her. Charles saw her. He was coming toward her. Very rapidly. Eric stood at Margaret's side.

"Margery!"

"Hello, Charles."

"Gee, you look swell, honey!"

She was too choked to speak. Charles turned to Eric and shook his hand. He knew him. Every one knew Eric. Then he was looking at Margaret again.

"Did you catch the show?" Cocky, sure that she had.

"It was terrific," she said. "*You* were terrific."

"It wasn't me, it was the part." The old Charles. He must have told the author a dozen times during rehearsal that as an author he was a schoolboy, that the lines were awful. But now it was the part. "Looks like a long run," he went on. "Looks like a real smash. How about it, Eric?"

"You looked very good up there," Eric said.

Charles' party was being seated. "Look," he said. "I'll see you later, Margery."

"Later?"

"Well, give me a ring for old times' sake sometime. See what I mean?"

He turned to go.

"*Charles!* I—I thought we could have a talk tonight. There are some things you should know. I—"

"What?" He looked annoyed. She hated that expression. An actor could make it so obvious.

"That I—" she stopped.

Charles glanced at Eric. "It's funny about people," he said. "They're always trying to grab on to a band wagon."

He was gone then. Margaret sat down. . . .

"A first-rate heel," Eric said.

She just sat there; her protest lay unspoken in her mind: Not Charles. Deep down, Charles will always love me. He's just high tonight.

"He's kind of narrow, I'd say," Eric went on.

Margaret looked up. Her eyes were dry . . . very bright.

"What's this . . . champagne?" She laughed softly. "Aren't we going to celebrate the big hit?"

SHE awakened with the sun in her eyes, conscious that she had slept three hours, maybe four. It had been daylight a long time before Eric deposited her in the elevator. She remembered it had been there he left her. Eric had taken off his top hat and blown her a kiss. She had gotten to the room somehow and unlocked the door. Her elegant little room in the best hotel. The last of her finery: rental for a week. All the trimmings.

She groped about for her robe, trying to straighten her thoughts. The entire night was so confused. Music and melody and lights. Taxicabs and kisses. Yes, there had been kisses. She recalled that suddenly. And in the background was Charles. She forgot what he had said. That was what she had tried to do: to forget, and she had. She remembered everybody bowing to Eric, patting him on the back, coming to the table for a drink or two.

"Meet the swellest angel this side of heaven," he had said once.

She got out of bed. She poured water into a glass and drank it, then she threw open her window and breathed in the air. She lit a cigarette and sat down. She wished her head would stop hurting; that her hand would stop trembling as though it had palsy. She was aware of something warm and sweet in her memory, and she wanted to bring it back. Gradually things were coming. Central Park, darkness, headlights. Eric beside her.

"I know what you did. You got out of his way. You walked out on him—or he thought you did—so he could get along better, so he could keep up his appearance and wouldn't have that worry. You kidded yourself his arguments were only temporary fits because you were both poor. . . ."

ON and on Eric had talked. Always talking. Telling *her*. Smoking cigarettes, one after another. Saying once: "I may be getting drunk, cherub, but I know whereof I speak. That poor creep of an actor. You thought he loved you enough, so that when you came back, when he didn't have worries any more—"

"But I love him!" she had sobbed. "I do love Charles."

She remembered the silence that grew between them when she said she still loved Charles. . . . Then another club, more music. Dancing with Eric. People still coming to the table, headwaiters eager to please Eric.

"Just a spoiled millionaire," she had laughed.

"Ah, no, sweet. Better yet. A newspaperman. A scurvy journalist. These fawns hope for a line. They are very kind."

A newspaperman! He had fooled her; she had fooled him. She kept remembering he was only a reporter, a writer, and she liked him better. He seemed warmer after that.

"There's the swellest place in Westchester . . ."

A cab . . . the parkway. He had kissed her on that trip. That was the first kiss. She rubbed her hand across her head, trying to remember all that he had said, because this was it: this was that warm sweetness she felt now. There had been something about girls—oh, yes.

"All my life," he had said, "I've been dancing with girls, and looking over my shoulder at others."

He had said that, and then: "Believe me, I've known plenty. Plenty . . . plenty. But none like you. They broke the mold for you, lamb. Would a girl from Childs be interested in seventy a week and a walk-up dump on Eighty-first Street?"

Charles . . . Charles!

She had talked of no one but Charles. Charles was this. He was the other thing. Because she had had too much to drink she went into long recitals of little incidents she had experienced with Charles.

"Bitter laughter," Eric had said once—"that was the name of the play, wasn't it?"

Coming back from Westchester she remembered more vividly. The tires of the cab humming on the cold concrete. The first pearl-gray breath of daylight stripping the shadow from leafless trees, so that they were bleak and bony against the dull brown of the hills. She remembered Eric's face, his curly black hair. Putting a cigarette in his mouth, saying:

"Maybe it sounds silly . . ."

"What?"

"A guy that's been around doesn't go into a patter like this: but did you ever hear of some one being able to tell right off? I mean, people clicking real quick, as though—"

He had dropped the cigarette and stopped talking. He sat there. After a while he spoke again: "We don't grow up, really. You know that, of course? We don't grow up. We get bigger and funnier. We hear people say smart things and we say smart things. But we don't change, really. There's something down under you've been born with . . ."

"What are you trying to say, Eric?"

"No. It's too true to sound bright. Something about ever since I can remember I've been looking for—"

His eyes were somewhere else. She gazed at him, and then she kissed him, on the cheek; but he didn't turn, and the cab kept moving. He didn't turn and look at her for a long time; and when he did, the mood had gone, or at least he concealed it. He was the bright, chattering Eric again. He was the jaunty who-cares-anyway? He said funny things to the cab driver. He made Margaret laugh, because she was getting very sober now. . . .

They had topped off with a nightcap in Manhattan.

"I'm going to call you at one," he said. "That should give you your beauty sleep."

"But—"

He spoke quickly: "If you've decided Charles isn't the fair-haired boy any more . . . What I mean is, if you have lunch with me today, that'll be the beginning of something."

She nodded.

"And the ending of something else," he had added.

She rose from the chair now, smiling somehow. It was sweet to think of Eric. To think of her night of heartbreak which hadn't quite come off. It helped her forget all that had gone before that. Those days working in Childs . . . Childs she was sure Charles would never enter. He thought she was away; that she had gone back home to her mother. She had left him no idea of sacrifice, nothing to which he might cling. It had been that way because she had thought if he sensed the truth he would never have permitted her to go. She had thought only, in her blind faith, that when she appeared again, when his troubles had been washed away by a hit, when he was on his feet again, he would want her. Every one had to make his start. He'd been in plays, but he'd gone down holding out for star roles. Well, the role had come. There was no other woman. And she had been sure that Charles would always love her. He was staid, firm. . . . Their love, she had thought, was a thing forever. . . .

STEVE FISHER

still in his twenties, has more than three hundred short stories and four published novels to his credit. He went to military school but ran away to join the navy and emerged, honorably, at twenty with one of the service publications tagging him the "Navy's Foremost Fiction Writer."

She stepped into a shower. It was still Charles. . . . She knew that. . . . It was still he. . . .

She had just put on her dress when some one knocked at the door.

It was Charles. Big, blond, quiet. He was dressed simply, in gray. His face was very pale and his eyes were bloodshot. It had been a big night for him too. His arms were loaded with morning papers and the first editions of afternoon sheets.

"I didn't ring from downstairs. . . . Thought I'd surprise you, Margery."

"You did," she said.

He came in. He was very tired.

He sat down. He looked up at her and smiled. A boyish smile. Say that all is forgiven, Margery. She could read his expression with so little effort.

"I was kind of high last night."

She felt her heart flutter and hurt her. "Yes?" She sat down near him, looking at him.

"I'm sorry for it," he continued miserably. "You wanted to talk to me, you said. I got your hotel address from Eric. Called him at the paper." He looked up. The expression had shifted to one of pleading. "What was it you wanted to say to me, dear?"

"Just that—well—"

He sensed his cue, came in: "Do you think we could strike it off again? Is that what you mean?"

"I—"

He overrode her; he knew the dramatic value of small breaks, then carrying through a thought. It was the old Charles. The Charles she had known and loved. He was just the same.

"Things would be better," he said.

Obviously, she thought, obviously.

"I don't know what you've been doing," he went on; "modeling, I guess. Something good. Mannequin? Is that it?"

"No, not a mannequin."

"Well, it doesn't matter. Between us, Margery, we wouldn't have to go back to a roominghouse. Not for awhile anyway. I'll get something else pretty soon."

"Something else?"

He looked up. "Didn't you read 'em?" He nodded toward the papers. "Typical first-night reaction on a lukewarm play. Audience always acts like that unless the show is an out-and-out turkey. They always clap and whistle and make out that they've had a terrific time. You know that as well as I do. First-nighters love the theater and acting too well to be cruel at what they can see was real effort."

"Didn't the reviewers—?"

"We had possibilities. That was why we got the reception last night. But the papers predict we'll last two weeks, or less. Too much talking. If you were petrified, you were prejudiced because of me. But, author and all, the play won't last."

She was stunned.

"A flop," he said.

It was when he said that, that she looked up. It wasn't the word "flop" but the way in which he had said it: the dramatic emphasis, the plea for pity. My poor Charles, come into my arms. She looked at him, saw the self-pity on his face, saw the actor's expression of defeat. She was touched. She felt a longing to kiss him and tell him it was all right. But she didn't move. She was watching. He sensed things had gone wrong; threw on what was to be a clincher:

"I guess—I guess I'm no good."

Charles, you're marvelous; you're a genius. You know that. It wasn't your fault. Only she didn't say it. She didn't say a word. No matter whether it was true, or half true, it was what he expected, what he was begging for, so she didn't give it to him. She knew now what it was about being narrow . . . selfish. She knew that a man was essentially the same, poor or rich, up or down, and what she had been blaming on poverty was in reality only Charles. She knew that if the reviews had been the raves he expected when he saw her last night, he wouldn't be here now. He'd be riding his own little wave of triumph without her. Charles didn't want to share what he had. He wanted to share what *you* had. All of this time she had fooled herself about him. He came to her in his sorrow to be consoled. In his glory he rode alone, giving credit to no one. She remembered the taxi, coming back from Westchester; Eric's quiet voice: "We don't grow up, really. We get bigger and funnier. But we don't change. There's something down under . . ."

"Aren't you going to say something?" Charles demanded.

She rose swiftly.

"Yes," she said. "Yes—I was going to say something about a band wagon."

He was on his feet, poised, dramatic, his legs astride, his jaw thrust out. But she turned on him before he could speak.

"*Please*, Charles. . . ."

He stared at her, then dropped his hands. He must have been genuinely miserable now. She had stripped the mask from him, and it was as though he stood naked before her.

He turned, opened the door and closed it quietly behind him.

She went bleakly to the divan and sat down. She pressed her fingers to her eyes, and wondered at the emptiness, the hollowness in her. He had left the papers, each of them turned to the theatrical page. She began reading, but her mind went past the words, and she was thinking of Charles going down in the elevator, going out of the hotel . . . out of her life. She tossed the papers aside one after the other until she came to an early-afternoon edition. This reviewer wrote around direct slurs, avoided barbed words, and ended by praising the work of Charles. She looked up and saw Eric's name on the by-line.

She sat there with tears in her eyes, and presently the telephone rang.

It was one o'clock.

THE END

PITCHERS ARE

A bombshell for sportdom! A grand old man of baseball strikes out—at a new generation's way with the game

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 51 SECONDS

WHEN the umpires toss the 1939 baseball season into the laps of the fans on April 18, let's all hope the fragile, panty-waist pitching stars of the National and American Leagues resolve *not* to be *sissies* this year!

For modern pitchers *are* sissies!

In common with a lot of other old-time pitchers, I long had a suspicion this was true. This suspicion was confirmed by the impressive *hospital* records established by the duly acknowledged kings of the mound during the 1938 season—the Year of the Great Pain. Sports writers gave more space to *this* pain and *that* ache than to pitching performances, and star pitchers forgot baseball and gossiped like fishwives about their ailments, operations, and doctors! News from the 1939 training camps featured the physical condition of 1938's invalids, and as the new season is about to get under way there's a question mark behind the name of nearly every major-league pitching great!

Not that we didn't have sore arms in the old days; we did. *I had one for exactly twenty years!* Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Big Ed Walsh, Joe Wood, and a dozen other topnotchers were chronic sufferers. But a sore arm in those days was a scandal and no pitcher would admit having one. We weren't crybabies or sissies, and because we weren't coddled by owners, managers, trainers, and club physicians, we didn't actually suffer. *We just took our regular turn on the mound and worked out the soreness by pitching.* Our hearts and souls were in the game and we would have suffered if a lame wing had kept us on the bench.

But times have changed. Consider the 1938 toll—and the 1939 question marks.

Jerome Herman (Dizzy) Dean had a $185,000 pain. Doctors said it was a subdeltoid bursitis. In all my years of pitching I never heard of that ailment until Dizzy broke down with it. His brother Paul (Daffy) Dean and Lynwood (Schoolboy) Rowe, great stars of the 1934 World Series between the St. Louis Cardinals and Detroit Tigers, were shipped to the Texas League to fight out their sore arms on a new front. King Carl Hubbell of the Giants was sent to Memphis, Tennessee, for an arm operation, and Colonel William Terry kissed his meal ticket and the National League pennant good-by at the same moment. Other casualties included Van Lingle Mungo, fireball king of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Wayne La Master of the Philadelphia Nationals; Bob Feller and Johnny Allen of the Cleveland Indians; Robert Moses (Lefty) Grove and Johnny Marcum of the Boston Red Sox; Tommy Bridges of the Tigers; Bob Klinger of the Pittsburgh Pirates; Oral Hildebrand of the St. Louis Browns; Hal Schumacher of the Giants; Claude Passeau of the Phils; Clint Brown of the White Sox; and a flock of others.

Obviously, something is vitally wrong. What is it? The "rabbit ball"? Not at all. I know, because I've pitched it to George Herman (Babe) Ruth and a lot of other ball killers. I tell you, it's because pitchers have become sissies; and the reasons for making them a lot of panty-waists, briefly, are:

Too much coddling and babying.

Imaginary ailments resulting from the hospital-like atmosphere of modern ball-park dressing rooms. Too much time spent on the rubbing tables. The free medical, surgical, and hospital service provided for all major-league players.

Elimination of the old custom of having a star pitcher keep his muscles in condition by pitching to batting practice hitters on the first or second day after pitching a regular game. Lack of sufficient work.

The modern trend of young pitchers, throwing their arms away on sand lots and in the minors, trying to impress scouts, and continuing the same thing, in an effort to make good, after reaching the majors.

Managers and owners treat their stars like spoiled, delicate children. Nowadays a pitcher with a kink in his arm (caused by lack of work) is airplaned half across the continent to a specialist; instead of being given a cussing, a kick in the pants, and sent out to take his regular turn on the mound. And because they're babied and coddled they demand a big bonus for winning fifteen games. Fifteen games! Brothers, I was born too soon!

The physical set-up of the modern major-league dressing rooms is responsible for a lot of the ailments of pitchers, 90 per cent of which are imaginary. In the old days dressing rooms, if any, stank; the odor was offensive even to a country boy fresh from the cow barns; we were

Sissies!

by GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER with HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

glad to arrive late, dress hurriedly, and get away as quickly as possible after the game. Today the dressing rooms smell like a French bagnio and look like clinics. They are equipped with all the therapeutic lamps, ultra-this and infra-that, galvanic-current machines, osteopathic and chiropractic bone-and-muscle-popping tables, plain rubbing tables, and gadgets I can't even name.

Those dressing rooms and rubbing tables are the prime reason for so many so-called lame arms. Not long ago, while visiting in one of those dressing rooms, I saw a trainer doing acrobatics with a starting pitcher. The trainer had the pitcher by his heaving flipper and was pulling the pitcher over his (the trainer's) shoulder, to stretch his pitching muscles. What the trainer was actually doing was stretching the capsule of the joint of the pitcher's good right arm! I'd have killed a guy who did that to me.

Recently I exchanged confidences with a famous surgeon who "treats" many of the major leagues' sore arms. The doctor said continual stretching of muscles and incessant shoulder pulling by the trainers is poison to pitchers. The doctor related how the sissy pitchers run to him with every little ache and pain.

"If the pitchers had to pay for diagnosis, hospitalization, treatment, operations, and all the other incidental costs, there wouldn't be a sore pitching arm in the major leagues," he told me.

As I've written, most of the bursitis bites and other ailments are imaginary. Imagination, coupled with temperament. *Temper* is a better word.

For example: An infielder makes an error, and the pitcher's arm begins to hurt. A catcher follows this with a passed ball, or an outfielder drops a fly, and, brother, there's a knot in that pitcher's arm as big as a football. Shucks, if the game was mechanically perfect there wouldn't be any baseball!

In the old days (five or six years ago) all regular pitchers did batting practice pitching on the first or second day after pitching. This kept them in condition!

Present-day owners and managers refuse to permit good pitchers to hurl in batting practice. Even bull-pen relief men are denied this privilege. The reason? *The poor little pitcher might get hit by a batted ball and be put out of commission!* Shades of croquet!

TAKE my word for it, a pitcher's physical condition is as important as his arm. *He is no better than his legs.* A pitcher can't get into condition sitting on a bench waiting for a sore arm to "heal." If I managed a ball club, I'd start my pitchers running around the outfield fences at 2 P. M. every day, and I'd keep them running till their tongues dried out.

I'll tell you something else that 1939's crop of managers might profit by. There's too much warm-up pitching in the major leagues. When a man uses his muscles, they exude a fluid into the tissues of the muscles which has an acid reaction, and if that fluid isn't properly absorbed a man will get a stiff muscle. *Too much warm-up pitching will leave a pitcher with a "dead" arm.*

Modern pitchers complain of overwork. Shucks! The record books give the lie to that contention. Christy Mathewson, in his best five years, compiled a record of 288, in which he worked 1,759 innings, winning 158 games while losing 54. The nearest modern approach to this is the record of Lefty Grove, who in his best five years worked in 219 games, pitched 1,409 innings, won 132 and lost 27. I'll stack up my best five years against the efforts of Dizzy Dean for his best five. I worked in only 233 games, but pitched 1,765 innings, won 151 and lost 62. Dean worked in 245 games, but pitched only 1,530 innings, won 120 and lost 65. Compare the efforts of Big Ed Walsh and King Carl Hubbell over the same route. Walsh appeared in 284 games, pitched 2,001 innings, won 136, lost 88. Hubbell worked in 217 games, pitched 1,491 innings, won 115 and lost 50. So it is right down the line. The old-timers did far more work than the moderns, earned less money, won more games, and had lots more fun.

Today's young pitchers want to hit the majors as quickly as possible. And all of them want to be "fast" ball pitchers, regardless. *Now, I never had a really fast ball, never tried to fog 'em through. A lot of the really great pitchers couldn't throw a ball hard enough to knock a man down if it hit him between the eyes.* They pitched with curves, control, and their heads.

EVERY kid pitcher wants to set a batter's shirt on fire with their every pitch, just to make an impression. They do just that on the sand lots, in the minors, and, having landed with a big-league team, keep right on doing it in an effort to prove they are worth more than they are paid. They throw away their arms before they mature, and most young pitchers brought up today are burnt out! *They're old-young men.* They want to flash into baseball's Hall of Fame by pitching a no-hit game. Each and every one of them tries to throw that ball past the batter, using everything but his head on every pitch. Well, I got myself into the real Hall of Fame without even trying. I never pitched a no-hitter. I did pitch nine one-hit games. The kids ought to take it easy. Managers and coaches should see they do.

Now, in conclusion: I wrote that I had a sore arm for twenty years, but this is the first time I've ever mentioned it. I had a *very* sore arm during the famous 1926 World Series between the St. Louis Cardinals and the New York Yankees.

My soupbone ached like a sore tooth with an exposed nerve when Rogers Hornsby called me from the bull pen in the seventh inning of the seventh game of that series. There were two out, the bases were loaded, and Tony Lazzeri was at bat. The baseball world remembers that I struck him out. After that seventh inning I had two more innings and six batters to go, including a couple of guys named Lou Gehrig and Babe Ruth. I had two men out when I walked Ruth in the ninth. Bob Meusel was at bat. I had one strike on Meusel when Ruth attempted to steal second. I saw Bob O'Farrell, the catcher, receive my pitch and throw to second. . . . I remember the umpire, his right arm high, his thumb extended. Ruth was out. We'd won the game and the series!

But the thing I remember with a lump in my throat and an ache in my heart was the aftermath of that game. Newspapers throughout the land published colorful stories telling how Hornsby, needing Old Alex, sent a scout looking for him. The scout was supposed to have located me in a speakeasy and brought me back to the Stadium—drunk! "Despite his condition," the dispatches related, "he was sent out to pitch against Lazzeri, and finished the game." It was unkind—and untrue. To this day I have never denied it. Here, for the first time, I will tell the truth.

I was in the bull pen awaiting a call. I had won my game the day before and, being a drinker in those days, it was my night to howl. Hornsby told me I could go ahead and howl. But I didn't. Instead, I said to Hornsby: "Rog, you may need me tomorrow. So I'll go along with you and sleep in your room tonight. I won't take a drink until it's all over." I didn't. Hornsby knew the truth. But he never uttered one word to disprove the story. Maybe he figured I didn't care. Well, to be honest, I didn't—then.

THE END

The Confessions of a Talent Scout

HOLLYWOOD JOBS

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

CORINNE CHARBONNEAU, imaginary aspirant to movie fame, has been called to Hollywood after having passed her film test in New York. Bill Grady, M-G-M talent executive, is putting her through the training all novices receive. She has just asked Grady whether or not she may have dates.

MISS BURNS says that I should be seen in the right places," Corinne told me, "but she also says that I must not accept an invitation without consulting you. Now, I've stayed at home every night since I came to Hollywood, and I'm getting rather tired of my own company."

Poor kid! Perhaps I should have taken care of her social life before this, but I wanted to know her better before taking steps in that direction. It *is* important that young people breaking into pictures be seen in the right places. But it is just as important—if not more so—that they be seen in the right company. There are several reasons for this.

First, association with stars and featured players will get the newcomers' names in the various Hollywood columns published by most newspapers.

Second, producers and directors frequently consult the star of a picture about casting small parts. If, for example, Bob Montgomery says: "I know a girl that can troupe that part to a fare-thee-well; her name is Corinne Charbonneau," it naturally helps Corinne.

Third, like every other large city—and worse than most—there are places here in which a girl should not be seen, and persons with whom she should not be seen, if she values her reputation.

These are some of the reasons for appointing myself a sort of censor of dates. In that capacity, I arrange for my youngsters to meet the stars and try to launch the kids socially. Usually this is not a difficult task, because most of our big names have come up to stardom the hard way. They know the tremendous odds against these novices and they are anxious to give them a leg up the long ladder.

Sometimes, however, the results border on the disastrous—for the newcomer. A couple of years ago I had a girl (I will not mention her name, because you'd recognize it) for whom I had brilliant hopes. She had beauty and poise and what I call "larceny in her soul." By larceny I mean the willingness to bluff a thing through—like beating you out of a pot with a pair of jacks while you hold three kings.

One day I called her into my office. "Do you play tennis?" I asked.

"Never had a racket in my hand," she answered promptly, "but I'll play tennis with Ellsworth Vines if you say so."

"That's the way to talk," I replied. "Now, hustle over to Wardrobe and get a smart tennis outfit—shorts, blouse, sweater, and all the trimmings. I've got a date for you."

Then I went to Jimmy Stewart and Franchot Tone — two of the best tennis players on the M-G-M lot—and told them that I had a girl who was a second Helen Wills. I don't think they believed me, but that didn't matter, because they agreed to take her with them that afternoon to the West Side Tennis Club.

While they were there (as I learned later) Norma Shearer called Jimmy and Franchot and invited them to her home for tea. She was having some friends in and wanted the boys to join the group. They explained that they had company, but Miss Shearer said: "Bring the company along."

The next day, our little actress burst into my office. "Oh, Billy," she gushed, "I had the grandest time at Norma's house! Norma is such a darling," etc., etc.

I listened for a few minutes and then interrupted her unceremoniously: "Just a moment, young lady. Let's get a couple of things straight. As long as you're on this lot, you'll speak of Norma Shearer and address her as *Miss Shearer*. When she wants you to do otherwise, she'll tell you so. Another thing: I am *Mister Grady* to you until *I* tell you otherwise."

Fortunately for herself, she was a smart girl and did not make the same mistake again. . . . I tell this story to Corinne because I don't want her to get herself disliked. While there is much good-fellowship and informality in the motion-picture business, there are also good manners. Corinne sees the point, and I promise that she won't be staying at home in the evenings from now on.

Before Corinne is ready to make her bow in studio society I must decide upon a name for her. "Corinne Charbonneau" is a large-size mouthful and many people would not know how to pronounce it. After considering a number of alternatives, I conclude that "Jean Corland" is short and euphonious, is easy to remember, and will not be confused with the name of any star or featured player. Hereafter she will be Jean Corland to every one—even in her private life.

When next I see Jean—as I'll call her now—she is learning to sit down and rise gracefully. This requires much practice and infinite patience. The actual work of correct sitting and rising is done with the muscles of the calves and thighs, and end-

Behind the scenes in Filmland . . . A final close-up of what goes on before the door to fame swings open

BY BILLY GRADY

Chief Talent Executive
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

as told to
KENNETH L. WATT

Clark canceled a hunting trip and made the production test with her.

less hours of practice develops these muscles. Although her legs shriek from fatigue, the routine goes on until Jean sits and rises in the proper fashion *naturally*.

By this time, too, she is going through her book-on-the-head exercises with her shoes on, and already a definite improvement in her carriage can be noticed. Her figure is becoming more attractive; her hips are slimmer and her legs more symmetrical.

"You're doing very well," I tell her. "I was walking in back of you yesterday, going to the commissary; and I said to myself: 'Now, who can that graceful girl be?'"

She laughs. "You wouldn't think I was graceful if you heard Miss Burns scold about the way I cross my legs."

"Well, let's have an examination right now," I suggest. "Go outside my office, open the door, come in, walk across the room, sit down, and cross your legs."

"All right," she agrees. "Which will you have first—dame, lady, or duchess?"

Perhaps I should explain that a "dame" is a tough gal. A "lady" is exactly that—a girl who is refined, a *nice* person. A "duchess" is a dignified impressive woman, the sort of person whom one would not think of addressing as "old girl" or "Toots." Of course, a duchess can also be a lady, and probably is when she is among friends.

Jean gives an excellent rendition of dame, lady, and duchess. When I notice that her normal walk and actions are those of a lady, I am highly pleased.

At frequent intervals during these weeks I have had her read scenes for me; sometimes with Lillian Burns, sometimes alone or with me, often with some young actor who is going through the same grooming process. She is put through her paces on various types of scripts—comedy, emotional, love, etc. Because she has intelligence, she is learning quickly; she is speaking, moving, expressing the different emotions more easily, naturally, and accurately. Her basic dramatic training was sound and her experience on the stage and in the night clubs has given her self-assurance. Our chief task lies in eliminating those tricks of the stage which have no place in front of the camera and teaching her tricks of the sound stage which have no place in the theater.

When I conclude that she is ready for a "progression test," I carefully select the script to be used, choose a young man to play opposite her, and the scene is rehearsed over and over until it is as nearly perfect as they can make it. We take as much pains with this scene as though it were the climax of a feature production. Then the make-up department goes to work and Jean is sent to the test stage.

At this point I must emphasize a very important fact: No matter how anxious to succeed Jean Corland may be, M-G-M is more anxious for her to make good. Aside from the fact that we maintain the largest stock company in the business and can always use good players, there is a substantial cash investment involved. Let's look at some figures. These are only approximate and may vary, but they are fairly representative.

Cost of New York test ...	$500	(maybe more)
Transportation from New York	175	
Salary, twenty weeks at $75 per week ...	1,500	
Five progression tests (maybe more)	1,750	
Make-ups, stills, coaching, etc.	1,000	
Total,	$4,925	(maybe more)

To me falls the job of protecting that $5,000 investment and, even more important, the potential profit to be made if Jean can be built into a star. One method of insurance is the maintenance of a permanent test crew. These men are interested in the people being tested; a success is a feather in the crew's collective cap, a failure something to be regretted.

In effect, a progression test is a segment of a motion-picture play and is produced exactly as though it were a part of a production to be released—with sets, properties, costumes, etc. When the scene is shot and the film developed, I will study it carefully to ascertain the improvement in Jean's work. Then it will be filed away for comparison with tests to be shot later. Hence its name—"progression test."

After more weeks of working and testing, I have a talk with Jean in my office. "Jean, my dear, I think you're about ready to be seen," I tell her. "But I want you to keep right on working. Even if you do get a part in a picture, you'll have to continue your work with Miss Burns and the others. Tests and work, work and tests—that's going to be your routine for a long time to come."

"That's quite all right with me," she answers promptly. "I've a lot to learn and I know that I can't do it in a few weeks or a few months."

That is the attitude I like to see, because it is the only attitude that leads to success in this business. Not so long ago, a young man came to us from radio. I held high hopes for him. But after his first picture or two he thought he had learned everything there was to know. He resented the tedious grind of constant practice and test, and made no effort to conceal the fact. The social life of Hollywood and association with the elite of the film world convinced him that he had arrived. He was wrong—as he will soon discover to his sorrow.

Now that I believe that Jean is a salable piece of merchandise, I must find a spot for her, and a buyer. I know every picture in the casting stage and I suggest her for bit parts that I think she can handle. The producer and director quite rightly have the last word on who is to play in a picture. Sometimes, too, the star is consulted.

A few months ago I had a newcomer — Virginia Grey—who, I thought, was suitable for a part in a feature starring Clark Gable. The producer and the director liked her, but suggested that I have Clark look her over. I called him and persuaded him to come to my office, even though he was packing for a hunting trip.

After a few moments' nervousness Virginia hit her stride and showed what she could do. When she finished the scene, Clark telephoned home and ordered his hunting kit unpacked.

"I'm going to stay here and make the production test with this youngster, Billy," he said. "I think she *has* something."

I thought so too, and events proved that we were right. Virginia is now playing with Mickey Rooney in one of the Hardy Family releases, and it's my guess that you'll hear more of her as time goes on.

I'm completely convinced that our hypothetical Jean Corland has something too, and I begin talking about her to every producer and director on the M-G-M lot. I read carefully every script that is going into production to see if there is a part for her. Finally I find one, and immediately ask the director to have a production test made of her.

"Now, Jean," I tell her as I hand her the script, "in this picture you're going to play the part of a girl who is somewhat shrewish. You've had everything that money can buy but you've been pampered, and your outlook on life is a bit jaundiced. Got it?"

"Got it," she answers. "Until the test is made, I'm a spoiled darling of wealth every minute."

"That's fine. Tomorrow morning at seven o'clock you're to report for make-up and wardrobe. The test will be shot at ten. Go in there and *pitch*, kid."

On the test stage the next morning there is an exact replica of the set that will be used in the actual production. The scene is rehearsed and shot, then rehearsed and shot again, over and over, until the test director is satisfied that he has obtained the best possible result.

The rushes are ready for inspection the next day, and I anxiously join the producer and the director in the projection room. When the film has been run through, I know my confidence has not been misplaced.

"What do you think, Bob?" I ask the director.

"Not bad. Not bad at all, Billy. I think she'll do."

So Jean Corland, alias Corinne Charbonneau, alias heaven knows what, has cleared another hurdle on the path to the fame and fortune that Hollywood gives its favorites. Will she go further, or will she fall by the way, as so many others have done? Will she continue to work, study, and learn, or will she assume that she is already a success because she has been cast in one picture?

If she has within her the stuff of which fine actresses are made, M-G-M needs her more than she needs M-G-M. Every one in the organization is for her. We have invested our money and our time, and we will continue to do so if she does her part.

But will she? Only Jean herself can determine whether the name of Jean Corland will appear in lights on the marquees of the nation and of the world—or whether she will drop from sight, just another little girl who had a great opportunity but who, somehow, muffed it.

THE END

AN EX-PRESIDENT SPEAKS OUT!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

There is no situation in this country today that will more drastically affect every man, woman, and child than that created by our conduct with other nations.

WAR OR PEACE

is the ultimate answer to either of the two courses open to us. Which way are we headed?

FORMER PRESIDENT HOOVER

writes for you in Liberty next week a frank and searching article on the most vital question of today—and tomorrow. Don't miss

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FOREIGN POLICY

By Herbert Hoover

---

20 QUESTIONS

1—Thanks to his vision (see early photo) this world is a better place in which to live. He worked in the Oranges, loved the movies despite deafness, and got rubber from goldenrod. Who?

2—What operas other than Fidelio did Beethoven compose?

3—Is negus a dress material, a South American potentate, or a hot drink?

4—When was the Spanish-American War?

5—Which ancient city was destroyed when Vesuvius erupted in 79 A. D.?

6—Pneumococcus germs are the chief cause of what?

7—The center of U. S. population is in the western part of which state?

8—Who conducts that Hobby Lobby program on the radio?

9—Should a man with a blind spot in each eye consult an optician, an optometrist, or an optimist?

10—Who was it that was tamed by Petruchio?

11—Which suburb of Chicago is called the World's Largest Village?

12—What is the Italian for Mrs.? For Miss?

13—Which President said: "Under no circumstances will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination," but ran again?

14—Is the whale shark a fish or a mammal?

15—Which prima donna derived her stage name from an Australian city?

16—Who is G. B. S.?

17—Is Ben Nevis a popular-song writer, a Canadian cartoonist, or the highest mountain in Great Britain?

18—Which weavable mineral is chiefly mined in Quebec?

19—How long is a perch?

20—Who wrote Anthony Adverse and Action at Aquila?

(Answers will be found on page 58)

The GIRL Who Dances for HITLER

Is she a part in a new Nazi play for American favor?

BY FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Marion Daniels, headlined by the attentions of the Fuehrer.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE tiger beguiled by beauty! That's an old story—but the new tale is of Adolf Hitler and his sudden interest in pretty American dancers.

Skeptics are unkind enough to say it is a play for Yankee favor. The great man applauding lovely Americans! Anyway, if you want to make a hit with Hitler, develop your flexes.

Here is the inside story of little Marion Daniels, who was summoned from Cannes, on the French Riviera, by Hitler to do acrobatic dances for his pleasure at a special Mardi Gras entertainment. He provided a fast plane to transport her across the Alps from Cannes to Munich, another next day to get her back to the Cannes Casino, where she was a headliner. The dancer's mother accompanied her on the strange excursion.

After an appearance at the Munich music hall, Hitler had little Marion demonstrate her acrobatic tap dancing at a private party at the Künstlerhaus, or art club. At the gay Nazi party were Field Marshal Hermann Göring and Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels. But it was Hitler who led the applause.

It was not the first time that Hitler had admired the California girl and her acrobatic dancing. He had summoned her to meet him a few weeks before at another Nazi party. Both times he lavished upon her huge bouquets of pink carnations.

In a moment I will tell you more of Marion Daniels, but first let me present the incident of Miriam Verne, who is an American ballet dancer. She was appearing in a Berlin musical revue at the Metropol when Reichsfuehrer Hitler ordered a command performance. Later she appeared at a party given by Goebbels. After the first meeting Hitler gave Miss Verne a golden swastika.

Miss Verne's real offstage name is Miriam Verne Staley and she hails from Dormont, a suburb of Pittsburgh. Miss Verne was in a revue at the New York Paradise Restaurant, she had danced with various bands and in a Broadway revue or two.

Probably by the time you read this, other American dancers will be in the Berlin headlines. That is, if the campaign goes on to sell a picture of the tiger beguiled by beauty.

How does an American girl react to all this? Let's return to Marion Daniels and let the little blonde American acrobatic dancer tell her story.

"When I had finished, I saw Hitler and his staff applauding hard," she says. "After the show we went again to the Künstlerhaus. Hitler was at the next table and said some very nice things in German—at least they sounded nice after they were interpreted. . . . A translator said he said I had marvelous movements of body and legs, and I guess that means flexes.

"Adolf Hitler is one of the most charming and nicest men I have ever known. After I had danced, the Fuehrer handed me a magnificent bouquet of pink carnations and lilacs."

Miss Daniels received £250 (about $1,125) for her expenses. Plus, of course, the free plane trips.

The dancer wrote to her father in California of her first meeting. "Last night . . . Herr Hitler visited the theater where I am dancing," she said. ". . . After the show we all went to have supper and Hitler and the ministers of government were there. Hitler got up and shook hands with me and congratulated me on my dance himself. . . .

"This morning I received a huge bouquet of lilacs (white ones) and shaded pink carnations. The bouquet was from Hitler, congratulating me on last night's performance. So I feel very proud. Also tied around the flowers was a large red taffeta bow with streamers. On one side was a card with his signature and on the other a beautiful emblem of the country."

Have American dancers actually aroused the interest of the famous leader who has been variously described as ascetic, as having a frigidity toward women, as hating the sex? Is it possible that a dancer may change the course of history? Or is all this adroitly conceived press agentry to win American favor?

Anyway, Miss Daniels made the world's headlines; became the center of political as well as news interest. She was born in Stockton, California, on September 8, 1919. Her full name is Marion Claire Daniels. Her father is Fred E. Daniels, her mother Lena F. Daniels. Mr. Daniels is proprietor of the Hotel Weber in Stockton.

Marion has danced since she was four. In November, 1937, she came East, played the big theaters—and then went to England and the Continent.

Enter the tiger—

Or enter the campaign to popularize, humanize, and sentimentalize Hitler over here.

Take your choice.

THE END

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WITH World Fairs breaking out on both coasts of the continent, and with so many of us on the go, I thought it might be timely to seek information about the way hotels take care of ladies. Went to Ralph Hitz, president of the National Hotel Management Company, which operates hotels in New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Dallas, Detroit, Minneapolis, and Dayton. Asked Mr. Hitz how much we women can expect a real first-class hotel to do for us. Mr. Hitz said: "Five babies have been born in our private hospital at the Hotel New Yorker. . . . One of our laundrymen found a $25,000 necklace in a soiled sheet. The lady who owned it gave him $1,500 reward; so he walked out and never came back. . . . Guests require us to buy glass eyes for stuffed fish; to help them adopt babies; to locate their money for them when they forget where they've hidden it. . . . We no longer notify guests in detail when they leave things behind—not since the time we sent word to a man that he'd left a lady's nightgown in his room, only to learn he was traveling without his wife. Now we merely send post cards declaring: 'Article left. Please describe.' . . . Hotel bellhops are trained to spot honeymooners. Good hotels always speed flowers upstairs to the bride. . . . Some hotels employ style experts who tell out-of-town husbands what sort of clothes to take home to their wives. . . . Some hotels, on request, will put iron bars across windows to protect sleepwalking guests. . . . Recently one hotel had to furnish vibration music to accommodate a deaf-and-dumb convention. . . ." Ralph Hitz, who told me all this, started *his* career as a bellboy at Sacher's famous hotel in Vienna. Of all hotel problems, he says, the toughest is soothing a guest who is in the bathtub when the phone rings.

☆ Fashion is cutting some very young capers this spring. . . . With a blue evening gown it is smart now to wear one red slipper and one yellow slipper, both with blue heels. . . . Newest belts are of pastel kid shirred with elastic so they stretch like garters—a great comfort for girls with big appetites. . . . Latest hankies show your initial repeated twenty-eight times, for luck—seven times on each corner.

☆ *A very military letter has come to me from Honolulu. It says:*

"Eleventh Ordnance Company, Schofield Barracks, T. H.

Subject: Cat.

To: Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, Liberty Magazine.

1. Some time ago I read a piece on your page about "grocery-store" cats. This is about such an animal.

2. This cat, known as Butch, at-

and has been here ever since. The first thing it did was make friends with our Mess Sergeant and Cooks.

3. Cat got in painters' way while barracks were being painted and got splashed with paint. After cleaning itself, cat took sick from paint. Down to the Veterinary Doctor it went and was put on a special diet (see enclosed memorandum). Doctor's bill was paid by this organization. Cat today is just as healthy as ever and weighs eight pounds. The Army not only builds men, but also takes care of their pets." . . . Signed: "Company Clerk."

The enclosed memorandum reads as follows:

"To: The Company.

1. Hereafter no one will feed the cat, Butch, except the Mess Sgt. The cat is on a special diet upon orders of the Veterinary Officer.

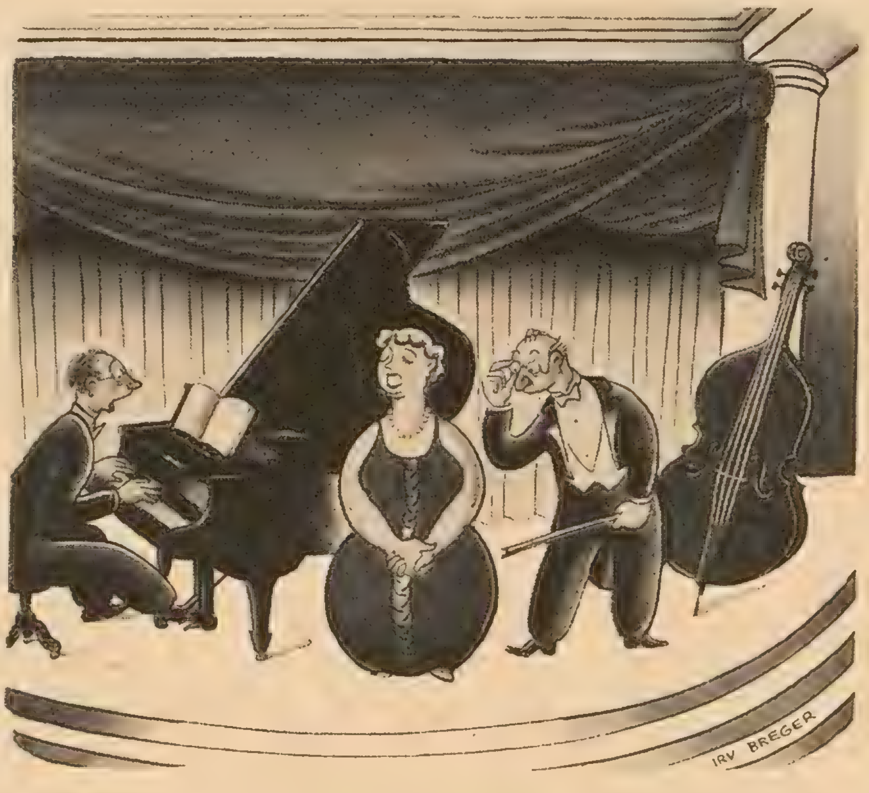
2. Any one caught putting paint on the cat will receive Company punishment." . . . Signed: "Robert Van Roo, 1st Lt., 11th F. A. (ORD), Commanding." . . .

All cat lovers will join me, I'm sure, in giving three cheers for the Army, for the 11th F. A. (ORD), for Lieutenant Van Roo, for the Veterinary Officer, and the Company Clerk. Also for Butch.

☆ During Lent try this unusual Canadian recipe for *Baked Salmon, Quebec Style.* It makes a delicious meal: . . . Put 1 cup canned salmon in colander; pour on 1 cup boiling water. Drain; remove bones and skin; pound fish to smooth paste. Now simmer ½ cup fresh bread crumbs in 2 cups milk with dash paprika, pepper, nutmeg. Add ½ cup butter, 3 beaten eggs, 4 mushrooms chopped and sautéed. When cool, combine with salmon in buttered fireproof dish. Set in pan of water and bake 45 minutes in slow oven. Unmold on hot platter. Serve very hot with thick cream sauce, to which add 1 cup chopped parboiled cucumber and a few drops onion juice.

☆ New indeed is the art of inciting infants to rebellion against their own squawling. . . . A mural painter of my acquaintance has an enormous studio and an eight-months-old son. By day the child occupies a kiddycoop at a far end of the huge workroom. Every time he yells, the vast emptiness of the place flings his yell right back at him in the form of an echo. The noisiness of the echo startles him into a shocked silence. And papa paints peacefully on.

☆ If you take romance seriously—but marriage more so—you will appreciate Maude Williamson's new novel, If Love Means This. (Farrar & Rinehart.)



"No, no, Schmidt!"

BUY A FORD THE "UNIVERSAL" WAY AND YOU'LL BUY

Peace of Mind

"Universal" Plans Give Ford Buyers Nation-wide Protection At No Extra Cost . . . Courteous Co-operation . . . Liberal Terms . . . No Red Tape!

You feel secure, when you deal with a large, national company — one that has been financing Ford products *exclusively* for ten years! There's peace of mind in knowing your credit is low in cost . . . that theft, collision, fire and other hazards can't rob you of your investment . . . that you'll always meet with courtesy and co-operation!

When you purchase your Ford through "Universal" your credit is established nationally — not just locally. And, in case of emergency through accident, fire, or theft, you are assured of prompt attention from any Ford dealer *anywhere*. Every Ford dealer knows Universal Plans and procedure. *See your Ford dealer first for financing*. Here are a few other reasons:

CONVENIENCE. Day or night, in one place, and with practically one stroke of the pen, your Ford dealer completes your "Universal" transaction. He is the only man you see. Much simpler than many plans which require visits to at least three different people.

LIBERAL TERMS. Universal Plans can be arranged to fit your pocketbook. You pick a plan that suits your needs.

BROAD INSURANCE COVERAGE. *You* receive a standard insurance policy protecting *you* against hazards, as outlined in the policy.

NATION-WIDE PROTECTION. In addition to establishing your credit *nationally*, a Universal Plan assures you of help in emergencies at any Ford dealer's or any of Universal's 150 offices.

CONTINUED CO-OPERATION. "Universal" and your Ford dealer value your business—want you to buy from them again. Courteous service, to keep the relationship friendly, is assured.

LOW COST. In spite of their many advantages, the peace of mind they offer, Universal Plans cost no more.

SEE YOUR FORD DEALER FIRST — ASK FOR UNIVERSAL CREDIT PLANS

Financing Ford Dealers Exclusively

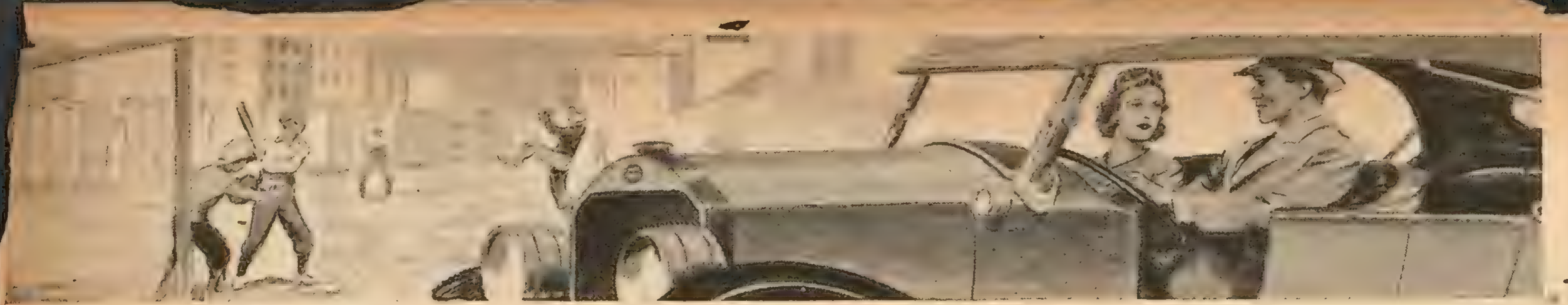
UC

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY

Send for these free booklets before you buy your car!

UNIVERSAL CREDIT COMPANY, Detroit, Michigan: Please send me
☐ "The Easy Way to Own a Car"
☐ "How to Pick a Good Used Car."
5★

*Name*________________
*Address*________________



"IF WISHES . . ."

Liberty's Short Short

BY RHODA TRUAX

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

THE motor of the Bear Cat seemed a little hot, so Hobie Turner pulled up to the curb at the corner of Lincoln and Walnut and shut off the engine. It was a warm night, more like summer than March, and one of the first ball games of the season was going on in the vacant lot before him. The inning was over, and as the boys left the field some of them noticed the automobile.

"Say, Red, lookit that car!"

"What is it, a Stutz?"

"Sure it's a Stutz. How fast can it go, mister?"

"Oh, around seventy, I guess," answered Hobie nonchalantly and waited for his wife, who was sitting beside him, to whisper:

"Oh, darling, promise me you won't ever go that fast!"

"Sure I promise. Anyhow, when would I get the chance? She's going out of the shop on Tuesday."

"You don't mind selling her, do you? You don't mind my pestering you to be careful?"

The big man answered only the second question:

"Honey, I love it."

No, of course he didn't mind selling the car; that was what he'd gotten her for, to sell. Twenty-five dollars' worth of junk she'd been, and now she was as smooth a job . . . He sighed, and the thin little girl with the big eyes patted his knee.

The money would be more than welcome. It wasn't so easy for a guy to pick up at thirty-five, and get started all over again. That was one of the things none of them had thought about overseas. But he was better off than most of the outfit. He had the swellest wife in all the world, he was strong and healthy, and, much as he'd railed against being kept on the ground when he wanted to fly, he had to admit he had learned plenty about engines, and that would come in handy. It should be only a question of time before he was on his feet, able to make things easier for Ruth.

"What are you thinking about, Hobie?" she asked a little anxiously.

He looked at her intently, noticing the dark circles under her eyes; they hadn't been there when he went away. Ruthie had never been strong and she'd had a lot on her hands; it hadn't been easy for the ones who stayed at home. Now that he was back and beginning to get on his feet, he'd take care of her; it wouldn't be long before those shadows disappeared. He knew better than to mention them, however; so he said lightly, to explain his staring at her, "I was just wondering how soon I'd get used to the way you're doing your hair. Looks like you've been combing it with an egg beater."

"Honestly, Hobie, all the girls—" Then she saw he was grinning. "No, come on, tell me what you were *really* thinking about."

"I was thinking about making a lot of dough, about being rich," he said.

Her tired shoulders relaxed. "It would be nice, wouldn't it?"

"Don't say would, say *will.* Sure it will be nice. Say, you know what I was thinking? I was thinking, suppose it was about ten years from now, for instance, and we were out driving, you and me. It's an evening like this one, real warm, with the kids hollering can they go out after supper tonight, ma, and we stop here and watch the ball game. The catcher, he's got a mitt, and the second baseman, but that's all the mitts they is, and the ball looks like it's seen better days. So finally I yell, 'Climb in here, fellows!' and then we take them up to Sears and Roebuck and we buy 'em the works, a uniform apiece and each one a mitt and a half dozen brand-new balls. Then we come back here with 'em and we just set and watch 'em play baseball till it gets dark. How does that sound to you, honey?"

She slipped her thin hand inside his arm. "All right but for one thing. We wouldn't want to stay out here till it got dark. I know we'd have maids, and all that, but just the same, we'd want to go home and kiss Junior and little Ruthie and the twins good night, wouldn't we?"

▲

AT the corner of Lincoln and Walnut a delivery truck was blocking the way. The chauffeur of the big limousine looked back at Mr. Turner for instructions.

"Draw up to the curb; we'll wait." he said. Camilla was probably in a hurry, but he'd had a hard day and the longer he put off dressing for dinner the better it would suit him.

"Now, H. B., I'm afraid we haven't got an awful lot of time," cautioned Camilla.

H. B. Turner didn't answer. He had never talked very much, and lately he spoke only when it was necessary. He didn't know very much about talking . . . left that to his wife, he used to say. All he knew was work, and, since he knew that so well and so successfully, she was perfectly willing to attend to the conversation.

Camilla Turner was a pleasant little woman who had long since lost her slight resemblance to the first Mrs. Turner. Hobart couldn't blame her for that, nor could he blame her because there had never been any children. He seldom thought about children any more, nor did he think very often about Ruth, dead now for eighteen years. He was too busy.

It was an unusually warm evening for March. In the vacant lot near which the car had stopped a baseball game was in progress. H. B. Turner watched it with his eyes, but his mind was occupied with garages, service stations, the reports on the 1939 model.

The first baseman put out his hand for a fast ball, caught it, then dropped it quickly. H. B. Turner noticed the way he shook his gloveless hand. Only one of the players, the catcher, had a mitt.

In the distance a child was calling, "Say, ma, can I go out tonight, after supper?"

"What street is this?" asked H. B. Turner sharply.

"Walnut and Lincoln, sir," the chauffeur answered.

H. B. Turner reached in his pocket, drew out a notebook and wrote something in it. He wasn't frowning now.

"Did you think of something, dear?" his wife asked him.

"Yes, I thought of something," he said, and his heavy face revealed his satisfaction. "That lot there. Been vacant as long as I can remember. And it's just the place for our new filling station. I'll see Grierson about buying it in the morning.

"All right, Fenton. What are you waiting for? The truck's moved. You can drive on home."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

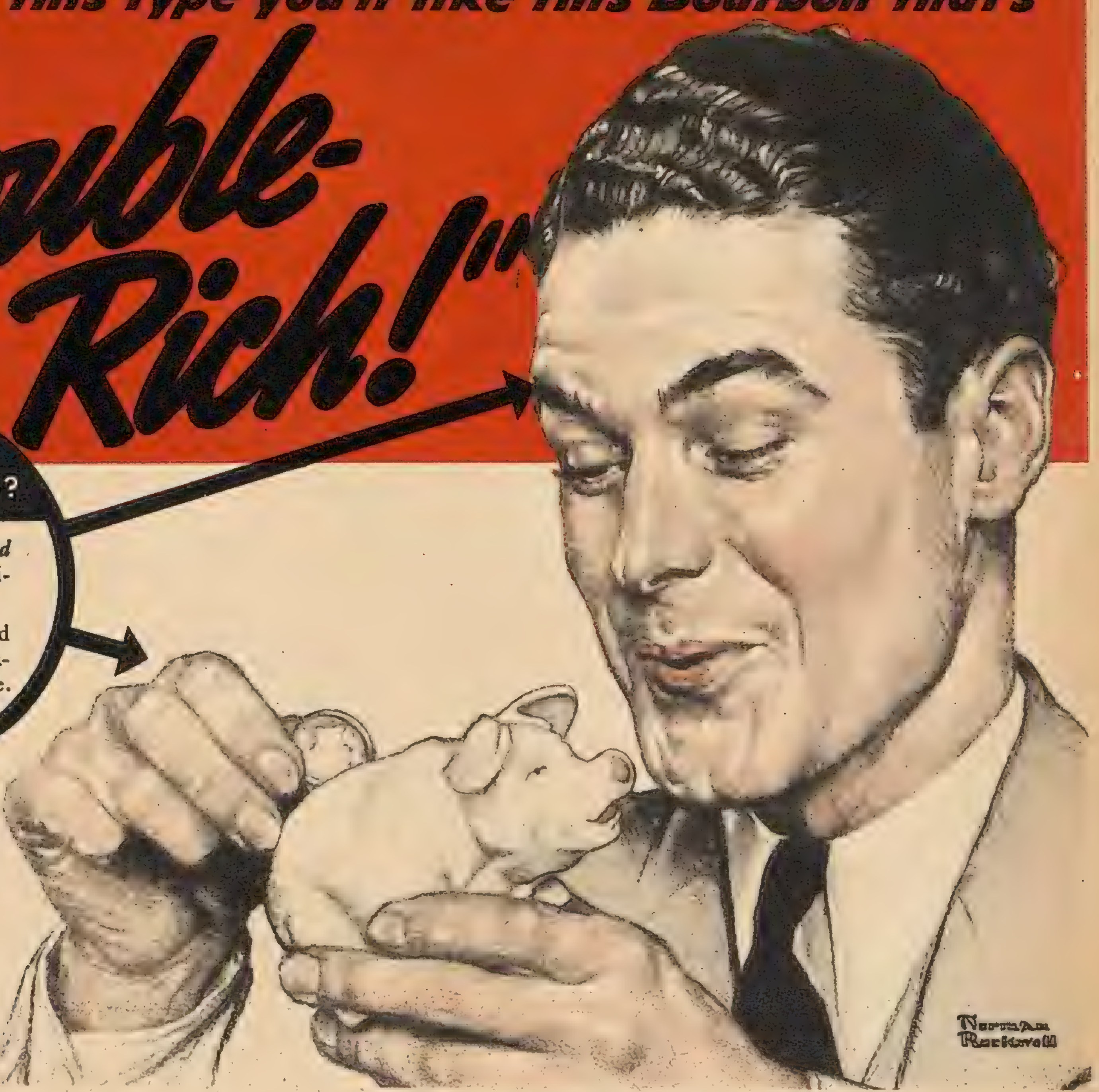
If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?

The low, wide *Forehead* associated with good business acumen.

The "square" *Hand* and *Fingers* pointing to a capable and practical nature.

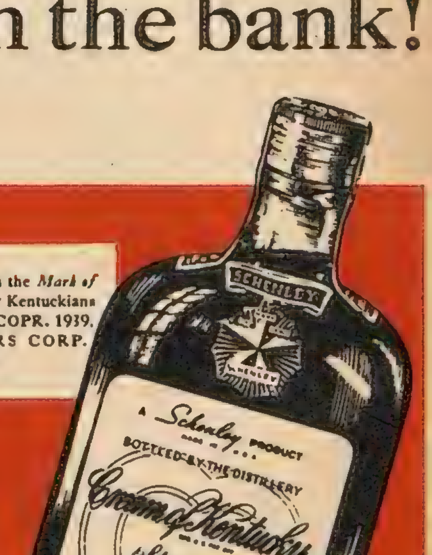

Norman Rockwell

If *you're* this type, say *"Make mine Cream!"* and get *"Double-Rich"* Kentucky straight Bourbon—then put your savings in the bank!

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. COPR. 1939. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORP. New York City


SCHENLEY
A Schenley PRODUCT
BOTTLED BY THE DISTILLERY
Cream of Kentucky
Straight
Bourbon Whiskey
90 PROOF
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTRIBUTORS, INC.
NEW YORK N.Y.

Twilight CHEATS

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

AFTER meeting Perry Snow, a brilliant and beautiful young woman photographer, Andrew Lane discovers that he cannot dismiss her from his mind.

Although he loves his home and children and his wife, Martha, who has helped him through his early years of building up a business—and lost her looks and youth doing it—Perry's lovely image remains with him. Finally, a new idea for advertising his product, spruce ale, gives him an excuse to call her up about taking some photographs, and she invites him to her apartment. He goes often after that.

One night at a party an old friend of Perry, Douglas Randolph, gets a little drunk and tells him about an unhappy love affair the girl has had. The man, who died before he and Perry could marry, looked, so Randolph says, like Lane. Ever since her loss, Perry has lived as she pleases, careless of the conventions and her reputation.

When Martha and the children are quarantined with mumps, Perry and Andrew spend even more time together. One night at a theater they run into Martha's sister, and Andrew introduces Perry as Miss White, a sister of an old classmate. He knows that Martha will hear of the meeting, and wants to keep her from connecting his companion with the Miss Snow whom he has mentioned at home.

Later, when he takes Perry home, he dismisses the taxi and joins her at the elevator in the apartment lobby.

"You're not going to send me out into the storm?" he smiles; and she replies, "No, never."

PART THREE—A FAREWELL TO PARADISE

THEY did not speak again until Perry unlocked her door and threw it open. Two lamps were lit in the big studio room. Champ, the police dog, was at the door to greet her. The bird cages were covered, little shrouds of song, and the other animals were in their beds on the balcony. A light shone above them from Perry's bedroom.

"Azalea's still out," Perry shrugged. "She plays Beano in Harlem until all hours." She drew off her gloves and tossed her fur coat on a chair. "Don't let's put on any more lights," she said.

Andrew nodded, not moving.

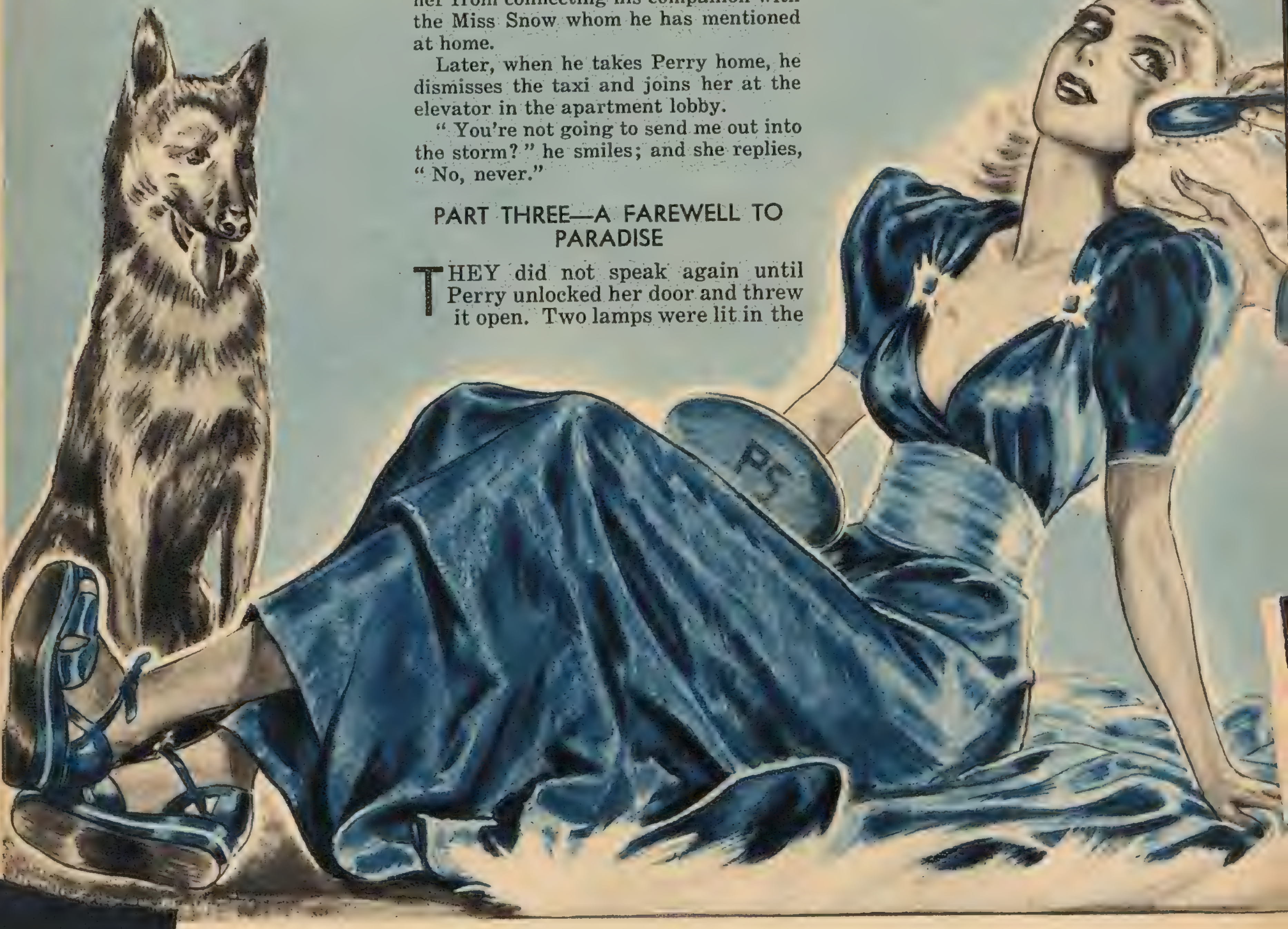
"Let down your hair, Perry."

She did it slowly, smiling. And shook out the long tumble about her shoulders. But as he moved toward her she put out both hands, managing the moment, keeping him at arm's length with her handclasp.

He heard himself saying, heedlessly: "Perry . . . I'm in love with you. I've never . . ."

She shook her head, put her fingers against his lips. "No." She laughed uneasily and turned away. "That isn't right—that isn't fair."

He felt chilled, yet he appreciated



Romance at dusk, marriage in peril. A crisis arrives in a daring, searching novel of a man's enchantment

BY GRACE PERKINS

Author of No More Orchids, The Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, etc.

that she was impelled to express something.

"Your passengers," she said lamely. "Remember?"

And she hurried on, very erect, yet somehow very humble. "They would never believe," she told him, "that I wouldn't hurt them. That I'd never let you hurt them. That, no matter what was between you and me, I wouldn't take anything from them."

For a moment he felt sorry for her, sorry enough to turn and leave her alone. She was meeting the issue honestly, standing there so chaste, and yet seductive.

"No future for us, Drew. Just the present for as long as it may last. For as long—as it lasts."

"Perry—are you crying?"

She answered by laughing softly.

"No. I never cry. But I just know, as most people know and won't admit, that nothing lasts between a man and a girl. Even marriage is an affair—that ends in gratitude or respect or pity. Or merely in obligations. Or worse—legal troubles and loathing. But, whatever the answer, passion can burn only so long. Hundred-watt, thousand-watt, it's a matter of luck. If you're decent fine people, you come out with something worth remembering. . . ."

Her hands went out in a helpless little gesture.

"Don't look so glum, Drew. I'll never talk seriously again. I don't want either of us to—to talk of love, or promises, or claims, or even hopes. You see, dear, I'm not a little girl. And I haven't many illusions. I don't want them back either, because they hurt. I don't want to care too much . . . or for you to care too much," she forced herself to finish. "You mustn't really love me. And I wouldn't dare let myself really love you. Otherwise we're lost."

He smiled with a superabundance of masculine tolerance.

"You look like an angel," he said indulgently, "and talk like a fool."

"That's what I am, Drew. A fool—who thinks she can live life her own sweet way, and has done it for a few fine years. I want nothing from you, Drew, ever. You can leave me—I can leave you, any time. But I'll be yours—temporarily—for as long as we need each other. And whenever you enter these rooms, you're temporarily mine, Drew, with no mention of other ties. In here is another world—just ours."

He closed his arms around her, his lips bent on stopping her soft broken laughter and those reckless words. She did not stir. She seemed only to rise to the tide for which she had been waiting. His temples flamed with the sudden release of emotion he had thought withered. His brain roared with warnings, but his body took no heed.

IN bed—alone—Martha faced the incredible nightmare moment that all wives know is just around the corner. Some wives face it often, seek for it and summon it up; some deny it, ignore and dismiss it.

"My God, my God!" moaned Martha, forsaken.

Forsaken.

You think, as the truth cuts into your soul, that you will go mad. Every nerve thrashes for some swift destructive release. Because you're never prepared for it, and you can't imagine how to act, what to do.

You hear your husband tell of meeting the sister of an old classmate at dinner and taking her to the theater. A Miss White. He doesn't sound in the least interested. Nor yet too casual. He just mentions the fact when he next calls, speaks of meeting Florrie, says the show was lousy and the headache gone and he's off to bed.

Your sister calls the next morning and tells of the meeting. Her story tallies.

But something in her description, something wistfully female in her tone, sticks in your mind like a clinging burr, tormenting you. "Some looker," Florrie had said, "and boy, what clothes! One of those worldly blondes."

What was it Claire Crowell had said about the girl Andy had been seen having cocktails with? Why, she had said, "Some hot number," "a dream of a blonde." That was Perry Snow—photographer—who had been working on Spruce Ale for weeks now at fantastic prices!

Martha Lane was not a woman to leap to conclusions, but she was no-

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHE MOORE

Perry loved to have her hair brushed.

body's fool, and she had much time to think. She sent her nurse down to the library for Andrew's classbook and searched it through. Nobody named White in Andrew's class. . . .

After that, Martha could not rest. She had to know whether or not Andy had lied to her. Whether things were so serious with Andy that he could date Miss Snow and introduce her to Florrie as Miss White. Whether he could actually call his wife on the phone and repeat the glib roundabout lie.

She could ask Florrie to go to Perry Snow's studio and make an appointment to have her portrait taken. But Martha cringed from that. She'd prefer Florrie wouldn't be in behind the scenes. Humiliation and failure are easiest borne in private.

Thumbing through her favorite magazine that night, in the quiet chill hours when she could not sleep, Martha came across a picture in Vogue which arrested her. Because a name seemed to leap out at her from the page. *Perry Snow.* One of six svelte-looking women who were lunching at the Colony to discuss plans for a charity masquerade. And that deliberate beauty on the left, that imperious blonde in the latest lynx jacket and arrogant hat was the photographer, Perry Snow. Some fate had put the picture into Martha's stiff hands.

Martha stared at the picture and felt defeat envelop her. Just as Perry had felt luckless defeat watching the movies of Andrew's mousey wife and his three sturdy grinning children. That horribly intimate glimpse into Andrew's private life had left Perry feeling blasted and dumped. Just as Martha felt, noting the sophistication, the clean lines of cheek and throat, the insolence and self-assurance of Perry's bearing.

She tore out the picture slowly. And on impulse wrote to Florrie: "Is this the girl you met with Andy at the theater the other night? Because if so, I know her, and isn't she lovely?"

THAT'S mighty funny," Florrie drawled thoughtfully to her mother over the morning coffee. "Because that Miss White said she wished she were meeting Martha, too. You don't suppose . . ."

"I don't suppose anything," Mrs. Littleton said severely as she studied Perry's features. "Except that Martha had better get well soon and bring her husband back before his fire."

"I'd hate to think—" said Florrie softly, and broke off, struck with the thought that it was time she was going home again herself. Her husband was human, too.

MARTHA talked calmly over the phone with Florrie. She talked seven minutes and gave no hint of boiling thoughts, temples beating, throat tightened.

She hung up the receiver and sank back on her pillow. It was true. Perry Snow.

Andy had lied to her. Andy was out with this woman —this lovely shining successful creature with whom there was no chance of competing—while his wife was ill and his home was in trouble and pain. Out with her how often? Where? Giving her his smiles, his tender looks, his attentions. Intimacy and emotion.

A dry sob shook Martha's frame. No longer the madness for action, for wild destruction of self and others. No more the fierce blind fury of the wounded.

Martha merely lay in a blank stupor. Fallen by the way. Unable to go farther.

THERE is a comfortable period during recuperation when the patient has a rare opportunity to think. Cut off from the daily routine of the house, attended, cleaned, and supplied by a nurse, Martha Lane found hours that were almost outside of life, out of the world. Beyond her window was a large swaying branch of a tree in which was cupped a deserted birds' nest outlined in white by a flurry of early snow. Martha's listless eyes sought it as if the empty nest contained some secret she must know.

She gave herself up to memories, of girlhood and womanhood that had brought her to forty and a birthday in bed away from the world. With the children singing outside her door, and sending in notes and handcraft gifts. There were presents sent by her folks and the few who felt indebted enough to remember the date. Monogrammed crystal glasses from Andy. A new befurred negligee. And flowers. "For my precious one, with a full heart. ANDY." So the card read. *How could he write that?*

Martha looked fixedly at the tree. She thought of so many birthdays, of summers on New England beaches, of Christmas holidays home from school, of trees and gifts and toys. She thought of first meeting Andy, and of their courtship. Of her shabby little wedding with no veil, no bouquet, no organ. . . . And of her even greater disappointment in her honeymoon, when she and Andy just rode off in his car of which he was so proud and which he had just learned to drive. "We'll just stop when we feel like it," Andy had said with boyish adventure. And they did, but the places weren't nice, and Martha had few comforts on her honeymoon, few clothes, none of the trappings a girl envisions for love's drama. But she never let Andy know. . . .

SHE hadn't been sorry when Andy's funds ran out quicker than they had planned. They drove back home. Drove into four of the hardest years of their lives. Establishing a business; their baby; Andy's sudden and prolonged illness. Osteomyelitis!

The branch of the tree nodded heavily in the wind, bobbing the little nest piled with wet snow. The nest had served its purpose; the birds had flown away. . . . .

No, that wasn't it, Martha sighed. That wasn't any message. People can raise babies without any nest. Martha had had no home of her own when her first son was born. And that's tough on any woman, any love. They had lived a long sentence with Andy's father; and when Martha was pregnant, they had moved to her mother's. Martha went to a local hospital from there, and Martha brought her little Frederick Andrew back to her mother's roominghouse. She had missed most of his very baby days. By breakfast, Martha had tended her son, her slowly recuperating husband, and boiled the formula. Then Martha went to work all day, often working so late that little Freddie was asleep for the night when she returned. . . . She didn't know at the time what she was missing really. All that mattered was that her husband be well again, his big handsome strenuous self.

He was, too, with no aftermath at all, when Martha was again pregnant. With her husband well, and the business thriving, Martha had planned to let up a little. She was very tired. Martha was thirty-one, with a son five years old. In her seven years of married life, Martha had worked unremittingly and loved unreckoningly. Both of which take a toll on women.

Martha closed her eyes. It still hurt deeply to remember Gloria's disfigurement in babyhood. Gloria's crossed eyes. Whatever the doctors said, with their big poundage of words, Martha knew in her heart that she had been too tired to have Gloria in the first place. Martha's youth was at the point of rebellion at the time of Gloria's conception. Martha's goodness was wearing thin and weighing her down, and her youth felt cheated. There had been no fun, no flings, no giddy senseless pleasures. Oh, Martha had her rewards, dearly bought and dearly held. Fine substantial rewards, like her man whole again, and the knowledge she had seen him through one of the most serious diseases that can attack. He was on his feet by her side again, and more loving than ever. But he worked all the day, and experimented in his laboratory most of the night and week-ends. But she wouldn't complain. She tried to revel in her other great rewards. Her own home at last. And little Fred, sturdy, serious, dependable.

But still the last cry of youth within her wanted to be served; wanted a few baubles. And life answered the cry with pregnancy.

Early in the nine months, Andrew had proposed to his wife a new challenge. His spruce ale was perfected. He wanted to sell out their little business and sink everything in the new drink. Martha had looked into his eager young face, earnest, ambitious, excited, and there was no question of her answer.

Andrew had been right, of course. Look at them now, living twenty-thousand-a-year *(Continued on page 30)*

EVERY PENNY COUNTS WITH US *when we buy a car*

So we're figuring the financing cost OURSELVES

We want to know exactly what we are spending our money for.

We like the General Motors Instalment Plan because we know exactly what the cost of financing and insurance is *in dollars and cents*.

We always figure out in advance the payment terms we need in order to fit the monthly payments comfortably and conveniently into our budget.

Buying a car on monthly payments is no gamble with us.

* * *

And you can do the same thing.

Your General Motors dealer will give you all the figures you require. Get them and compare this plan with others. And remember, under the General Motors Instalment Plan your car is protected with a policy in General Exchange Insurance Corporation, a member of the General Motors family. Every time-buyer needs this sound low-cost protection.

In addition to its security, you will save money if you insist on the General Motors Instalment Plan when you buy your next new General Motors car.

General Motors Acceptance Corporation

GENERAL MOTORS INSTALMENT PLAN

Offered only by Dealers in

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · LASALLE · CADILLAC

(Continued from page 28)

lives. And with the new recent organization they would be wealthy in a few more years. Really wealthy. . . . *And what of it?*

But at the time the change of business meant serious economies. It meant no maid. It meant letting insurance lapse. It meant living on seventy a week when they had become used to nearly double. It meant conjuring up courage again because there was a tough job to be done. Martha did it cheerfully. But she was tired.

Thus Gloria was born and brought Martha a black stretch of heartache. To see her own, a girl, a daughter, a curly-headed helpless baby, cross-eyed.

Martha went to pieces. Martha was sick, nervous, high-strung, ill-tempered. Frightened at life. Too worn to battle it any longer. No courage left.

Martha stirred uneasily. Her serious crisis, back in the stormy days of Gloria's infancy, had been averted by a deliberate, brave pregnancy. Because a doctor convinced Andy, and Andy had convinced Martha that it was the only answer to her unnatural morbidness, her irritable melancholy. Poor stupids, they could never understand how evilly tired women can get, especially when there is no harmless deviltry to life. All duty and no folly makes Jill a dull dish. . . .

Andy, tender and earnest, asked her to try the solution, for her unbalanced behavior was wrecking him, even though he sympathized. Nothing that Andy asked could she deny him. Martha summoned every last call to arms left in her for the third journey of weighted months.

As usual, Andy was right. Her Teddy was a gay baby and a delight to the household. And that was the only babyhood Martha enjoyed to the full. Long hours of physical delight in him, marking his daily development, breathing in his warm fat fragrance, and pressing her pasty face against his flesh. All the money and time and treatments for little Gloria, all the experimental hopes were easier then. And eventually Gloria was operated on, and while one eye was almost sightless, the child looked normal and grew beautiful.

SO what matter if Martha didn't gain in strength or vigor as she had in former days? What odds, really, if little nipping illnesses, odd distressing disorders, tore at her body and laid her periodically low? Cut here and there by a surgeon's knife, sewn up with hospital thread. She rose each time with a slower step, but hardly noticed, in her happiness to walk about once more.

Andy wrapped her round with comfort, with flowers, with furs and new cars and jewelry and so much help that she need not stir. Even in bed now, her heart knotted, Martha could smile at all the fond tenderness Andrew had showered on her. When the stock-market crash had hit him hard, he continued her rate of living without letting her know his own strain.

But the load carried alone removed him from her, without either of them realizing. A dozen things separated them: the children's divers ills; Martha's absorption in them, in her own pains, in the running of the house. So that Andrew and Martha found they were no longer fevered of each other. They were pals, affectionate friends, devoted companions, good parents.

There was one short exciting period when a big drugstore chain contracted for spruce ale, and the money poured in. Spending the money together was a soothing syrup which dulled the Lanes to their true status, filling them with shared joys. They bought the beautiful big home in Rye, and reveled in alterations, furnishings, garden, new cars, better schools, and a pleasant round of entertaining.

A happy life. A well established, well ordered life.

But it was a disenchanted life! And both Martha and Andrew knew it.

Martha drew her gaze away from the snowy nest and regarded her lovely room. Chilled with the idea that this home, too, could one day be deserted, left to the wind and snow, empty.

She examined her room with brooding possession. She had so much to be thankful for! An affectionate family, an exquisite home, financial security, and promise of wealth ahead.

And her losses? Too trivial to weigh in the balance. Except, perhaps, that each little loss had brought about the one insuperable loss now. The loss of Andy.

The little losses, then, that had brought her here on her fortieth birthday? Good health, for one. A sound elastic body. Laughter. And song. Music. Gone, in those years when she had no home of her own, no piano; when she had a new baby, a sick husband, and a business to run. Dancing. Her feet were strangers to all the new steps. . . . Dancing was for the young or the enchanted.

Martha frowned. More and more losses, and all personal losses which she had forfeited out of duty, feeling noble, when actually she was robbing Andy as well as herself. Her looks and her charm, her figure and her carriage.

Her gray eyes, bitter and burning, turned again to the snowy birds' nest. Its message was clear. The nest was for baby birds. Not for the parents. The parents had their own lives to live, their own flights to soar. The nest was for the little ones until they were ready to fly out into the world and travel thousands of miles to race the seasons. . . .

Martha sat up so abruptly that her head swam with the sudden lurch of blood. You kept the home together for the children. Until they were ready to make their own. Then you flew off because the purpose was fulfilled. And you had better be able to fly. The nest isn't really yours, isn't at all for you, and they will only resent keeping you in it. They will all have their urge to flight—the male and the offspring. The male already has flown from you—the offspring in time. . . .

Martha pushed back her bedcovers, put her bare feet on the floor, and stood, swaying with bed dizziness.

She said aloud, a little deliriously, very childishly: "Martha, you have your hardest job to do now. You've got to learn to fly again. You need wings."

ANDREW LANE smoked vigorously, bothered. This was the end—of something. Tonight he was going home. The quarantine was lifted, and tonight he would go home to Martha and the children. Without definitely saying so, he and Perry had marked the occasion. They had lunched together and he had not returned to the office, phoning instead acceptable explanations. He and Perry intended to dine early and festively—and then he would drive home.

Andrew frowned. He glanced at Perry, sleeping lightly in her luxuriously equipped bed, which she had on a specially built platform, like a throne. She was absurdly sprawled, and there was a smile on her lips. Her look of innocence bothered him, and her utter lack of conscience. His own situation bothered him. Nothing would ever be quite the same. The memories of the last eight days would color his every relationship, even his feeling about himself.

He crossed to the burning logs and threw his cigarette into the fireplace. He bent and scratched the head of the big black Manx cat and let the sensuous creature rub against his trouser cuff. Then Andrew lit another cigarette and went downstairs, with the restless need to do something. No telling how long Perry might nap, and he felt unreasonably confined and incommunicado. It would be crude beyond words to leave, and the thought of writing a note made him flush, more for Perry's sake than his own. He might not revere a girl like Perry; but he felt confident that, whatever she did, he could never feel anything but tenderness for her. Plus a gratitude deeper than she would ever know. Yet he had a big scene to face at home—and he wanted, now, to go and get it done with.

He considered the telephone on Perry's desk, and went toward it slowly. He called Martha, surprised that his neck and palms broke into sweat at the sound of her voice. He heard himself repeating urgently how glad he would be to get back home, and he teased Martha about all the surprise presents he was bringing out for her and the children. . . . He phoned Martha's mother and several friends, as if to check that he was on earth.

He went to the tantalus on the piano and poured himself a pony of Scotch. Rare for Andrew Lane to take a drink alone. He couldn't abide cocktails, and Perry called him the Straight Lane. It made him feel a gay blade.

"Drew . . ." Her voice called to him, gay and commanding. Her high spirits irritated him momentarily, but he found her utterly charming as she came out on the balcony and leaned over, her soft hair pillow-rumpled.

"I want a shower," she said lazily, "and then our big dinner. Come up and brush my hair for me, will you?"

"What if I won't?" He assumed insolence.

Perry threw up her arms, stretched, and then said sharply: "Champ, at him!"

From the shadows of the balcony the police dog sprang noisily into action. With fearsome growlings he streaked down the stairs.

"Call him off!" yelled Andrew Lane. "I'm your slave."

"All right, Champ," Perry ordered, and, making a face at Andrew, she ran back to her room, laughing.

And Andrew found himself grinning, yet riled, racing up the stairs after her, to tussle boisterously with her until she pleaded softly for forgiveness. To brush her hair while she sat on the floor. Her soft fine hair the color of sunlight, very pale at the point where he smoothed it back from her temples and her slender neck. Perry loved to have her hair brushed.

She knelt facing him when he had finished, and kissed him.

"Now, while I'm getting beautiful, go order dinner," she coaxed. "From the restaurant downstairs, because Azalea won't be home and I'm in no cooking mood. And while they're fixing it, you might throw together a drink for me."

"I never mixed a drink in my life," he protested.

She stood up with a mock gesture of exasperation.

"Try gin and my fixative," she suggested, and disappeared into the bathroom. "Or, better still, just ice some champagne."

She slammed the door.

HE iced champagne and ordered the dinner. Then, partly as a joke and partly to play the game, he tried mixing a cocktail, deliberately wrecking the kitchen as he did it. Making terrific and mounting noises.

She joined him, protesting shrilly. Scolding. Picking up. Complaining about him. Threatening him. And when she took a sip of his drink, which, he explained, he got out of a book, slaving to surprise her and working himself into a *rag*, she doubled with pretended pain.

"I feel like a fly that's had a snootful of Flit," she complained.

That silly plush laughter. Why was laughter so much a stranger in adult life? So left behind to the days of childhood? So very annoying to those who cannot laugh, and so cathartic to those who had found the doorway of fools?

She warmed him with laughter, with drink, and with food. With the caressing tone of her fruity voice, and the tender secrets in her clear blue eyes. She brought him alive and filled him with well-being. She cast a spell with her beauty. She wore an austere monk's robe of metallic bronze, belted tightly with a thick golden cord.

And at the end of their dinner, she burned brandy in his coffee, and lifting her own cup, she said:

"To a perfect week, Drew. In the most appropriate of drinks—*café diable*."

"You're not telling me, Perry—that it's over?"

She laughed.

"Over—like winter!" She burned her own brandy, and the gassy flame burnished her cheeks. "No, but things will be different, Drew. I'll probably never see you week-ends. We won't have long evenings and nights. We'll just have"—she made a butterfly gesture with her fingers in the air—"the dusk."

She could always shock him and he didn't quite like it. As a disciple of convention, he couldn't relish a girl's taking things in quite such a free stride. He always winced at Perry's obvious experience.

"Twilight lovers," she crooned, deliberately naughty, as she sat on the arm of a big chair and swung one provoking foot. *"Le petit cinq à sept,"* they call it in Paris. Where the men leave their offices a little bit early and get home to dinner a little bit late. Twilight affairs, they call them here. I had never dreamed of joining the legion."

NEW CARS NEED IT, TOO!

Simoniz Stops Destructive Elements from Dulling and Destroying Any Finish...Whether Lacquer or Enamel

SAVES FINISH—SAVES BEAUTY

Yes, you can easily keep your car from ever losing its beauty. All you have to do is Simoniz the finish! A secret ingredient in Simoniz never lets weather, dirt, and ultra-violet rays get at the lacquer or enamel. So, the finish can't decay. It lasts and stays beautiful for years! If your car is already dull, clean it first with Simoniz Kleener. Prevents further disintegration of the finish. Restores the natural lustre. Renews the richness of color . . . All in one quick, easy operation.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

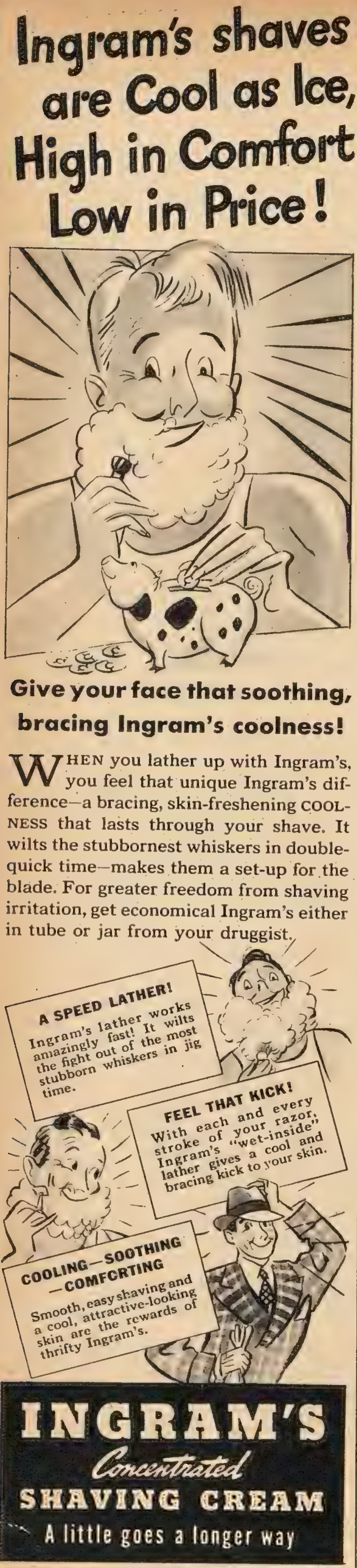
NEW EASY WAY TO SIMONIZ ★

★**TRY IT!** Clean with Simoniz Kleener on wet cloth. Let Kleener dry before wiping it off. Then apply Simoniz. (See directions in Simoniz can.) *NOTE: All Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener your dealer has may be used this new way—faster, easier!

These world-famous products sold at hardware and auto supply stores, filling stations and garages everywhere . . . never under any other name.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

SIMONIZ
KLEENER
MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ
SIMONIZ


A SPEED LATHER!
Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.
FEEL THAT KICK!
With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.
COOLING—SOOTHING —COMFORTING
Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

Ingram's shaves are Cool as Ice, High in Comfort Low in Price!

Give your face that soothing, bracing Ingram's coolness!

When you lather up with Ingram's, you feel that unique Ingram's difference—a bracing, skin-freshening COOLNESS that lasts through your shave. It wilts the stubbornest whiskers in double-quick time—makes them a set-up for the blade. For greater freedom from shaving irritation, get economical Ingram's either in tube or jar from your druggist.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

"It sounds on the sordid side," he said crisply, and hoped he looked as superior as he felt.

"No. Not at all. It's just wicked. You and I are wicked, darling, no matter how fine we behave or how delicately we handle things. And I, for one, with my rare crystal-clear mind, admit, a little proudly perhaps, that I am gloriously wicked."

He shared her laughter then, leaned over and took her hand, and pulled her to him.

ON the drive home his mind raced over his situation. He dreaded the night ahead. Dreaded facing Martha. He resented an impulse to tell her everything, to beg her forgiveness, to ask her to go off with him on a trip. . . .

Rot. He couldn't go on any trip the way business preyed on him now. And why tell Martha anything when she suspected nothing? He felt confident of that because of her talks with him over the phone, and the wonderful under-her-window visit he had had with her on her birthday night. No, Martha would probably think him incapable of a mad affair such as his with Perry Snow. And why make Martha unhappy? Why upset their home with scenes and tears and bitter words? Crazy thought, anyway, to tell her anything. There are no women confessors, he thought with a grim smile.

The thing to do was give Perry up. She didn't want him to; she had made it very clear how they could go on. Twilight lovers. What a phrase! Twilight cheats, rather. He flinched at the idea of the town's two-hour scandals, irritated that he had ever countenanced it. A fine wave of reform was mounting in Andrew Lane as he set about lighting himself a cigarette while he drove. No, he could never cheapen their lovely relationship by such practices as the snatched intimacies of hundreds of married men who grasped at the frayed hem of romance.

He was a lucky devil, he thought, feeling pleasantly a scamp, to have enjoyed the experience of the past week. Now he should end it, in fairness to himself and Perry, as well as his wife and family. End it before it became sordid and commonplace. No question. Perry would understand when he made clear to her how he felt. She had said he could leave her, or she leave him any time, and that she wanted nothing from him. A girl of Perry's standards would live up to her terms if they shattered her. Salute and farewell, Perry Snow!

He breathed in the cigarette fumes, pleased with his resolution. He'd thank his lucky stars all his days for that patch of paradise. And he'd go back to his home now, to the little family that was sacredly his, and be the best husband and father on record. Take an interest in everything they did, show them something of the world, start a few good family hobbies and enjoy them. And Martha? Ah, he'd take Martha to town oftener. Give her some good times and buy her some new clothes. . . .

He drove into his driveway and called out high-spiritedly. His heart filled with tenderness for the four figures jamming the doorway to greet him. He jumped out of his car and held open his arms. They were on him like cubs, warm, clumsy, possessive. Smelling freshly soaped, their moist kisses like puppy licks.

With them pulling at him, and tagging along with the presents he had told them to take from the car, Andrew Lane hurried to his wife. She stood, thinner from her illness, it seemed, in the glow of their hallway. One hand was pressed against her throat.

"Martha! Martha darling!"

She nodded, smiling. She seemed unable to speak. And he realized her eyes were full of tears.

His arms went around her, enfolding her. He kissed her over and over, and pressed her head with one big hand against his shoulder where she belonged. He breathed the familiar Martha scent, the satisfying home smells, and felt them sucking him in, anesthetizing him with the ether whiff of comfort and routine.

Martha said little, but he squeezed her hand and made no comment. He understood that her heart was too full. Besides, the children were noisy, clamorous. There were the presents to be opened. So much to tell and hear before they would consent to be sent off to bed. "Mom said we could stay up late. Terribly late. . . ."

HE enjoyed giving the presents, enjoyed being lionized by the children, who had really missed him. But Andrew felt a deflation of spirit creep up on him, throttling the fine glow of resolution and generous plans. He found himself noticing familiar things with irritable recognition. The same window that rattled. Sagging springs on the divan. The harsh overbright lighting. And Martha's make-up was positively crude. He must jokingly speak to her, really. She wore the exquisite green negligee he had sent her on her birthday, but it fitted her badly. Her figure was far from what it used to be. And her frown was becoming a habit . . . just a fretful frown. . . .

He laughed uproariously at something Teddy, with one front tooth gone, was trying to tell. Too uproariously, trying to summon back his high spirits and banish the patient tolerance that fitted him here like the house coat Martha brought him.

"Thanks, sweet," he beamed, and patted her shoulder. "Lord, but it's good to be home!"

But he tossed the house coat on a chair, refusing, subconsciously, to wear that badge—just yet. And he lifted Teddy to his shoulder and rode him up to his bed.

Eventually they were alone, he and Martha. He joined her in the living room, after kissing the kids good night. She was sitting by the fire and she wore the new brooch he had brought her. She looked mortally tired. . . .

He bent and kissed her and strolled over to the little table where she had sandwiches and cold beer for him. His slippers and his pipes were in place by his chair, and he sat down with a little grunt of homey habit.

"You look pale, Martha dear. And you've lost a little weight. We've got to build you up now."

"Yes," she agreed, and her voice sounded strained. "I want to talk to you about—oh, many things, Andy."

"Yes?" He bit a chicken sandwich meditatively. Her tone disturbed him.

"I drew—I drew . . ." She stopped, flushing.

A cold shiver streaked through Andrew Lane at the use of the word. *Drew!* His jaw stopped chewing and he gulped. But a swift sharp glance at Martha checked his fear. The word on her lips wasn't intentional. Of course not, you fool. It would be impossible for her to know that special name Perry Snow called him.

I DREW a rather big check today," Martha managed clearly. She had meant to be gay about it, but it was coming hard.

He clucked elaborate disapproval. "You going to break me?"

"No. No, not that. I'm going to leave you, Andy."

No wonder he looked so startled, she thought. All the phrases she had planned, had rehearsed in a tone of saucy gaiety, she was speaking in a flat labored tone. Because her heart was pounding at the sight of him. At how well he looked, at how rested and fresh he looked and sounded, at his hearty fitness. He was a new man, flooded with new assurance.

"For heaven's sake, Martha, are you being funny?"

She managed a laugh. It wasn't a pleasant or normal laugh, but it gave her the courage she needed.

"No," she spoke hurriedly, with great determination. "It did sound funny, but it isn't. I'm going away, Andy. Tomorrow morning. Because I simply must. I want a separation . . ."

"Martha, you're talking wildly. You're—"

"No, I'm not!" she insisted a little shrilly, and stood up. "No, Andy. I want a separation—from everything in my life. I'm tired of the house. I'm even tired of the children. I'm tired of the *snow.*"

That word spoken with that hysterical note hit him hard. How much did she know? Was she goading him into telling her—or was it really mere chance that she had flung out that word?

Is Martha tempting fate by leaving Andy? Will a separation throw him again into Perry's arms? In next week's Liberty the nature of a distraught wife's daring plan is revealed, and the story moves toward a sudden surprise.

"Struck it rich
million dollar flavor
in a half-a-dollar pipe
..that's VELVET"
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO
Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both
Better smoking tobacco

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

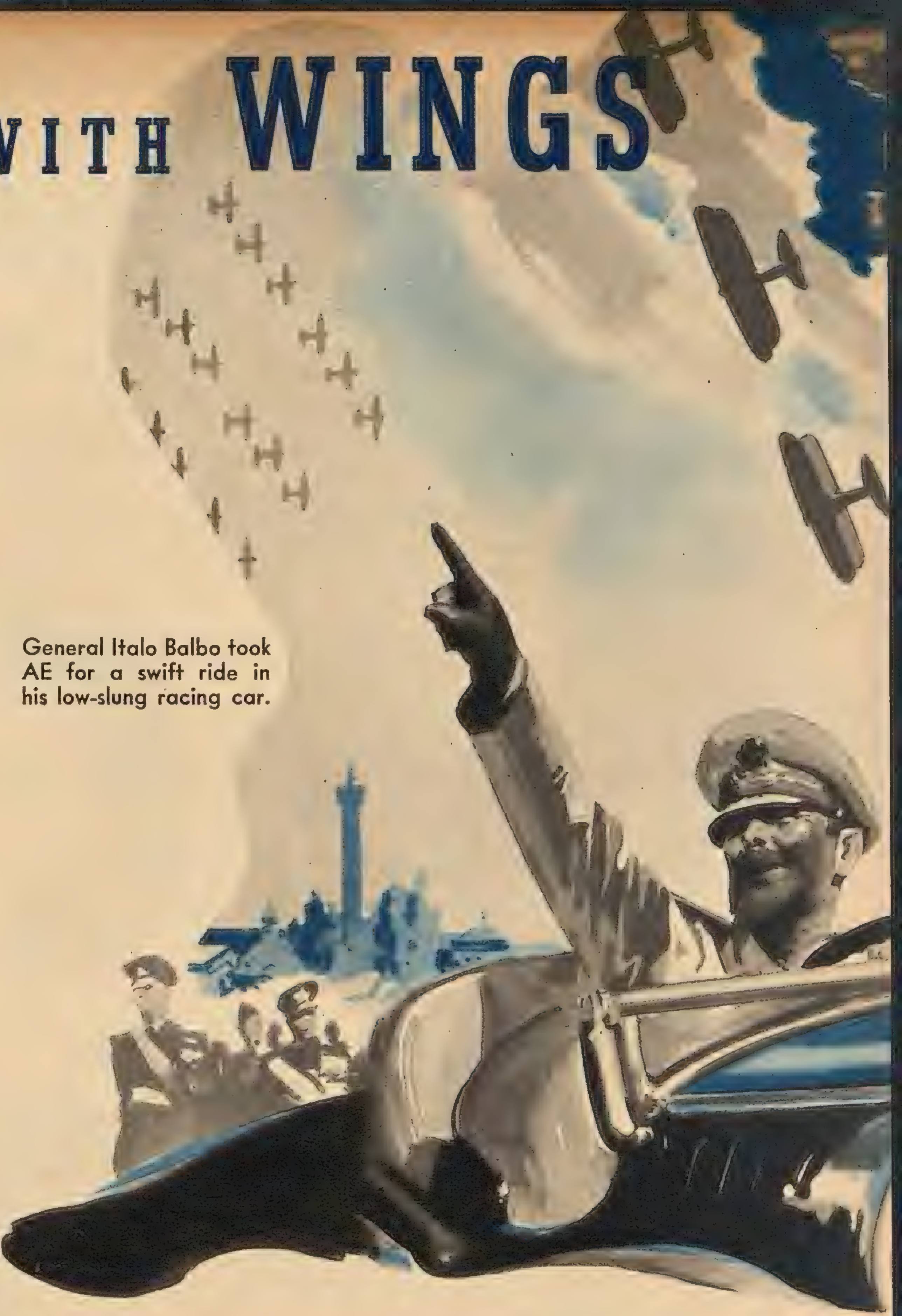
LADY WITH WINGS

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

After her transatlantic flight as passenger, some writers called Amelia Earhart "ballast" or "a sack of potatoes." This as much as anything, Mr. Putnam says, decided her to try to fly the Atlantic alone. She said candidly that she was going to do it because she wanted to; she was, however, quite conscious of what it was going to mean to women in aviation.

Her meetings with Lindbergh were few. She admired him and would champion him against his critics, reminding them of the petty torments that his fame had brought upon him. She was present when, in the home of a friend in Los Angeles, his bent for practical joking led him to spill water on his wife's silk dress. Anne Lindbergh unexpectedly retaliated by dousing his blue serge suit with buttermilk.

"AE" was all ready for her solo flight to Ireland. She had been quietly preparing for four years. In April, 1932, she took Bernt Balchen into her confidence and got his promise of help. By chartering her plane to him she avoided premature publicity; the plane was conditioned at Teterboro, New Jersey. On May 19, weather reports being favorable, Balchen flew her and Eddie Gorski, her mechanic, to New Brunswick and, the next day, on to Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. There, shortly after 7 P. M., she took off alone. Before long her altimeter failed. Toward midnight a storm engulfed her. As she tried to climb above it, ice formed on her plane. The result was a tail spin out of which she was barely able to pull the plane in time. And then, as she flew on low and level, fire streamed from a broken weld in the manifold ring of the engine.



General Italo Balbo took AE for a swift ride in his low-slung racing car.

How fame followed an epochal
planned to be a pilot! A vivid

PART FIVE—A RUMOR OF DISASTER

THOSE flames, AE realized, might mean nothing. Or they might mean certain death.

The manifold weld of her exhaust was burning through. It was a quite heavy manifold attached rigidly to the cylinders. After several hours the sections would become loosened. There would be a tendency to vibrate.

Too much splintering vibration—and the ship would be doomed.

The other possibility was even more gruesome. If those tongues of flame from the exhaust lengthened, to be shot back toward her by the battering winds, the plane might catch fire. There could be no possible help for her then.

Grimly, now, she flew low. If her plane did catch fire, she would have the alternative of plunging into the ocean rather than burning to death in the red Lockheed.

For one brief instant she thought of turning back. But that was impossible. Wind already had pushed her off her course. And even if she could locate Harbor Grace in the darkness, she couldn't possibly come down there in the night; couldn't risk rolling up in a ball with all that gasoline aboard.

There was nothing to do but fly on.

The moon and stars were hidden and the storm continued to fight with her for control of the plane. In a way, that rough weather was a boon. It forced her to give all of her attention to keeping the plane in level flight; left her little time to worry about the flames licking through the manifold weld, or the broken altimeter.

Occasionally she tried to pull up to a more comfortable altitude above the water. Each time, the feel of her plane told her that ice was forming on her wings.

The night was almost gone when the storm abated. She climbed up, flying blind, and leveled off. Dawn came and she found herself flying between two layers of cloud. The top one was perhaps 20,000 feet. The leaking flame from the manifold looked less ugly in daylight, although she realized it was no less dangerous.

She looked down through the scattered fluffy clouds and saw patches of sea. The little clouds hurried together and made a field of alpine snow. The sun burst through and she put on dark glasses, but even so it was too bright. She came down to fly in the shade above the water.

She looked about her eagerly. She saw neither land nor ship, only a great expanse of ocean. The hours dragged tediously by. The flames from the exhaust manifold burned angrily, the weakening metal vibrating like a bony hand rattling a doorknob. She shrugged. There was nothing to be done about that. The reserve tanks? She turned them on—and saw that she had a leaky gauge.

THE LIFE STORY OF MY WIFE, AMELIA EARHART

BY GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM

flight—and a President's wife

chronicle moves stirringly on

The northwest wind, she reasoned, had blown her south of her set compass course. She swung northeast now, lest she miss the tip of Ireland.

The last hour of a long solo flight is always the hardest. She peered out and saw a ship. It dissolved. She saw land. And it dissolved. Mirage!

Again she saw a ship. It looked like a small fishing vessel. And this time it did not fade before her eyes. And somewhere in the distance beyond it was the coast line.

She wanted to reach land. But she was so elated by the warming, friendly sight of that ship that she decided to let those aboard see her plane. "They'll know I got this far, anyway," she told herself.

She circled, roared down over the little vessel. She saw a burst of steam from its whistle; saw the puff of smoke, but did not hear some sort of bomb signal they set off to let her know they had seen her.

Happily she pointed the nose of her Lockheed toward the land ahead of her.

That morning I was waiting in my rooms at the Hotel Seymour in New York for word. There had been no sleep for me. Dawn broke as I sat with friends, unsuspecting all the dangers that AE was fighting.

The hours of daylight stretched as I watched a telephone that remained grimly mute.

And then suddenly the telephone rang. A press association was calling. They'd just received a flash from Paris. Amelia Earhart had crashed attempting to land near Le Bourget!

That's all they had. They didn't know whether her plane had burned. They couldn't tell me exactly where she had crashed. But they said "crashed," not "cracked up." And a crash is usually fatal. Anyway, they'd call me back the moment they had more on it.

I do not, to this day, like to think of the twelve minutes until the telephone rang again.

Correction! It was a mistake! She had not crashed.

She had not, indeed. At that very moment she was pushing down toward the Donegal hills of Ireland. They were sulking amid thunderstorms, so she turned north into clearer weather. She picked up the twisting line of a railroad. Railroads lead to fair-sized cities. And fair-sized cities have airports.

Part of her logic was faultless. The railroad took her to a city. But the city had no airport. On its outskirts were pastures. Her exhaust had burned out by now and she saw no reason to push her luck further. She picked out a pasture and came down.

She looked at the watch on her wrist. She'd made it in 14 hours and 56 minutes.

Out from the byre beside the Hugh McLaughlins' cottage on James Gallagher's farm came Dan M‘Callion a-running.

"I've come from America," AE said.

"Do ye be tellin' me that, now?" exclaimed Dan M‘Callion. He explained later that he was "all stunned and didn't know what to say."

Soon Mr. Gallagher hurried out with a few dairymaids, one of whom got AE a drink of water. There was no telephone on the Gallagher farm, but Mr. Gallagher said he would drive her to Londonderry straight off. "And you must come back and stay the night with us," he insisted. "Until your friends can send for you. For you must be very tired."

And so AE used the twenty-dollar bill I had given her to supplement a telephone call to me with a cable. And when the papers were out in London with the word of her crossing, Lady Astor wired from St. James's Square:

"Come to us and I will lend you a nightgown."

And at the time the radio was telling its story in America, detectives in a home at Hopewell, New Jersey, were re-enacting the kidnaping and murder of a child whose body had been found nine days earlier. Preoccupied with their own dreadful grief, the Lindberghs nevertheless found time to cable: "We do congratulate you. Your flight is a splendid success."

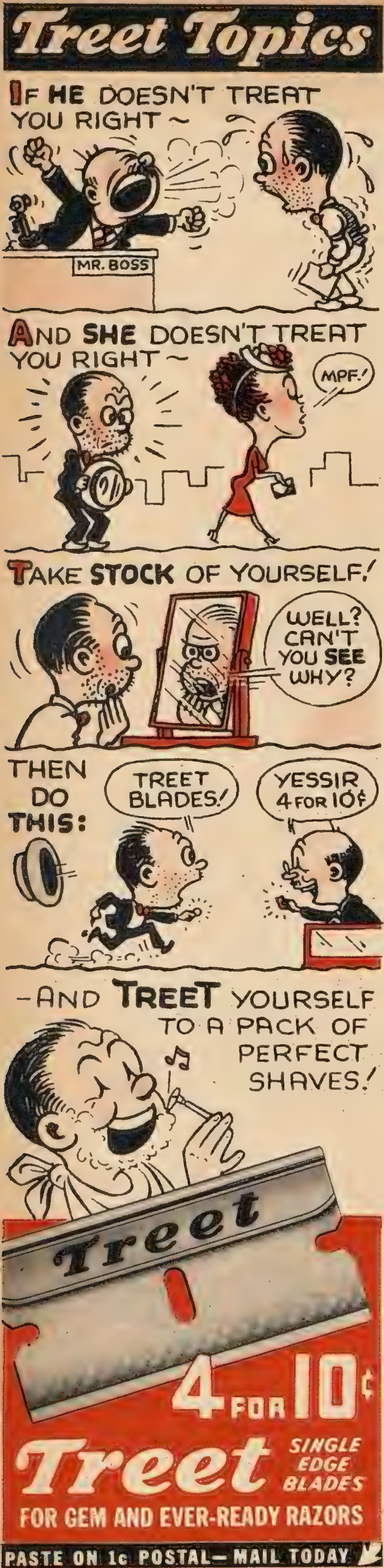
It was when she saw what her barograph recorded that she fully realized how closely the wings of death had brushed by her. For the barograph told the story of that long plunge down in a tail spin when her plane had iced. From an altitude of not much more than 3,000 feet she had plunged almost vertically for 3,000 feet before melting ice had permitted her to straighten out her ship.

King George asked the Marquess of Londonderry, the Minister for Air, to send a message to AE, expressing the pleasure the Queen and he felt at her success.

On Sunday, Paramount News sent a plane to Londonderry to fly her to London. She changed planes in the rain at Stanley Park Aerodrome, and landed at Hanworth Air Park in Middlesex in a thunderstorm, to find Ambassador Andrew Mellon waiting for her in the clubhouse. Meanwhile, I had caught the Olympic to join her in England.

Mr. Mellon invited her to stay at the Embassy. Mrs. David Bruce, his daughter, helped her out from her own wardrobe, and in borrowed clothes AE, who ordinarily cared nothing for shopping, went on a spree of it, finding it great fun to have to buy *everything* new.

She went to Selfridge's, where her plane was on display, and signed her name with a diamond-pointed pencil on a plate-glass window that Harry Selfridge and his son Gordon had made a unique autograph album. Later, Gordon gave her a gold wrist stop watch of superlatively fine movements that had originally been made for Dehane Segrave. It was on Segrave's wrist when he was kille a record-breaking motorboat at


Treet Topics
IF HE DOESN'T TREAT YOU RIGHT ~
MR. BOSS
AND SHE DOESN'T TREAT YOU RIGHT ~
MPF.!
TAKE STOCK OF YOURSELF!
WELL? CAN'T YOU SEE WHY?
THEN DO THIS:
TREET BLADES!
YESSIR 4 FOR 10¢
-AND TREET YOURSELF TO A PACK OF PERFECT SHAVES!
Treet
4 FOR 10¢
Treet SINGLE EDGE BLADES
FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

PASTE ON 1c POSTAL—MAIL TODAY

Treet Safety Razor Corp., Dept. LT2
2-14 Clinton Street, Newark, New Jersey

Please send me a Treet Single-Edge Blade FREE.

PRINT NAME____________________

DDRESS____________________

____

on Lake Windermere and went to the bottom with him. Mrs. Segrave returned it to Selfridge when it was recovered. He wore it himself for a while, then insisted that AE have it. She insisted that he accept, in return, the silver wrist watch she was wearing—the only watch that had, at that time, twice flown the Atlantic. Gordon Selfridge still has that watch of AE's.

Her solo flight had set off a clamor. Reporters harried her to say that she felt she had succeeded in doing something which was unusual for a woman, and she replied with a touch of austerity: "But there isn't any inherent cause in the nature of a woman which would make her inferior to a man as an air pilot."

Whereupon one wag wrote:

"She believes in the equality of opportunity for woman with man. We cannot see eye to eye with her in this subject. We have been waging a too discouraging uphill fight for equality for man with woman . . ." And then, more seriously: "She isn't a bit pretty, but if you can be with her without being conscious of something quietly beautiful, you are a peculiarly dull fellow and wholly insensitive."

In America, Will Rogers was shedding crocodile tears in a bit of whimsy that was to delight AE. His tears were for American womanhood in general—"the most downtrodden and man-dominated women in all the world."

The beloved Sage of Beverly Hills seized upon her telephone call to me. "Take Amelia Putnam," he wrote. "The first thing she did after landing was to phone her husband to see if he thought it would be all right for a married woman to go to London alone."

AE rushed to defend her independence.

"Actually, I did phone G. P. just as soon as possible—but not for permission to see London! It's just that no matter where I may be flying, I always try to check in each evening. Collect, too!"

Her days in London were busy ones. She was to receive the Certificate of Honorary Membership of the British Guild of Airpilots and Navigators, a certificate which had been given only once before to any one not British, and then to Dr. Hugo Eckener.

SHE met the Prince of Wales. An airman himself, her host at York House asked AE all sorts of questions about actual conditions of the flight. He knew that she had been invited to attend the Royal Aeronautical Society dinner the next night and that it was the first time a woman had ever been asked, and he said he was pleased that she was going.

He smiled a little wistfully as he added:

"I'm afraid I envy you, a little, your freedom for flying. I like to fly solo myself." He paused. Then, "But they won't allow me," he added wryly.

When the Olympic, on which I was sailing, neared Cherbourg, AE was crossing the Channel as a guest of C. R. Fairey on his yacht Evadne. One of the tenders was sent to fetch me at foggy dawn. Fairey met me at the landing ladder of his yacht.

"Hello," he said. "She's in there."

AE was standing in the doorway.

"Hi," she said casually.

It had a fine sound, that characteristic greeting. It took account of nothing—of everything. She was there, and there was nothing to be excited about.

Presently, as we went in to breakfast with the others, she told me about the twenty-dollar bill I'd given her.

"When I went to send the first cable to you," she said, "I paid for it with that. I don't think they wanted to take it, but they did. And wasn't I lucky! Because, being American money, it rattled around in the cable office drawer until I could get some English money. Then I got my twenty-dollar bill back. Here it is. I'll write my name on it and you can have it to keep."

TODAY that twenty-dollar bill is one of my treasured souvenirs. Some time later, when it was being sent in an envelope from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, the mailplane crashed and the bill was singed when the pouch it was in burned.

After breakfast she showed me an English newspaper clipping which reported that when I heard she had landed safely, I cried, wringing my hands and weeping, "Thank God! Oh, thank God my darling is safe!"

The British could not fathom such hysteria. Neither, I might add heartily, could G. P. Putnam.

I became, too, a villain by implication. One newspaper had hit upon the inquiring-reporter idea of having sundry citizens answer the question: "When a wife wants to risk her life, what shall her husband say?"

The gist of sentiment made it clear that only a very poor kind of husband indeed would knowingly permit his wife to risk the dangers of an Atlantic flight.

Novelist A. S. M. Hutchinson finally put an end to that bit of press foolery with his witty answer:

"In the case of my own wife, I would permit the flight, provided I did not have to go too."

We went to Paris. Though it was ridiculous, the implied criticism that I had "permitted" her to risk her life rankled a little. In a sense, I had never "permitted" AE to do anything. Under no circumstances would I have dreamed of forbidding her anything she felt she should do.

One night, as we stood alone together on the balcony of our hotel, her hand slipped into mine.

"I shouldn't be here now, you know," she said softly, "if you hadn't helped me about so many things."

Those few words were warm reward enough for any man.

AE was the first woman foreigner to be officially received by the French Senate.

Many friends were hospitable to

us in the little time we had on the Continent. There was Lady Mendl, the former Elsie de Wolfe, who gave us a lunch at her Villa Trianon in Versailles. I think AE would like to have spent more time in Paris, where she encountered such clever persons as Elsa Schiaparelli and the ebullient Elsa Maxwell. But it was time to leave for Rome.

Following AE's arrival in England there had been a gathering of ocean flyers in Rome as guests of the Italian government. Present were most of those who had flown the Atlantic, one way or another. The Italians had sent word to AE, asking if she could not come to Rome for the meeting itself. She had been unable to, but later the invitation had been renewed.

ON the Simplon Express we went to Milan, where we were met by Commander Ferrari of the Italian Air Force for the flight to Rome.

Every one was cordial as could be, and we had a glimpse of the gracious side of Mussolini which few Americans apparently even suspect. Personally, I must have been as welcome as the plague. Long before, I had published a book called Escape, written by Francesco Nitti. It was a tale bitterly hostile to the Italian regime.

I recall the sly, almost twinkling manner in which the monolithic Mussolini gave me to realize that he knew of my penchant for publishing controversial matter.

" I am glad," he said in greeting, his falcon eyes boring into mine, " to see for myself a distinguished American—who publishes books about Italy."

Just that. No more. No less.

General Italo Balbo took AE for a swift ride in his low-slung racing car, and later took us for a trip in his flying boat, one of the fleet he was later to shepherd across the Atlantic to the Chicago World's Fair.

AE's arrival in Rome, after a convention of ocean flyers had disbanded, each male hero well weighed down with medals, must have made a troublesome situation. For here was an individual appearing who was the second person to fly the Atlantic alone and the only person to have crossed it twice by air. And her sex was wrong! She was a woman! A woman should not expect a trophy.

AE was interested by the Fascist philosophy that woman's place was not merely in the home but, preferably, as far as possible in the obstetrical ward.

At the time, neither of us realized what would be the ultimate denouement. It came a couple of years later. A " Balbo medal " was publicly bestowed on AE by Dr. Giuseppe Castruccio, Italian consul general in Chicago. About a month and a half later she received a letter from the doctor. He wished to correct the impression —erroneous—that the medal was an official decoration from his government. It was merely his " own gift of personal devotion."

AE was amazed. We packed the

SILLIMANITE INSULATORS
One of the Exclusive Features that make CHAMPION the better Spark Plug
CHAMPION
EXTRA RANGE
SPARK PLUG
Outselling Throughout the World
7
18 M-M 1" HEX

Yours for better engine performance

In addition to Sillimanite insulators, Champions are the only spark plugs with Sillment construction, a compressed dry powder, which permanently seals them against troublesome leakage common to ordinary spark plugs. This patented and exclusive Champion feature insures perfectly uniform combustion in every cylinder, eliminates pre-ignition, service troubles, compression loss and early electrode destruction. This results in greater economy and marked improvement in all around engine performance. They are the spark plugs champions use.

IT IS THRIFTY TO INSTALL NEW SPARK PLUGS—*DEMAND CHAMPIONS*

"My Diary tells me

to take S.S.S. Tonic this Spring"

"I know from experience I will be happier when I *feel* better and *look* better."

And the reason for this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess *genuine* vitality . . . the means to strength . . . energy . . . and that assurance of well being.

for that tired-let-down feeling

Worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, and sickness often reduce the blood's strength and vitality.

But you may rebuild this strength by restoring your blood to normal, in the absence of an organic trouble, with the famous S.S.S. Tonic.

improves the appetite

Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

At all drug stores in two sizes You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

.. *In the Spring take*

S.S.S. TONIC

medal and sent it back at once, with a letter from her saying that of course she had understood it was an official decoration and that she could not, naturally, accept it as a token of any individual's private regard.

Perhaps AE should not have taken for granted that the medal was a decoration from the Italian government. I can't blame her for that, however. For its case bore this inscription: "Conferred on Amelia Earhart by the Italian Government, May 23, 1935."

Perhaps the whole thing was a typographical error.

We found, upon returning from Rome, that we were to be received by the King and Queen of Belgium. We met them privately at their comfortable summer home at Laeken. King Albert talked with AE about aviation. After lunch we went into the garden, where the Queen took some snapshots with an old-fashioned box camera.

King Albert conferred upon AE the cross of Chevalier of the Order of Leopold.

Before we left Belgium, we went to see Auguste Piccard, the stratosphere balloonist. We liked him tremendously. He was coming over to the States, he thought.

On June 15 we set sail for America on the Ile de France. That same month we went to Washington, where we dined with President and Mrs. Hoover and where AE was to receive the National Geographic Society's Special Gold Medal for her flight across the Atlantic.

We found the dinner at the White House formal and chilly, the President understandably absorbed in silent reflections upon an approaching election. Later, Mrs. Hoover was to pay AE a tribute that I treasure warmly.

"I often think," she said, "that if a girl was to fly across the Atlantic alone and so, in a sense, represent America before the world, how nice it is that it was such a person as Miss Earhart. She is poised, well bred, lovely to look at, and so intelligent and sincere."

Months passed, and the Roosevelts were almost ready to come to the White House. AE knew Mrs. Roosevelt from Hyde Park days and admired her tremendously.

Eleanor Roosevelt, it is common knowledge, enjoys flying. What is not, I believe, generally known, is that once she discussed with AE the project of learning to fly herself. AE offered to be her teacher and quietly arranged for an instruction plane and a place where Mrs. Roosevelt might acquire hours in the air with the best likelihood of privacy.

Late in 1932 Mrs. Roosevelt wrote: "You were very sweet to think of what I said and if I am permitted I will take advantage of your kind offer some day."

Soon the project moved one step forward when Mrs. Roosevelt was given the required medical examination by AE's friend, Dr. Henry Templeton Smith, who issued to her a student pilot permit. She sent this on to AE, with the following note, on January 18, 1933:

> My dear Miss Earhart:
>
> I am enclosing my student pilot permit. Dr. Smith seemed to feel that I was all right.
>
> The question now comes as to whether I can induce my husband to let me take lessons. I will let you know if I am successful with him. I haven't had a chance even to talk to him about it.
>
> Very cordially yours,
> ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

But the student never went to school. Doubtless the President's wife was discouraged from what was at best perhaps a dubious venture for even such an active and courageous person.

In a white evening dress, one night, AE took Mrs. Roosevelt aloft on her first night flight over Washington and to Baltimore.

AE's encounters as a guest with the Roosevelts would not be complete without an allusion to the incident of the icebox. On one occasion she had stayed over several nights at the White House, but the demands on her had been so many that she had only managed to have her breakfasts there. When she moved on to her next engagement, she was met by some reporter—and the upshot was a story in the next morning's papers which made it seem that AE had said she loved staying at the White House but that she never seemed to get enough to eat.

What she had said, of course, when asked how she liked the White House meals, was that she hadn't eaten enough really to know.

The yarn gathered momentum on the wires, with the result that you had a tale which would ask you to believe that the Roosevelts starved visitors.

Amazed Ireland's heartfelt welcome to "AE" upon her landing near Londonderry in 1932.

AE was appalled. She wired Mrs. Roosevelt. And she wrote:

> " Wall, I sure am glad to be here, and gosh, I sure do hope I'll meet the Prince of Wales," was the quotation attributed to me [in London] in 1928 after the Friendship flight. It happened I said not *one single word* on the subject. The whole was fabricated out of one reporter's imagination. I can laugh at it now. I only hope some day I can laugh also at the preposterous " starvation interview " concerning my stay at the White House. I believe you know me well enough to be sure I would never put out the kind of smart ungracious stuff it contained. I am humiliated that any incident should have occurred to mar what was so delightful an interlude.

To which Mrs. Roosevelt replied:

> You were such a perfect guest that I welcome you back at any time you need not feel that you have to be out for every meal! We all feel we have not seen enough of you. Affectionately,
>
> ELEANOR ROOSEVELT.

And a postscript added: " I shall give you a key to the icebox next time! "

In January of 1933 Professor Piccard made his visit to the States. The person he most wanted to meet was Colonel Lindbergh. I asked the Colonel if he would come to a small dinner I would give for Piccard with a dozen or so of people then in the forefront of aeronautics.

When he said—understandably at that time—he'd rather not, I suggested an even smaller and altogether private dinner at our home in Rye. He accepted.

The evening was most interesting. Piccard brought a friend of his from France who was by way of being his manager and, at times, interpreter. He told Lindbergh that before the war he had drawn up plans for going to the bottom of the ocean in a balloon. The Colonel was immediately interested, asked for an explanation.

Piccard said that his gondola would have been much like that used for exploring the stratosphere but would have been inflated with oil. Oil, being lighter than water, would have served to lift him, and he would have carried ballast just as he did in an ordinary balloon. Subsequently, however, he had decided to go up rather than down for his observations of cosmic rays.

He and the Colonel launched into a dissection of air pressures and Lindbergh laughed when Piccard fished a huge slide rule from his pocket (apparently built into his dinner coat for the purpose) and, with food out of his mind, brushed aside plates and began to make calculations on the tablecloth. AE and I later wondered if we shouldn't have cut out that piece of tablecloth and kept it.

The evening passed quickly and pleasantly. Its unpleasant aftermath broke full upon us in a New York newspaper a couple of days later. There, in black and white, was a word-for-word account of the conversation at dinner and afterward. Its detail was so intimate that it could not possibly have been furnished by any one who had not been present.

AE and I were astonished, upset—and mystified.

Our thoughts flew to the Lindberghs. What would they think of our assurances, our promises of complete privacy? Here was an example of the kind of publicity that Lindbergh—quite understandably—hated most.

I set out at once to learn just how the thing had occurred. And finally I found the leak.

Professor Piccard's friend and manager had sold the story of that evening to a newspaper for forty dollars!

It seemed a strange thing for a guest to do. I took the trouble to hunt him up and tell him so. And, of course, I apologized to the Colonel.

A few days later AE received a gracious note from Mrs. Lindbergh, who said: " Please don't think about it at all. Of course we knew you would not give out an interview on a private dinner, and we can see quite well how it happened. . . . We enjoyed that evening very much. I am making this an excuse to tell you how very stimulating and interesting it was. . . ."

AE, now, was immersed in many things, with many more on the horizon. Carl Laemmle wanted her to make a picture. She laughingly declined. It lingered in her mind, however. If the right kind of picture could be done—a true picture . . . She and Mary Pickford talked about it. For months a kind of collaboration was alive; they had their story well laid out, and I would come home to find AE lying on the " liver toaster " before the fireplace at Rye, drafting sequences. . . .

"I WISH I'D NEVER MARRIED!"
CLOGGED SALTCELLARS AGAIN! I'M GETTING DARNED SICK OF THESE BLASTED THINGS.
ED, ALL YOU EVER DO IS NAG AND COMPLAIN. I JUST WISH I'D NEVER MARRIED!
NEXT DAY—ON A BUS
HOW DO YOU AVOID CLOGGED SALTCELLARS?
OH, I USE MORTON'S—ITS UNIFORM CUBE CRYSTALS DON'T CAKE!
MORTON'S? I'LL TRY IT!
THAT EVENING
YOU WERE MIGHTY SMART, HONEY, TO GET RID OF THOSE CLOGGED SALTCELLARS SO FAST. THIS NEW SALT OF YOURS POURS LIKE MAGIC!
AND THE GROCER SAYS IT COSTS A FAMILY ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!
IODIZED OR PLAIN
SPOUT WON'T TEAR OUT!
MORTON'S IODIZED SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS
COSTS A FAMILY BUT 2¢ A WEEK TO ENJOY
WHEN IT RAINS, IT POURS

One night in the fall of 1934 I returned to Rye to find her sitting in golden crepe pajamas, reading a newspaper. As I came in, she looked up in the way of a person thinking out loud and said, "I want to fly the Pacific soon."

I said, "You mean from San Francisco to Honolulu?"

"No," she replied after a moment. "The other way. It's easier to hit a continent than an island."

We let it go at that.

In that year of 1934 began the first steps of a project which, I am sure, AE considered one of the most satisfying adventures of her life—her job at Purdue University as Counselor in Careers for Women. She was also to be Adviser in Aeronautics for the university. The entire prospect—though she never quite became used to her high-sounding title—thrilled her enormously.

Meanwhile the Pacific flight was on her mind. She went out to California. In November I had to telephone to her that our house in Rye had been partially destroyed by fire. I could catch a sharp unhappiness in her voice as she began to inquire for specific things.

"The Rockwell Kent paintings?"

"All gone, I'm afraid."

"My books?"

"Mostly saved."

Not once did she ask about the many medals, the decorations that had been bestowed upon her. Only once do I remember her showing them to any one, and that was to an eager fourteen-year-old boy.

Christmas Day found us aboard the Matson S. S. Lurline going out to Honolulu.

That flight was more or less self-supporting. I would like to point out that in the business of getting financial help toward adventurous undertakings like AE's there is nothing either illegitimate or unique. For nearly every expedition I know about, at least a good part of the necessary funds was obtained by passing the hat. The one exception is Lincoln Ellsworth, who is wealthy in his own right.

AE was to receive $10,000 for her Pacific flight from Hawaii to the mainland.

The flight immediately became the object of an attack by some of those who seem to have a mania that private flying must prove something or be forbidden; that earning the gas and oil is somehow a lower form of enterprise than getting it for nothing. The major accusation against AE was that she had sold her soul to the Hawaiian sugar interests. That she was being paid $10,000 to focus the eyes of the world on Hawaii, sugar, pineapples, hotels, Pacific liners, and, somehow, a sugar tariff then pending in Congress.

I merely wish to bring forward an idea that seems to have been overlooked entirely at that time—that AE *wanted* to fly the Pacific as another on her list of personal doings. And she had no quarrel with those who were willing to underwrite her flight financially.

We arrived in Honolulu. AE was ready—and eager. But some among her sponsors had by now become jittery. When the tempest in the sugar bowl broke and an explosion of local criticism, mostly from army quarters, added more sting, they grew worried. And suddenly they summoned us. AE inquired, reasonably, what she could do about what people said either concerning her or the flight she had engaged—and wanted—to make.

They told her, bluntly enough:

"Give it up."

AE had put a lot of preparation into that flight. She had brought her ship over from California by steamer and got it in shape. She was thunderstruck. But not so much so as to be without an answer.

"Gentlemen," she said flatly, "I came here to fly the Pacific. You promised me a certain amount of financial support. I have received some of it. You can, if you wish, withdraw the balance, but I am going ahead with my plans. I came here to fly the Pacific. I intend to try it, with or without your support."

The whole story of that flight, a resounding success after a hazardous take-off, and the dramatic and amusing inside story of "AE's" subsequent flight from California to Mexico, will be told by Mr. Putnam next week.

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD
ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY
CURTISS
Baby Ruth
5¢
A Good Friend of Motorists
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth

Your Body

NEEDS "FUEL" TOO

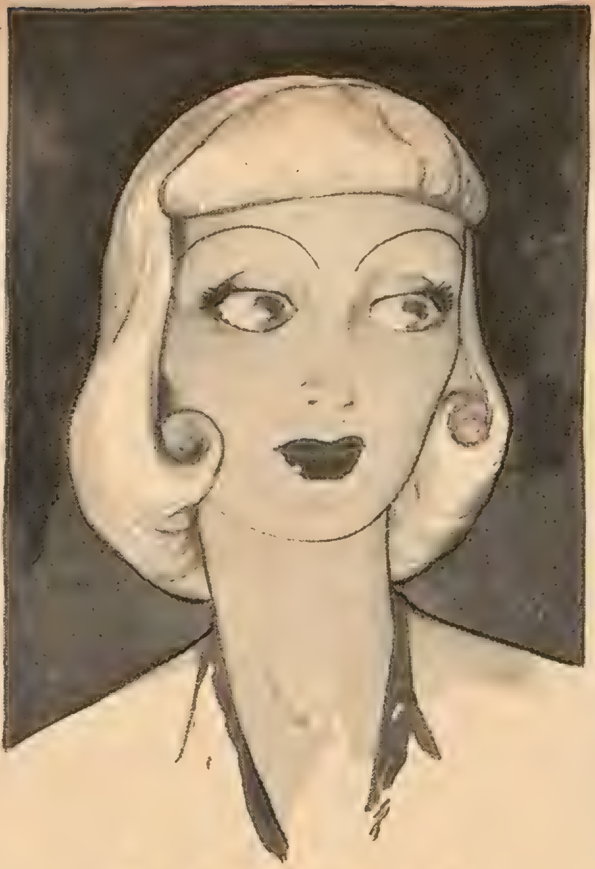
Simple as it seems, driving is fatiguing. Many people, in fact, have been known to "fall asleep at the wheel"—which is dangerous. If you get tired, while motoring, stop for a Baby Ruth, the big delicious candy bar rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Baby Ruth is fine candy. You will enjoy it—and its food energy will help you fight fatigue. Baby Ruth is sold everywhere.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILL., OTTO SCHNERING, President

ENERGY TESTS WITH BABY RUTH

By actual calorimetric tests, a person weighing 120 lbs., can drive a car continuously for 6 hours and 40 minutes on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth candy.

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—*Remember*
BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY
FOR ENERGY!



RAZED EYEBROWS

An eminent and intrepid author speaks sternly to her sex . . about faces!

BY SOPHIE KERR

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

A YEAR or so ago there was an exhibition of paintings by Boldini at a New York gallery, and as Boldini's favorite subject was chic and charming women, these portraits naturally dominated the show. There they were, dated the late '90s and early naughty-naughts with pompadours and picture hats, slim waists and firmly confined but outrageous busts and hips, trailing rustling satins and bold-striped taffetas, the pattern of a fashion parade of their time. Yet they refused to be a pattern, a set of outmoded illustrations of elegance and fashion; they remained individual, distinct. And as I looked at them, seeking the reason, I saw that it was because each one had eyebrows, real eyebrows, not odd lines etched on the face according to whim, and I came to a realization of what the eyebrow means to the human face.

I went on hunting for more evidence. An old photograph of a group of college girls of the last generation set side by side with a picture of a group of today's debs furnished plenty of it. Allowing for differences in fashion and period, it was still obvious that the college girls were not nearly as pretty as the debs and not nearly so smart, but each was a person, each had character in her face and eyebrows on it, her own eyebrows. The debutantes were as like to one another as the quints, their eyebrows all sketchy crescents, so their faces had a strange egg-shaped nonentity, an absence of reality.

Hollywood is of course largely responsible for the razing of feminine eyebrows, just as Hollywood is largely responsible for many other funny fashions. The silver screen is everywhere, and everywhere the styles of the stars are noted and unfortunately followed. No such mass imitation was ever known before in the world. In Victorian chronicles there is much mention of the Langtry vogue—the Langtry bonnet, the Langtry chignon were copied far and wide, so they say; but Mrs. Langtry's modes were followed by no more than an infinitesimal percentage of the number swayed by today's film beauties. Mrs. Langtry simply didn't have the public distribution.

Just before the World War, Irene Castle's bob started the great hair-chopping movement, but it set no one specific style; it left every woman to her fancy so long as the hair was short. But if Irene Castle had been a film instead of a stage star, thousands and thousands of Irene Castle bobs, exact to every quirk and quirl, would have appeared as swiftly as a crop of mushrooms in the grass after a dewy night.

Consider for a moment the page-boy bob, started, I believe, by Garbo, which for a year or more made the backs of female heads dreadful to gaze on! Then Danielle Darrieux, with her slender neck and delicate features, piled her curls on top of her youthful head and looked quite bewitching. But the stout, short-necked, and round-faced ladies who have heaped curls on top of their own heads in senseless imitation are frankly a spectacle to shudder at. Even the children—the Shirley Temple tots with sausage curls, or the bebanged Jane Withers who crowd every kindergarten—even they have not been spared the ignominy of trying to look like some one whom they most patently can never be.

As for the razed eyebrows, if we must name names and point at faces, it was Marlene Dietrich who gave the worst impetus to the cult and is its worst victim. My recollection is that Marlene had fairly normal eyebrows in her first films, but when she started to go exotic, her eyebrows began to rise and arch and bow and get skinnier. In consequence her face became static, until now it seems an effort to move it when she speaks. Maybe if she'd let her eyebrows go natural, some of her remarkable old vivacity and unusual appeal would come back too. And Joan Crawford wouldn't look so stary if she had a bit more eyebrow to shadow her big eyes.

For the eyebrow is, first and always, a feature to mark character, and its absence wipes character from the whole face, gives it a masklike quality and weakens it. John L. Lewis with his furious eyebrows would be nothing but a funny stout man somewhat on the Victor Moore type. He owes much of his success to the menacing brandish of those wild strips of fur above his eyes. No, no, I don't mean that women in general ought to cultivate the Lewis style! Nevertheless I remember that one of my uncles was married to a pretty vacuous woman who would have been totally disregarded in family councils if she had not had dark eyebrows which met above her little nose and gave her a fictitious look of sense and strength. All the in-laws were sure that she was a nitwit and that her opinions were valueless, but those eyebrows! . . . They did make people listen to her, even when what she said was silly.

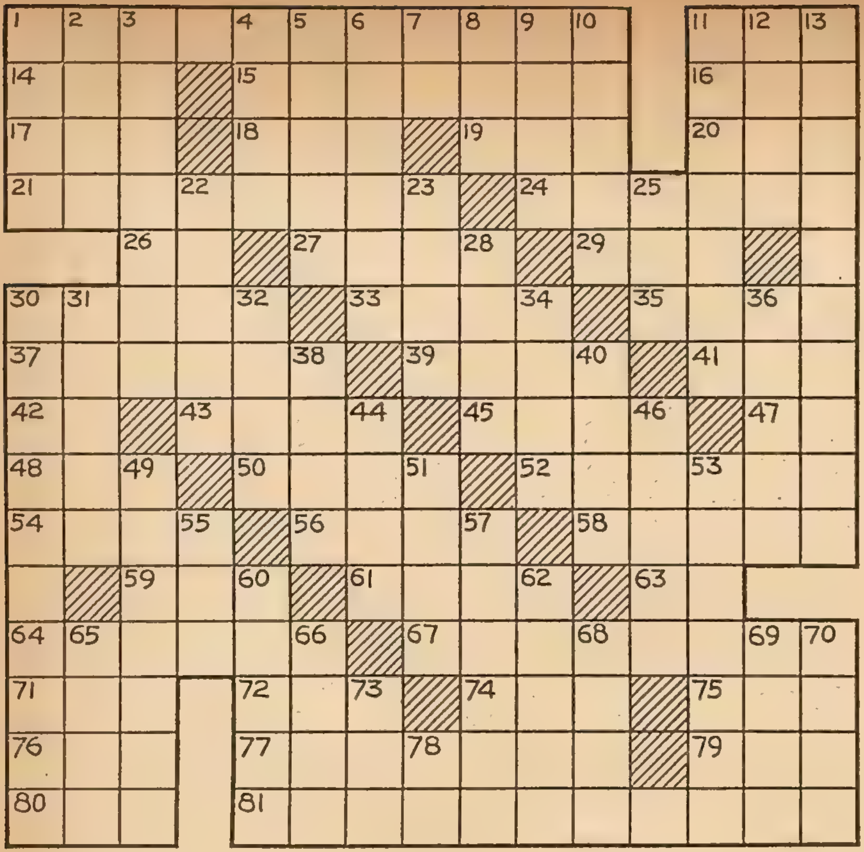
Eyebrow plucking, shaving, and shaping are nothing new. Cleopatra and her Egyptian ladies did it, and it's a fashion in China as old as China herself. But this fact merely strengthens the case for the Anglo-Saxon to avoid it. There's nothing Oriental or Egyptian about the average modern girl's face, and doing her eyebrows that way won't make it so. The modern woman needs all the facial expression she can contrive, and there is no greater aid than a pair of real eyebrows. What is to become of the eyebrow questioning, the eyebrow quizzical, the lovely flying eyebrow, the eyebrow elegant, the eyebrow noble, the eyebrow merry or mournful or fanciful, if they are all subjected to Hollywood and made to conform to some whim of admiration? And please do not tell me sternly that natural eyebrows are unbeautiful, for there I can confute you with a living instance, the Señora Diego Rivera, wife of the great Mexican mural painter. The Señora Rivera has wonderful heavy black brows, true bows of beauty. They add much distinction to an appearance naturally distinguished.

Some day, perhaps soon, women will look in their mirrors and give up childish wishful thinking to look like some one else, some one who represents glamour — oh, hateful, pitiful word!—and glitter and unreality. The first step will be to let their eyebrows grow again. They will be surprised and pleased to find how much more they look like individuals and not comic sad imitations of Hollywood bright lights. With the eyebrows in evidence, eyes will seem deeper and darker, thick noses less prominent, big mouths in better proportion, high cheekbones will recede a bit, and the whole countenance will recover its lost balance. For the eyebrow is part of the natural design of the face, and when the eyebrow is altered the design goes too—the design of the individual.

THE END

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



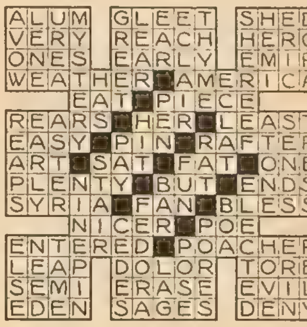
HORIZONTAL

1 Let her statue be a warning to all children who bite their nails (three words)
11 Vox pup
14 Man in zoo with fleas in fur overcoat
15 Cause of high wind in Washington
16 "That's all there is; there is no ——!"
17 Bit of a hic
18 He enjoyed his kisses salty
19 Hon. band for hon. geisha gals
20 Our biggest fighting iron (abbr.)
21 Just a big wet smack
24 Stewed
26 Eggy Idiots (abbr.)
27 Common cause of heart trouble in Greece
29 What every married woman leaves behind
30 Hamlet's relatives
33 First thing on a new tie that catches the eye
35 Gossipy bird
37 Took chances
39 Red Nordic
41 Kangaroo's rumble seat
42 It's almost old
43 It's goulash in Hungary; in Ireland it's this
45 Piscatorial spaghetti (pl.)
47 Half seen
48 Moody bipeds
50 This hurts
52 Solider in the think tank
54 What they learn to do at Ale College
56 Fish tales
58 Egg plants
59 Not much use unless you turn the heat on
61 Farina fiends
63 Proprietor of the hottest spot in Egypt
64 ½ wit minus ½ equals this
67 Bent gents into pretzels
71 Collector's item (try and collect it!)
72 Broadcast by an angry dictator
74 Feel rummy in the tummy
75 Tell truth like a dictator
76 Kind of tanning Dad deals out
77 Handcuffs couldn't hold him
79 It's slim, singular-looking
80 Rear-end propeller
81 Debs' Delight

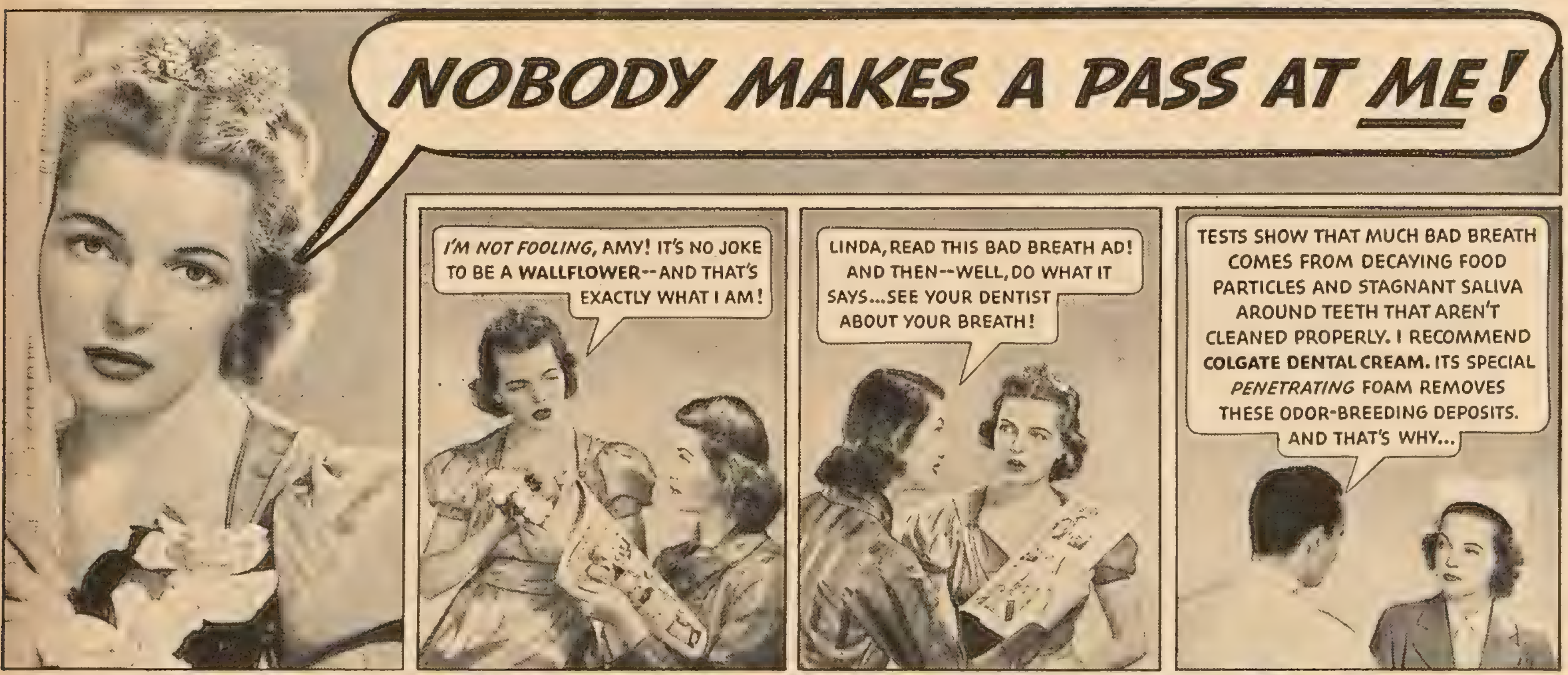
VERTICAL

1 They're big and moving and can they truck!
2 50c worth of plot in $5,000,000 worth of production
3 They have aunts and pants
4 How Lindbergh flew the Atlantic
5 Beemale
6 Breadbasketeers
7 A higher-up with a white head (abbr.)
8 CX
9 Don Budge put these highballs away easily
10 Jeepers, but they're weepers!
11 Benny, Allen, Twain & (ahem!) Shane
12 Sat on a tack
13 Glorified housemaids with feather dusters and St. Vitus' dance (two words)
22 Only parts of pigs not used by packers
23 Cigars in their natural state (sing.)
25 Underwear Ending Warmth (abbr.)
28 A backward Greek god
30 Collapsible pretzel operator with the motto: Slide, Kelly, Slide!
31 Smoothest man around the Hub
32 Timely Thomas
34 Altared and haltered
36 Painter's stand-by
38 It's new but not popular with Wall Street
40 Sign seen hanging around the bars
44 Court service
46 Horse laugh
49 King Fish
51 Fur-coated croon
53 One doesn't make a summer
55 Emotional bombshell
57 European jangled nerve
60 How the skin fits a sausage
62 Herring snatcher
65 One grand year
66 Where to go if you've lost your shirt
68 Chief cause of man's downfall
69 One feminine German
70 John Doe
73 Ye Olde Robot Play
78 Scaly thing

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Answer to last week's puzzle


NOBODY MAKES A PASS AT ME!
I'M NOT FOOLING, AMY! IT'S NO JOKE TO BE A WALLFLOWER--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM!
LINDA, READ THIS BAD BREATH AD! AND THEN--WELL, DO WHAT IT SAYS...SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW LISTEN, FELLOWS! I BROUGHT LINDA TO THIS PARTY--AND I'M TAKING HER HOME!
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

FOR SALE OR RENT

BY
ETHEL DOHERTY AND LOUISE LONG

READING TIME • 24 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

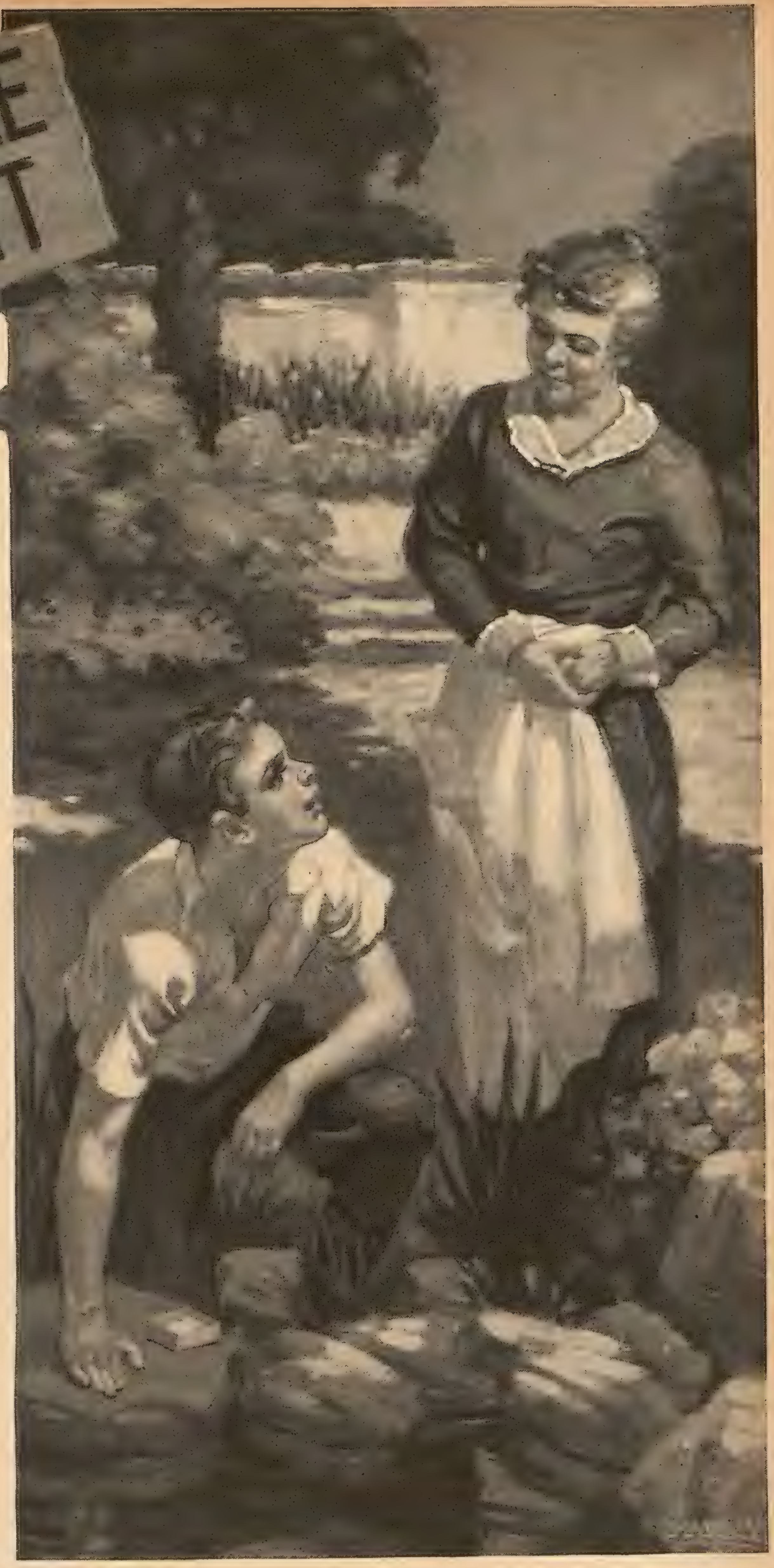
THERE were two things that Nellie felt she could really pride herself upon, and she regarded both as a matter of character. She kept her nose out of other people's business and, whatever the provocation, she was never sentimental.

If you had spent the last thirty years serving in other people's houses, you would have had frequent strain on those qualities, one of which might have hurt the other fellow—and the other which would most certainly have hurt yourself.

Of late years, particularly, Nellie had found it difficult to keep strictly within the bounds she had set. Take that last position, housekeeper for a little schoolgirl grown suddenly famous and opulent as a star in the movies. The poor thing didn't know how to handle servants, and Nellie had had to settle the new butler several times.

That had been a difficult job, what with meals at all hours or not at all, and Nellie was exhausted when the star had gone on a personal-appearance tour, disbanding her household. Nellie had to have a rest now, before the next job, and she contemplated with dread going to her nephew, Tim, who with his wife and children constituted her only family. It was because of that family that Nellie never had any money saved. Tim was pretty worthless, Nellie always conceded, but

The tender tale of a fool who was wise and a house that was haunted by love



The boy was kneeling beside the pool. "Who are you?" Nellie asked.

that wasn't the fault of the children. It was certainly not being sentimental, seeing to it that they didn't starve.

Nellie knew there would be no rest for her in that crowded house, and she'd have to light in and clean it up before ever she'd lay her head on a pillow.

Then, like the answer to prayer, Mr. Hudkins, of the real-estate firm of Hudkins and Moore, interrupted her progress toward the station in Beverly Hills, all her worldly goods in her rusty black suitcase. She had worked for Mr. Hudkins through his wife's illness and death, and then settled him in a hotel. He was a nice man, though inclined to tease a little. He said:

“Are you out of a job, Nellie? Look. I'd like to have you take care of a vacant furnished house I have up for sale or rent. Live there, keep it spick and span, and show it when I send prospects over.”

Nellie's eyes gleamed behind her glasses, and she set down the suitcase. Mr. Hudkins was sizing her up sharply, and she hoped the slight bit of rouge and powder disguised the weariness she felt. There was nothing much she could do about her figure, painfully skinny and a little bent as it was.

“See here,” said Mr. Hudkins crossly. “You look starved. You've got to promise me to cook and eat regular meals in that house. I know how you snatch a bite standing up at the sink. Besides,” he concluded severely, “you smoke too much and drink too much black coffee.”

Nellie felt humiliated down to the toes in the sensible shoes on which her eyes had focused. She never smoked outside her room—except when she was out walking the mistress' pooch. She knew what was right and proper. Then she heard Mr. Hudkins laugh.

“Didn't think I knew your vices, eh? Well, the job's yours—*if* you eat! It may last a while, too. This is the slow season and we don't mean to sacrifice this place.”

IT was an eight-room bungalow set in a charming garden. Armed with a latchkey, Nellie went up the front walk, observing the Easter display at either side. White pansies in the border, then white carnations and ferns, then tall white stocks, with more greenery rising like an anthem to the stately lilies against the house. Nellie did not know the name of the architectural style of the house, but she muttered as she opened the front door:

“Why, it's a home!”

None of the cold formality—vistas of backbreaking waxed floors, tiresome stairs, dust-gathering tapestries and marble and armor—to which she had grown accustomed. Just a living room hung with chintz, soft creamy carpet with patterns of sunshine on it, lovely pottery blues, dull gleam of beautiful books.

Nellie closed the door softly. The house was very still, waiting. Suddenly it reached out invisible welcoming arms and held her close.

From that moment Nellie owned the house—or rather, it possessed her. There was a fragrance of sweet living about it, something that came, she maintained stoutly, from the charming arrangement of the rooms and their furnishings. To admit a more intangible influence, something lingering of the warmth of human love and companionship within the walls, would have been sentimental.

Nellie loved polishing the house like a gem every morning, placing fresh flowers from the riotous rear garden in every room. Cooking and eating deliberate meals became a pleasure for the first time in her years of service. The kitchen was so much fun. Basically a white-tiled and porcelain laboratory like those she had always worked in, this one was humorous and gay with red curtains, a red-and-white-checked oilcloth covering the table on which was a glowing pottery dish filled with red peppers and onions and garlic, with cunning red hens as salt and pepper shakers flanking it. Burnished copper kettles on the shelves above the stove brought a racial nostalgia for the kitchens of old places, old times, when the kitchen was the center of the house.

Even the maid's room, which she occupied, showed imagination in its decoration and a fine thoughtfulness in its comfort. Each night when she sank into the soft bed, she prayed that this job might last forever.

It was natural, therefore, that she should become jealous of the “prospects” Mr. Hudkins sent. She was terrified lest one of them might buy or rent it. They came every day, glancing about with critical worried eyes and asking the price. The house kept its arms folded austerely while they were there. Nellie was wary and noncommittal, and hurried them out, invariably having a conscience about it afterward. But, after all, no one came who was worthy of it.

Discontented pert young women looked at the spacious wide bed with its peach-colored coverlet in the master bedroom and said, “Oh, I should have to have twin beds, of course, if I took the house.”

Nellie's gnarled hand would adjust a fold of the spread. “There won't be any changes, madam.”

Not if she could help it! They all wanted something different, never seeing the perfection of the whole. Like the man who inspected the sunroom on a rainy day, when the amber glass roof made you believe there was sunshine in that lovely spot, despite the gloom without. He did not even look at the pool just outside the windows, nestling in its ferns, delicate Japanese iris blooming whitely around it, and two pond lilies out that day. He saw only the lack of a bar for liquors.

“Why haven't they equipped this room with a bar?” he asked irritably. “I'd ask for a portable one, at least, if I took the house.”

Nellie, envisioning inevitable rings from cocktail glasses on the piano, told him firmly: “The owners won't make any changes, sir.”

Who were these owners for whom she spoke so glibly? Who had designed and built and lived in this paradise? She learned nothing from the Japanese gardener who came regularly. He didn't even understand when she suggested certain pruning, but pursued his own impenetrable way. Gradually the ghosts of these owners made themselves felt—in the bedroom which was palpably a boy's room, particularly. She began imagining this small owner as she dusted his room. She even asked him about the quantities of silver and linen in the sideboard which seemed to her like wedding presents. Why should those have been abandoned?

THEN one afternoon the doorbell rang and there was a sturdy youngster on roller skates on the porch. He had a little box in his hand and asked quickly:

“Is it all right if I feed the goldfish?”

“Why—I don't know,” Nellie said cautiously. “Mr. Hudkins said they got their food from the stuff growing in the pool.”

“Yes, I know,” he explained, “but I always give 'em a bit of their kind of candy now and then. They expect it.”

“Well, if you're sure it won't hurt them—” Nellie hesitated, but he was already clumping down the steps and rolled down the driveway toward the rear of the house.

Nellie shut the door and went to the garden through the sunroom. The boy was kneeling beside the desert-colored rocks which rimmed the pool, crumbling tiny pieces of food from his box on the clear surface of the water.

“Hey, Billy!” he called as the grandfather carp shot toward him. “Gee, you've grown an inch! Where's Fantail Fanny? Oh, there you are—”

The fish were swimming from under the lily pads and darting from their lair beyond the tiny red bridge, coming to get their “candy.”

“Who are you?” Nellie asked, looking down at him.

He turned his eager round face up to her. There was a mist of freckles across his turned-up nose, his eyes were blue and sunny, and his sandy hair stood up in a stiff tuft above his broad forehead.

“I'm Robert Carson. Did you buy the house?”

“No. . . . You used to live here?”

“Yes. . . . Mother and I live in an apartment now. . . . Here, Billy, you're too greedy!” He plunged his hand into the pool.

“Where's your father?” She told herself it was none of her business, and you shouldn't ask questions of a child anyway. But she had to ask it.

The boy did not look around. “Oh, he's at the hotel,” he said guardedly. “Gee, these fish are *hungry!*”

“Maybe you'd better come by and feed them, then,” she suggested. "You know more about it than I do."

"Sure, I can do that," he agreed, "on my way home from school. Mother's at the dress shop late and I haven't much to do."

Financial reverses, then, Nellie thought, and what a pity! But—the Carsons were living apart. . . . There must have been some kind of flare-up between the two. They had left the house in a hurry, even leaving their wedding presents behind—as well as that something intangible which was part of themselves. . . . That was the night that Nellie made cookies, pondering the matter. Was Mrs. Carson one of those career women? Oh, surely, not the mother of that well-cared-for little boy. Not the woman who had fixed up this house! It was all very puzzling.

She was polishing the piano next morning when she heard the rattle of a latchkey in the front door. It was too early for "lookers," and besides, Mr. Hudkins had given her his key. And she'd had no time to get into her black taffeta dress and organdy apron. She got to her feet indignantly and saw a tall man in good-looking brown tweeds ushering in an old white-haired gentleman—just as if he owned the place!

NELLIE said, "Good morning," her eyes snapping.

The man turned quickly. His sandy hair was unruly and stiff, his blue eyes darted a measuring glance at her.

"Oh, you must be—I forgot that Hudkins put some one in here. I'm Mr. Carson. I'm just going to show the house to my uncle. Don't let us bother you."

Nellie dived under the piano to polish the pedals. The uncle had already moved over to the wide fireplace framed in blue tiles, and was contemplating it gravely. Mr. Carson joined him with an air reminiscent of the eagerness of the small boy at the pool.

"I rebuilt that three times before I was satisfied," he said. "It draws well—never smokes."

The old gentleman said: "It smacks of comfortable evenings with a good book—and music. . . ."

Mr. Carson turned away sharply. "You'd never guess the materials that went into this house." He tapped an ivory window frame beside him. "Under this—solid *seasoned* wood, see? Built to endure. None of your cheap jerry-built stuff. I wanted this to last."

His uncle smiled thoughtfully. "Sort of English country-seat idea, Van?"

"What d'you mean?"

"Oh, founding a dynasty, as it were, and a house to last centuries."

Mr. Carson's face tightened curiously, but the old man was pursuing evenly: "I like your sense of values, of course. With a childhood such as yours, you might have—"

"Gone in for the spectacular, you mean? Or else have been stingy?

GOSH, MOM! I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!
WHERE'S THE OLD PEP, LIBBY? HAVEN'T GOT THE SNAP YOU USED TO HAVE. AND I'VE JUST HAD AN IDEA! REMEMBER WHAT THE DOCTOR TOLD ME ABOUT YOU?
HE SAID WE ALL HAVE TO HAVE VITAMINS FOR PEP. AND I'VE JUST BOUGHT A PERFECTLY GRAND CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP, THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D. I'LL BET YOU'LL LOVE IT!
GOSH, MOM! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME IT TASTES SO GOOD! LET'S HAVE IT EVERY DAY, CAN WE?
PEP
Kellogg's PEP
IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT KELLOGG'S PEP! IT'S A SUPREMELY DELICIOUS CEREAL—CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT, ENRICHED WITH EXTRA VITAMINS B AND D. EAT PEP EVERY DAY AND SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER!
Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B+D) ENRICHED
BRAN FLAKES

Vitamins give you Pep!
PEP gives you Vitamins!*

**Vitamins B and D. Each 1 oz. serving of Pep gives 1/5 of an adult's and more than 1/2 of a child's daily requirement of Vitamin B—as much Vitamin D teaspoon of U. S. P. cod-liver oil. These are not the only vitamins you sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package. Made by Kellogg's i*

Well, remember I've made every cent on my own. Nothing was ever handed to me. I know values—of one sort and another."

They moved off into the other rooms. Nellie picked up her bottle of polish and went out to the kitchen.

After a while she heard them outside the windows. Mr. Carson was showing the old gentleman how well ventilated the house was underneath, and the termite prevention he had installed.

Mr. Carson straightened up. Peering out at him from behind the red curtains, Nellie saw that his strong face was suddenly forlorn, his blue eyes bewildered, unhappy.

"*I* make plenty of money," he broke out fiercely. "Why should *she* think she had to work?"

"The modern woman," his uncle said gently, "seems to need more—"

"More than a home like this? I can't understand it." Mr. Carson brooded. Finally he said angrily: "The sooner I sell this place the better. She'll want money settlements and all that. Go on out to the car while I speak to the caretaker."

Nellie shrank back and was busying herself at the stove when Mr. Carson strode into the kitchen.

"Oh, there you are. You show the house, I presume?"

"Yes, sir. Sometimes Mr. Hudkins sends one of his staff with a looker."

"Well, if any one is genuinely interested in buying the place, suppose you let me know." He took a card from his wallet. "I know the selling points better than any agent, and I'd rather sell than rent it."

"Certainly, sir." Nellie took the card and put it in the pocket of her apron. She would have liked to say something comforting to him, something about the house, perhaps, because she felt so sorry for him. But he turned away, and she stood tongue-tied until he had gone. She conjured up a restless and ambition-ridden Mrs. Carson who didn't have sense enough to appreciate the house.

She wandered off to the other rooms, and gradually the sweet peace of the house resumed its sway. She began pretending it was hers indefinitely, the more so because if Mr. Carson would rather sell than rent, it might take a long time.

THEN, one day, she answered the bell to find a slender, beautifully groomed young woman standing there, gazing out into the garden. She turned slowly on hearing the door opened, and looked meditatively at Nellie from under the brim of her tiny hat. Wide gray eyes, Nellie saw, faintly shadowed, remote, full of dreams. A delicate face, kind, with a wistful sort of charm. A mouth that was loving and generous, but not smiling now, as there was every indication it might often be.

Nellie smoothed her organdy apron. "Did you want to look at the house?" she asked grudgingly at last, since the visitor did not speak.

"Ah—yes," she murmured, and Nellie stepped back to allow her to enter.

"Well, it has four bedrooms and baths," Nellie said severely. Sometimes that stopped people at the door, for the house didn't look that big from the front.

The young woman walked—or rather, drifted—into the center of the living room. She stood with her eyes fastened on the flickering sunlight on the carpet. Just as Nellie had done when she first entered.

"Did you want to buy?" Nellie asked fearfully.

The black lashes lifted. The gray eyes warmed. "I might—at that," she said impulsively.

Nellie's heart sank. Mutely she turned to the first bedroom. The lady—she was certainly that, in Nellie's opinion—followed her. Nellie thought she glanced about rather indifferently, and was relieved.

"This would make a nice guest room," Nellie said, repeating her formula conscientiously, "because it is sort of away from the rest of the house. That is, if you didn't have a big family and have to use it."

The lady was staring at a picture on the wall and made no comment. Nellie thought, with satisfaction, that if she really wanted to buy, she would be examining the state of the wallpaper and paint. That was what they ys did. When the lady followed Nellie into the boy's face broke into a lovely smile. That gratified Nellie, as it would be a sour person indeed who wouldn't respond to this room—but it worried her too, for fear the caller was getting more serious about buying.

"But it's so neat," the lady said with a little chuckle. "No skates to stumble over, no . . ." Her voice trailed off.

Nellie was looking at her sharply now. "Why—why, you must be—"

The lady roused herself and smiled apologetically at Nellie. "I'm Mrs. Carson. I should have told you. I—I came to get a little bronze figurine from my bedroom. I can't think how I left that behind—I've had it ever since I was a child."

"Oh. . . . Well, I'll mark it off the inventory." Feeling quite cheerful now, Nellie hurried into the master bedroom where the carefully dusted figurine stood on a desk. No more worry about selling the house to this woman. She only wanted to get rid of it! Nellie opened the desk drawer to get the typed inventory, and turned, to find Mrs. Carson standing there, again lost in dreams. She moved to the empty space between the sunny windows, and stood motionless, looking down. Presently she put out both slender white hands as if resting them on a piece of furniture which was no longer there. A tender brooding smile was on her lips.

Nellie put down the figurine. It was definitely no business of hers. But she said abruptly: "That's where the crib stood, I guess."

Mrs. Carson was plainly startled. "How did you know? I—I gave everything away—more than a year ago."

"This house tells me things," Nellie began in a hushed tone, and then defended herself: "It's funny that way."

MRS. CARSON sank down in the low cretonne-covered chair and folded her lovely hands. "We're still here—all of us. Even Marjorie. You feel that too?"

"Yes," Nellie said simply, pleating her apron.

"I—I've lost my baby since I left here," Mrs. Carson said, staring at the empty space between the windows where the crib had stood. She went on urgently, as if to herself: "I only did what I thought I *had* to do—or lose my reason. But it's a comfort when I find her still here." Tears filled her eyes and she let them fall unheeded.

Nellie seated herself suddenly on the edge of the bench before the dressing table. "But you said," she ventured, "that you gave the crib away more than a year ago."

Mrs. Carson answered in a faraway voice: "Yes, . . . That's when she—died. . . ." Her eyes turned to Nellie almost unseeingly. "You've had a child perhaps? You could understand?"

"One—thirty years ago. I lost her too." Nellie's voice was matter-of-fact, steady.

"Thirty years ago. . . . One does get over things, they say." She spoke as if not convinced, yet hopeful.

"Folks have no right to hug sorrow close," Nellie said a little crossly. "It isn't fair to the others."

"That's true, I suppose," Mrs. Carson said, looking down at her hands, gripping them tightly together. "I kept everything to myself, so as not to hurt my husband and my little boy. But they forgot so soon! They had other interests—they were outside in the world and in school. They had the relief that was denied me!"

She was silent, fighting an old battle within herself all over again. Nellie was thinking, fitting pieces of the puzzle together.

"So you went into business yourself," she said finally. "You got a dress shop."

Mrs. Carson glanced up at her briefly and nodded.

Nellie thought about Mr. Carson. Was he too dumb to understand this woman's need? Was he so wrapped up in his own success that he had no time for understanding and sympathy? He hadn't looked like that! But her thin lips tightened in anger at him. Just like a man, to be insulted because his wife wanted to do something outside, even if it meant her sanity, because it would look to his associates as if he couldn't make enough money!

"You told him *why* you wanted to go to work, of course," she burst out at last.

Mrs. Carson's eyes were fixed vaguely on the garden. "He was so angry—I'd already bought an interest in the shop when I told him. Then I got angry—we both said things. . . . I don't suppose I was very clear as to why I wanted to get away from home. I hadn't thought it out clearly myself, then. I was restless—beside myself with repressed grief—I snatched this chance to get away from myself—and then I told him I had the shop. . . . I wonder! Perhaps I wasn't fair to him—not to tell him, ever, how I felt about Marjorie?"

Nellie kept her eyes cast down, knowing that the lady was thinking aloud. Suddenly Mrs. Carson seemed to become aware of talking intimately to a stranger, for she said in a different tone:

"I'm sorry I've burdened you with all this."

A cool distant shadow had closed the visitor's face while she fumbled in her bag for a compact. Nellie rose at once, appalled by her own familiarity.

"I've never talked to any one about this. Forgive me." Mrs. Carson patted her puff around her eyes and tried to smile. "I think it must be the influence of this house—this room."

NELLIE relaxed a little. "Folks often talk to me," she said, "because I'm closemouthed and practical." She hesitated and then went on in a rush, because she couldn't help herself: "I hope you won't mind my saying one more thing. I think you have a genius for making a home—and making children, if your little boy is a sample. Plenty of other folks are only good enough to sell dresses. And the quickest way to get over the loss of a child is to have another. I know—because I was a fool and didn't."

Mrs. Carson was looking at her so oddly that Nellie turned away quickly to a window. "I see," she observed sternly, "that that dumb Fujiyama, or whatever his name is, is here. Maybe you could make him understand he's simply got to trim that hibiscus hedge—should have been done in the winter." She turned back and caught up the figurine. "I'll wrap this in tissue paper for you."

She hurried to the kitchen and fumbled in a drawer, telling herself irritably she'd been idiot enough now. Not one step more—she never poked her nose into other folks' business. She tore the paper in her haste and vehemence in wrapping the bronze, and hunted for another piece.

She heard, then, the sound of roller skates in the driveway, a boy's cheerful whistle as he rolled toward the fish pool. She set her lips, held herself back—and then abruptly put down the figurine and went to the telephone on the wall near the stove. She found the card where she had put it, inside the telephone book, and dialed a number.

"Mr. Carson? This is Nellie—out at your house. I think there's a real prospect here you could tell about termites and such. She seems to like the house and—"

"I'll be right out," Mr. Carson assured her. "Keep her there!"

Nellie replaced the receiver, her

How do You look to her?

THE WATER SOAK—soaks his head with water every time he combs it. Water is bad for hair. Washes away natural oils. Makes hair dry, brittle, unruly, wild.

THE GIGOLO—plasters down his hair with sticky concoctions that gum it up, make it pasty, and tend to clog the pores of his scalp.

THE CUE BALL—was at one time a Water Soaker or a Gigolo or a bit of both. At any rate, the horse is gone, so there's little use in locking the barn.

THE HEAD MAN—you've guessed it. He uses Kreml, a wonderful dressing-tonic. It contains beneficial oils that impart a lustre to hair, keep it neatly combed.

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Kreml removes dandruff scales, every speck. Kreml checks excessive falling hair.

Stop soaking your hair or plastering it down.

If you're troubled with dandruff scales or excessive falling hair, start using Kreml today and notice the big improvement.

Women, too, like Kreml for the alluring sheen it gives the coiffure, especially after a permanent.

Ask for Kreml at your drug store, barber shop or beauty parlor.

SPRING IN THE AIR-
AND SANI-FLUSH
IN YOUR RADIATOR!

CLEAN OUT ANTI-FREEZE WITH SANI-FLUSH

It's time to remove the anti-freeze from your car! Also a whole winter's accumulation of rust, scale, sludge and sediment! They clog the delicate veins of the radiator. The motor overheats. You waste power. You may find yourself with an expensive repair bill on your hands.

Don't take a chance. Clean out anti-freeze with Sani-Flush for 10c (25c for the largest trucks and tractors). Just pour it in. Run the engine, drain, flush and refill (*directions on the can*). Then your radiator is really clean. And your car runs cool. Do it yourself. Or, if you prefer, have your garage or service station do it for you. Insist on Sani-Flush. It cannot injure motor or fittings. You'll find Sani-Flush in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Company, Canton, O.

Sani-Flush Safe NOT CAUSTIC
KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S CRUSADE
SALES MEAN JOBS

Every refrigerator sold means 6 men at work for 5 days! So buy that new refrigerator now—and make *your* job and hundreds of others secure!

HAIR KEEPS FALLING
EXCESSIVELY?

Regular use of Glover's Mange Medicine and massage is an effective aid in checking Excessive Falling Hair. Also aids in relieving Dandruff.

Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded to blend with the Medicine and thoroughly cleanse.

Ask your Barber about Glover's.

FREE—New Scalp and Hair Booklet, write GLOVER'S, Dept. S, 468 Fourth Ave., New York City.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

eyes snapping in rage at herself. "Fit to be tied," she muttered aloud, and went to look for Mrs. Carson.

A glimmer of white beyond the hibiscus bushes established her as interviewing the gardener, who was grinning and bowing and touching his old cap every other word. Robert was kneeling beside the fish pool, leaning perilously over it as he coaxed the fish. The wheels of the skates on his feet turned up to Nellie's view. He seemed to be unaware of his mother's presence at the far end of the garden.

Nellie opened the front door before Mr. Carson could take out his latchkey. Her thin cheeks were flushed and she began to speak immediately.

"The party's out in the garden, sir, but I thought I'd better warn you about a thing or two, if you don't mind."

He grinned at her. "Tough customer, eh?"

"I wouldn't say that. But before you begin on window frames and underpinnings, she'll maybe tell you what *she* wants. And I'd advise you to listen, sir. I mean, patiently. Men are so apt to fly off the handle like."

He laughed and patted her shoulder. "Don't worry, Nellie. I'm not a bad salesman, really."

SHE looked at him doubtfully and said with an effort: "Remember—folks, even women, sometimes have a good reason behind their actions. But when they don't *tell* it, you jump to wrong conclusions. Then you both get mad and—" She heard the door of the sunroom close and glanced over her shoulder in a panic. Then she raised her voice and it quavered a little:

"I'm here in the living room, madam." She started to bolt for the front bedroom, and then paused to whisper fiercely to Mr. Carson: "Now don't get mad *first*. Listen to her!"

She caught his amused, questioning glance as she fled. Through the bedroom and out into the garden where Robert was still talking to the fish, and around to the kitchen. There she sank into a chair and fanned herself, quivering with anxiety.

She heard the mumble of voices from the living room—but they were not raised. The saucy red kitchen clock ticked off the minutes as she sat there inert, hoping—and yet afraid. Then she became aware of a silence, growing uncomfortably long. Had one or both of them left in anger? She got up and crept to the swing door and pushed it open a crack and listened. Finally she stole into the dining room and crept toward the arch.

There, in front of the prize fireplace which drew well and never smoked, stood two figures. They were close in each other's arms. Evidently they had been that way a long time. Nellie tiptoed quickly back toward the kitchen.

Then she heard Mrs. Carson's remembered chuckle.

"Darling," she said, and her voice was honey sweet, "come and look at the front bedroom. You know how we planned that it should be Marjorie's room when she got big enough? Well, I've ideas!"

Nellie hastily slipped through the swing door. She looked about the friendly kitchen, cocking, as it were, a humorous eye at her, and was suddenly aghast at what she had done.

"Deliberately went ahead and did yourself out of the job you've liked best in years," she berated herself furiously. "Turned your back on this dear house before you had to." She reached out and stroked the red hens on the table. "Fool!"

She turned then, and made for the telephone. There was only one thing left to do, and just as well to get it done. She'd better get her name in at the agency right away. She dialed the number and waited. She was strong enough to take anything now—anything she could get. She'd had five weeks of blessed rest—and the house had given her back her full measure of love. . . .

"Hello. I want to place my name—"

The swing door was flung back and two shining people stood on the threshold, arm in arm.

"Oh, Nellie—" Mrs. Carson began breathlessly.

"Wait a minute," Nellie said into the telephone.

"—would—would you stay on here with us?" Mrs. Carson finished.

Nellie hung up the receiver dazedly and stared at them. Mr. Carson said gravely, but with a twinkle in his eyes: "We like the way you've kept the house—and your expert handling of an emergency was admirable."

NELLIE looked down and twitched her apron into shape. "I've good references," she said, "as to cooking and cleaning." A stinging flush rose to her thin cheeks. "And some of them has gone so far as to say, very kindly, that I mind my own business." She looked up at them straightly. "And that's what I aim to do."

They looked back at her, both rather misty-eyed, and Mrs. Carson said, very low, "You know you have our heartfelt thanks, Nellie."

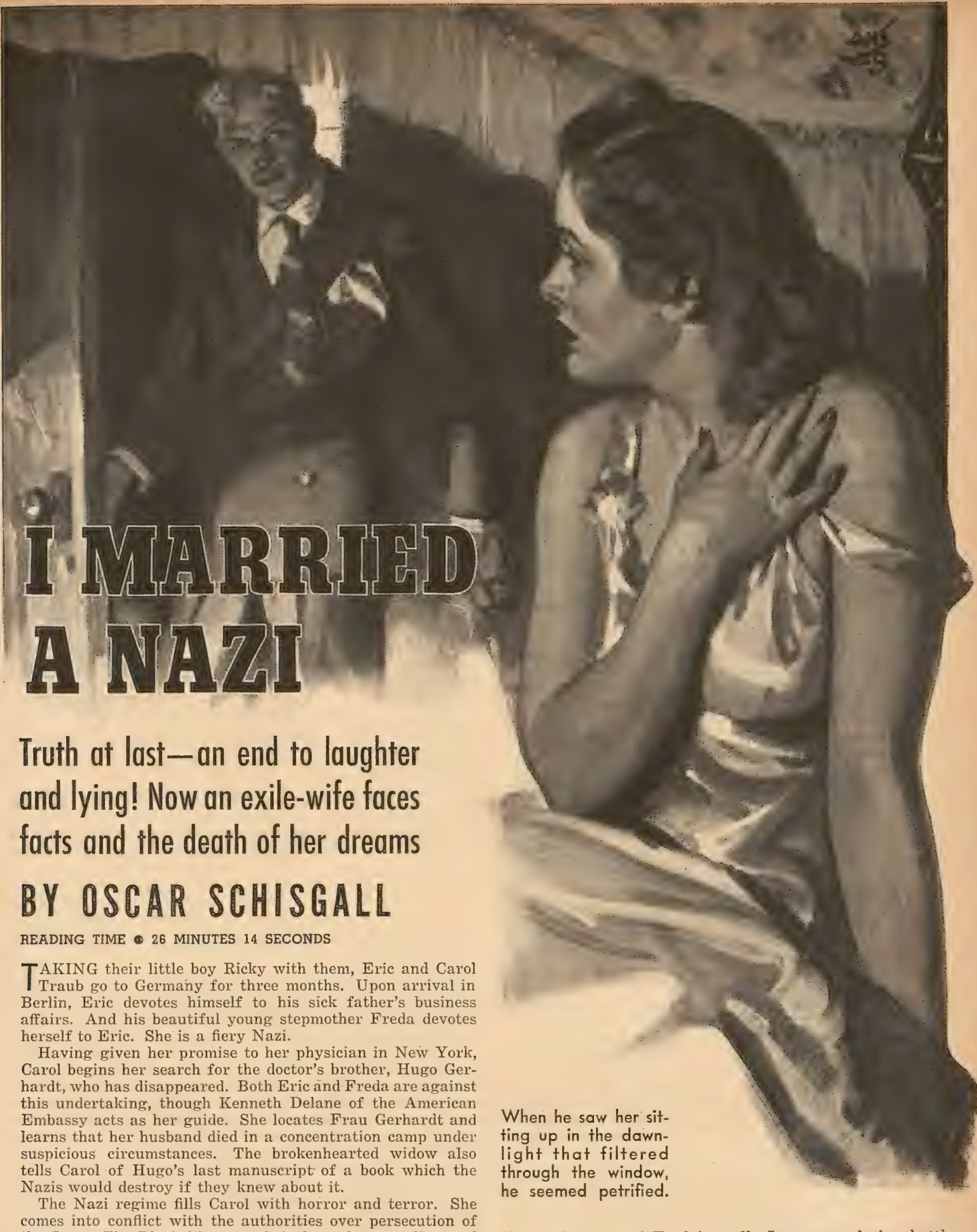
Nellie's lips quivered and then she began to smile. She had her self-respect back again.

"Will you have dinner here tonight? I've always wanted to see that shiny refrigerator full of good things—and set the table with the wedding silver and all—"

Clank-clank-clank. Robert was coming into the kitchen on his skates. Nellie turned automatically to the cookie jar.

"Hello," he said, surprised, looking at his parents. And then, mastering the situation at a glance, and feeling called upon to make everything safely everyday and no nonsense, he said, "Well, it's swell to be home again. Nellie, when do we eat?"

THE END



I MARRIED A NAZI

Truth at last—an end to laughter and lying! Now an exile-wife faces facts and the death of her dreams

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 14 SECONDS

TAKING their little boy Ricky with them, Eric and Carol Traub go to Germany for three months. Upon arrival in Berlin, Eric devotes himself to his sick father's business affairs. And his beautiful young stepmother Freda devotes herself to Eric. She is a fiery Nazi.

Having given her promise to her physician in New York, Carol begins her search for the doctor's brother, Hugo Gerhardt, who has disappeared. Both Eric and Freda are against this undertaking, though Kenneth Delane of the American Embassy acts as her guide. She locates Frau Gerhardt and learns that her husband died in a concentration camp under suspicious circumstances. The brokenhearted widow also tells Carol of Hugo's last manuscript of a book which the Nazis would destroy if they knew about it.

The Nazi regime fills Carol with horror and terror. She comes into conflict with the authorities over persecution of the Jews. The Blackshirts put her through a grueling and demand her birth certificate.

Eric and Freda try to curb her sympathies for the underdog. But uppermost in their minds is their secret love. Gradually this state of emotion is evident to his American wife, and Carol knows she must get Eric away from both Nazi influence and Freda's spell. It seems a losing battle. Often distracted, helpless, she turns to Kenneth Delane for comfort. To complicate everything still more, he falls in love with Carol!

Germany is in the throes of the Sudeten crisis. Orders are issued that no German—which would include Eric—may

When he saw her sitting up in the dawnlight that filtered through the window, he seemed petrified.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

leave the country. Then one day there is a phone call for Carol. Of all people, it is Frau Gerhardt, who begs Carol to meet her in the Tiergarten without a word to any one about it. But the elder Traub's nurse, a violent Nazi, who gave Carol the call, may have listened in!

PART EIGHT—LOST: A HUSBAND

FRAU GERHARDT waited on a shaded bench when Carol, her nerves constricted, entered the Tiergarten at the gates beyond the Brandenburger Tor. The white-haired woman seemed calm; she held a package under the purse in her lap. A patrician figure, Carol thought, serene and detached from the war frenzy that gripped Berlin.

At the sight of Carol, she rose without any outward trace of the anxiety her voice had betrayed. She even smiled—a lovely and gentle smile—as she offered a gloved hand.

"It was good of you to come, Frau Traub. Shall we perhaps walk where there are fewer people? We cannot talk here."

Presently they were on a narrow path that wandered in the shadows of huge trees. No one was near them here. Frau Gerhardt sent a last apprehensive look over her shoulder. Then she began to speak, earnestly, with a more staccato quality in her words:

"I came to Berlin today, Frau Traub, because I felt that, with war hanging over us, you would be leaving Germany very soon. In truth, I feared you might already be gone."

"We've set no definite date for leaving," Carol replied. To say more, she knew, would necessitate futile explanations.

"In any case, you will be going one of these days. And I have a great favor to ask. . . . But first I must tell you that my son-in-law has been invited to teach at the Conservatory of Music at Copenhagen."

"Oh, how splendid!"

"Yes. Joachim is very happy. He is to begin in January . . . that is, if he can take his family to Copenhagen." Frau Gerhardt frowned slightly. "The trouble is, it will cost so much for them all to settle in a new city. That is why—"

She stopped. She walked a few paces in silence. When she spoke again, her voice was strained:

"Of course, we still have some of the money you brought from my brother-in-law in America. But if Joachim leaves Germany, he will not be permitted to take it along. They will take it from him in—in taxes. He will be allowed to carry no more than forty or fifty marks when he crosses the border. The rest will be—confiscated."

The hopelessness in the woman's words made Carol want to offer some reassuring comfort; yet there seemed nothing to say.

"I know my husband's publishers in America would be glad to receive the manuscript of his last book," Frau Gerhardt continued. "Perhaps they would advance a little money. Perhaps they would send it to Copenhagen. Enough to see Joachim and my daughter, with their children, settled there. I—I really do not know where else to turn. The manuscript is our only hope now."

"And you want to know if I'll take it to America," Carol said softly.

Frau Gerhardt fixed upon her a look at once yearning and hesitant. "Only, Frau Traub, if you feel you can do so without any—any apprehension, without any qualms." . . .

Carol glanced down at the package. "Is that it?"

"Ye-es. My daughter and I have spent many days in copying it. We still have the original. But this—" She faltered. "Oh, I realize it is a difficult thing to beg of you! I shall not blame you if you prefer not to take it. That would be understandable. I should not even have asked it of you if—if I did not think it was our last chance—my daughter's last chance for herself, for her children, for her husband—"

"And you?" Carol asked gently. "Wouldn't you go?"

"If there were enough money, yes."

Carol gazed along the shaded path. Eric, she realized, would not condone doing a thing like this. Certainly not as long as they were in Germany. Once they returned to America, however, and were secure again, how could he logically object? . . .

She said quietly, "I'll take it, Frau Gerhardt."

Though she would have liked to read Professor Hugo Gerhardt's manuscript, it was hardly the sort of thing to exhibit in a house that contained Freda and Fräulein Uberholtz; the reading, Carol decided, would have to await a safer time. For the present, having come home with the package tucked under her arm as if it were a casual purchase—yet with the sense of carrying high explosives—she locked it in a drawer of her wardrobe trunk, hastily, under stockings and handkerchiefs.

Then she went to the mirror, pulled off her hat, shook back her hair, and appraised her reflection.

Harried lines still tautened her features; her eyes were too anxious. For days she had been unable to relax. She drew fingertips across her eyelids as if to sweep away weariness. Outside, a brigade of Hitler Youth was marching by again. But she did not even go to the window now.

Whether she had been too rash in accepting the manuscript from Frau Gerhardt, she hardly knew. When she had consulted Heinrich about it before leaving, he had gravely answered: "Carol, you must know by this time how I feel. I should like nothing better than to see a thousand books like Gerhardt's given to the world. But what you are to do, in view of Eric's attitude—that is something you must decide for yourself." . . .

She stood irresolute, gazing into the mirror. And then the words the boys of the Hitler Youth sang as they marched past the house forced themselves upon her.

A song of hate! Lilting young voices hardly beyond the stage for nursery jingles, she thought, and they were being taught nothing but hatred. You heard it in every melody they sang. Her mind groped to the grandchildren of Frau Gerhardt, who must listen to these day after day. . . .

Suddenly she was glad she had taken the manuscript. She wrenched all doubt out of herself and went downstairs to seek Ricky.

To Eric she said nothing about the package that evening. He was in a spirited mood; the anticipation of hearing der Führer seemed to stimulate him.

"By the way," he told her over dinner, "I called Kenneth Delane today."

She looked at him in surprise. "Yes—?"

"I thought," he explained dryly, "that when this excitement blows over he might be able to help me get an extension on my permit. But things like that seem to be out of his hands. He certainly wasn't encouraging about it, anyhow."

SUNDAY evening, when all Germany held its breath in expectation of the Reichskanzler's speech at the Sportspalast—a speech which might cause immediate war or perpetuate peace—Eric and Freda left the house before six.

"The streets are going to be jammed," Eric predicted. "It will probably take us half an hour just to get into the Sportspalast. And Hitler will talk promptly at eight."

He drove off with Freda, turning to wave to Ricky and Carol on the lawn. She watched until the yellow car vanished around a corner. Then she sighed a little, patted Ricky's shoulder, and slowly went back to the house. It hurt dreadfully to see Eric go away with Freda; it hurt every time it happened. . . .

Ten minutes later, when Kenneth Delane telephoned, the very sound of his voice revived her spirits.

"When I spoke to Eric yesterday," said Kenneth, "he told me he and Freda were going to the Sportspalast. So I dug in among my friends and—well, how would *you* like to see the history-making tonight?"

She exclaimed, "You don't mean to say you've got tickets!"

"Two for the diplomatic gallery."

"Kenneth," she cried, "you make me feel like Cinderella!"

And so she sat in a balcony of the Sportspalast that night, among the diplomats of worried nations, and stared in wonder and excitement over fifteen thousand heads all turned toward the platform and the huge swastika.

The din of *Heils* that greeted the arrival of Chancellor Hitler was the most deafening chorus she had ever heard. It made the building tremble. She rose, as did every one else. For an instant she could not distinguish der Führer among the dignitaries that streamed to the platform. Strange, she thought again, how unprepossessing he was.

"You're hearing yells," Kenneth said into her ear, "that are being sent by radio to every country in the world. This will be a night to talk about to your grandchildren's grandchildren."

She nodded. It was useless to try to answer against that uproar of *Heils* and *Siegs*.

WHEN presently Dr. Goebbels came to the front of the platform, his hands raised for silence, she was amazed to find him pitifully dwarfed and deformed and lame. She turned to Kenneth in bewilderment. "I didn't know—"

He interrupted with a quick warning pressure on her arm. His lips came close to her ear. "It's a prison offense to speak of it. He's sensitive."

She looked at him incredulously, as if half suspecting he was jesting. Yet Kenneth was in earnest.

"Somebody once wrote of his infirmity to show how remarkably he had overcome it to succeed in public life," he said. "The fellow is in a concentration camp."

Dr. Goebbels' speech of introduction was brief but effective. He brought it to a climax with, "*Führer, befehle! Wir folgen!*" ("Leader, command! We follow!")

And then the Chancellor himself rose.

Somewhere in this auditorium Eric must be screaming *Heil* as madly as every one else, Carol felt.

As soon as Hitler began to speak, an astonishing thing happened. There was a transfiguration. This man, so unprepossessing a moment before, seemed to become electrified by his own oratory. It was evident in his whole personality. He grew; he expanded. Into his eyes came an almost fanatical brightness.

"It is not one Führer or one man who is speaking," he shouted—"it is the entire German nation!"

Carol found herself trembling as she listened to the man. He raised his arms, glared out into space, and cried for all the world to hear:

"The Sudetenland is the last territorial claim I have to make in Europe, but it is one on which I shall not yield! . . . The German districts must be handed over to Germany by October first! . . . The German nation is with me, and its will is my command! . . ."

It was not a long speech; yet when it ended, amid deafening *Heils*, Carol knew she had witnessed the branding of the German swastika on the future of Czechoslovakia. Perhaps on all Europe. General Göring spoke, too, but what he said was anticlimactic. No one mentioned it when at last those fifteen thousand people streamed out into the September darkness. They were clamorous with der Führer's words. Young men in brown formed bands to shriek into the night, "Down with Benes! Down with Czechoslovakia! Heil Hitler!"

Kenneth was grim and silent. He held Carol's arm, piloting her through the mobs in the street. Berlin was not only tense. It was exhilarated and shaken; half terrified, half intoxicated by the taste of war.

When they were in the car again, driving along Kurfürstendamm, Kenneth scowled through the windshield and urged her once more to leave Germany.

"By the first of October—in five days—Berlin may be the center of chaos," he said tightly.

Carol, too, looked straight ahead, her face colorless. "Kenneth," she answered, "I—I just can't leave Eric."

"It's high time you thought more about yourself and Ricky."

Ricky! . . . She held her breath and her eyes widened. A rush of fear overwhelmed her. She knew, suddenly, that Kenneth was right. It was unthinkable to keep Ricky in a city which might within a few days be the target of hundreds of bombers roaring through the skies.

Kenneth went on: "Go to Switzerland. Go to Sweden or Holland or Denmark. Go *anywhere*, but get away from here! If it blows over, you can come back."

In a hushed voice she whispered, "You're right, Kenneth. I'll go."

He looked at her quickly. He said nothing for a time, driving with an expression that was dogged. Finally he muttered: "Well, it took the possibility of a war to make me *want* you to leave."

THOUGH she undressed, Carol did not go to bed. She lit a cigarette and waited for Eric. Heinrich and Fräulein Uberholtz were already asleep, and the house was still.

Having drawn on a dressing gown, Carol paced the room. She intended to tell Eric tonight about the urgency of leaving with Ricky. She felt certain he would agree it was the wisest thing to do. Hadn't he himself suggested once that she depart?

Again she turned to the cloisonné clock. It was quarter past one.

They've gone to a café with the Reiners, she decided. Everybody in Berlin had gone to cafés tonight. Yes, Freda and Eric must be at a café.

She picked up a newspaper and tried to read. But Der Angriff, with its endless blasts at Jews and Czechs, with its sneers at Bolsheviks and the Catholic priesthood, merely revolted her. She tossed it aside and went to the window.

Grünewald was silent. There was no sound of cars. Dr. Rappaport's house, across the lawn, looked as gloomy and dark as a mausoleum,

MADE
IN AMERICA
BOTANY

BOTANY
WRINKLE-PROOF
TIES
AT NEW YORK'S
WORLD'S FAIR

See the Botany Exhibit..."Man" Building—New York World's Fair...and make the "hand-test"...at your dealer's. Crush a Botany Tie...and watch it spring back...unwrinkled. If you can't locate a Botany dealer, write and we'll direct you.

$1

THE BOTANY TIE, The Botany Robe, Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics, Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns
BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • PASSAIC, N. J.

DOCTOR'S FORMULA
GREAT SUCCESS FOR UGLY SURFACE
SKIN TROUBLES

PRAISED FROM COAST TO COAST!

Never mind if you've tried a lot of ordinary remedies for unsightly surface pimples and blemishes without success. Here's a tested and proven doctor's formula—powerfully soothing, *concentrated* Liquid Zemo—which MUST quickly relieve itching soreness and start right in to help nature promote FAST healing or money back. 30 years continuous success in helping relieve annoying skin irritations. Let its 10 different marvelously effective ingredients help YOUR skin. 35¢, 60¢, $1. Any drugstore.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Advertisements Guaranteed

Everything advertised in Liberty is guaranteed by the publishers to be as represented. Every advertisement in Liberty is examined to avoid misleading statements and false claims. Readers may buy with confidence.

LAW STUDY AT HOME

Win greater respect and success. Learn more, earn more. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 48-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 431-L, Chicago
A Correspondence Institution

and after staring at it a while, remembering things, she shuddered.

She got into bed finally; but she sat up, propped among pillows, trying again to concentrate on the newspaper. Some time after two she must have dozed off despite the light, because, when a wagon rattling through the street woke her, she blinked and saw that it was past four. . . .

At that her nerves jumped. Amazement roused her completely. She pushed the hair back from her cheek and stared at Eric's empty bed with more incredulity than fear. And then, in a kind of unbelieving stupor, she switched off the light and sank back to wait in darkness, her body rigid and queerly chilled.

Now she could not sleep. With every passing minute her nerves beat harder. Wide-eyed, she lay listening for sounds in the street. Once or twice she heard cars, but invariably they passed to race on into stillness.

Five o'clock . . .

Eric, she cried mutely, with more anguish than she could have put into the spoken word. It was like a prayer in despair. *Eric!* . . .

She felt utterly shaken. How *could* she leave Berlin after this? Could she deliberately abandon Eric to Freda? Or was it, she wondered with a renewed rush of panic, that her presence was no longer of any importance?

She tried to tell herself that she was allowing the darkness and the stillness to steep her thoughts in needless horror. She was being calamitous. Perhaps they had gone to the Reiner house for a patriotic party. Perhaps there had been trouble with Freda's car. Perhaps—

In his room Ricky softly wailed. She swung out of bed at once and hurried to him. It was a relief to find something to do. But Ricky was asleep; he had merely uttered a sound in a dream. She shut his door and returned noiselessly to her own bed.

For an instant she switched on the light—just long enough to see that it was half past five. Then she turned it off and stared at the window.

DAWN was already silhouetting trees against a bleak gray sky. She watched the brightening light, her face drawn, her hair straggling unheeded to her shoulders.

How much longer she sat like that she didn't know. But eventually she heard a car swing into the garage drive, hum an instant, and stop. She did not get out of bed. A cold paralysis held her rigid while she listened to the low voices of Eric and Freda as they crossed the lawn.

She heard them open the door—as cautiously as thieves, she thought. They closed it with scarcely a sound. A creak or two followed them up the stairs, and they stopped outside her door.

Had they spoken, it might not have been so bad. But there was no word at all. She knew they were out there, just beyond the door; she could *feel* their presence. Yet the corridor was hushed. That was the terrible part of it—being able to visualize them on the other side of the door, while the seconds passed into a horrible minute. Her heart beat madly. She could see Freda in his arms. She could see his lips crushed against hers. Perhaps she should have risen in fury and pulled the door open. But she couldn't. She simply couldn't.

At last there were quick light footsteps again—Freda's hurrying away. The knob squeaked and Eric pushed the door open.

When he saw her sitting up in the gray dawn-light that filtered through the window, he halted. He seemed petrified. He stood holding the knob, staring at her stupidly, his yellow hair disarrayed, his tie awry. They looked at each other without uttering a word for seconds that were like hours. Then he came in, shut the door behind him.

WELL," he said, his voice deep and shaken, "I—I didn't expect to find you awake."

She did not answer. Her eyes were unswerving as they held his. Her lips were firm. After a moment she got out of bed and pulled on her dressing gown.

"Eric," she said—and the low steadiness of her voice amazed her—"we had better get this thing straight."

His fingers began scratching nervously at the seam of his trousers. "Now look, Carol—I know it seems pretty queer. I—we went—"

"I'm not asking where you were. I don't care where you were. How much of this do you think I can stand?"

He studied her a moment longer; then he went across the room to drop limply into a chair. He shoved back his hair and hunched forward, hands clasped between his knees.

"All right," he muttered, frowning, "all right. I guess it's no use trying to evade it, then. . . . I may as well tell you. I'm pretty crazy about Freda."

It was as if he had thrown something at her. Carol stood frozen and stiff. Inwardly she seemed to shrivel, and something in her crumpled into a meaningless heap, leaving a void too empty to hold even pain.

"Maybe it *is* better to have it over with." A rasp came into his words. "I—I'm kind of sick of all the pretending I've had to do. Anyhow, it was useless. You've known about it. You must have known."

"Yes." The hushed firmness of her voice was incredible. She could never have dreamed that after six years a thing like this could be so simple, so final and definite. Like the clean cut of an ax. . . . Her hand reached out, quivering slightly, to hold the back of a chair. "Yes, Eric, I've known it."

"Believe me, I hated the conniving, the lies, the pretense. But I couldn't see any other way."

She hardly knew whether to stare at him in horror or to respect his candor.

He continued, scowling at his clasped hands: "Sooner or later it had to come to a head. Maybe it's just as well that it happened now."

"What—what do you expect to do about it, Eric?"

"I don't know. I'm muddled. It's all a little crazy. There's just one thing I decided definitely tonight. I knew it while I sat there listening to Hitler. I could feel it singing in my blood." And now his voice was harsh. "This is where I belong, Carol. I'm German. I love it here. Germany has done something to me that I can't even try to explain. It's made me feel proud and strong. . . . Tonight I knew I had to remain here. I can't be happy anywhere else. It isn't only Freda. I'm going to join the Party and stay!"

THE light in the window brightened, and a few dawn birds chirped in the trees, but Carol stood in a haze that blotted out all external impressions. Pallid, she could only stare at Eric with stunned eyes. Nothing in the world existed now except Eric—this unfamiliar Eric, hunched forward on the chair, studying his big hands. It was hard to realize that this was the Eric with whom she had laughed for six merry years in New York.

"I'm going to join the Party and stay . . ."

Was he talking out of sheer panic, to substitute another shock for the fact that he had been away all night with Freda? A sort of counter-irritant?

"Eric," she whispered, "you don't realize what you're saying!"

"Oh, yes, I do. Very clearly. It isn't an impulsive decision. I've been thinking about it for a long time."

"Have you thought about *us?* About *me?*"

"I'm sorry."

"*I* can't stay in Germany! I've been begging you for weeks to sell the factory and come home."

He shook his head slowly. "That's another thing I'd better get off my chest. I'm not going to sell the factory. It's making money. I intend to go on operating it. As long as I'm staying, it would be senseless to do anything else."

The room seemed to spin a little. She had to steady herself before she could speak. "Haven't you given any thought at all to how I'd feel about this?" she demanded, incredulous. "Didn't you think it concerned me as much as you?"

"Of course I did. I realize America means as much to you as Germany does to me. And I didn't see how I could reconcile you to staying here any more than I could go back now and enjoy living in America."

She could see what was coming. It left her appalled.

"I know it hurts," he went on, talking stiffly, "but I've got to get this said. . . . I wasn't myself in New York. I was a stranger trying to fit myself to a strange life. Maybe that's one of the reasons I let my business fail. But here I'm different. I—I'm *home* again."

Carol drew a deep, quivering breath. She was white, but her eyes blazed.

"Is all this," she demanded hushedly, "a way of saying you want me to leave so you can remain with Freda?"

To that he offered no reply. He sat scowling at his hands. His very silence made Carol totter. She had to find a firmer grip on the chair. She bit fiercely into her lip and her chest pounded crazily.

"Eric, I think you've gone mad!"

"Or else I've become sane. I don't know which."

"Is it a—a *divorce* you want?"

He hesitated a long time, still avoiding her eyes. Finally he said, "I guess that's the only solution, isn't it?"

Though she could not have expected anything else, to hear him say it so simply left her numbed. She stood gaping at him, fighting to wrench the chaos out of her mind. There were a thousand cries that surged to her lips; cries of dismay and disbelief and horror; yet not one of them found utterance.

Eric suddenly rose, with an *"Ach!"* of impatience. He went to the window and glowered out at opalescent skies. He pushed his hands into his jacket pockets, and the morning breeze rumpled his yellow hair.

"We weren't going to tell you until this war scare blew over," he said. "But maybe it's just as well this way."

"'*We*'? . . . You mean you and Freda have—have already discussed all this?"

"Of course."

It became more incredible than ever. She had never known an Eric so callous, so completely self-centered.

"And is Freda," she managed to get out, "divorcing your father?"

He nodded.

"Good God, Eric—"

"I know it sounds all twisted. Like one of those mad French farces. But there it is. It can't be helped."

FURY was beginning to seethe in her. It sent fires into her cheeks, tears to her eyes. His coolness, his calm Prussian stubbornness were becoming unbearable. She said fiercely, "Eric, what's got into you? Doesn't anybody count except yourself? Are you willing to sacrifice the feelings of everybody, just so that you and Freda—"

"Now wait." He turned to her abruptly, his brows contracted. "I realize exactly what I'm doing, and how it must look to you and father. Still, I tell you it can't be helped. I'm sorry if I've got to hurt anybody. But I'm going to marry Freda. I've got to have her. I—oh, haven't I said enough?"

Staring at him, she had a sense of complete physical atrophy; and yet her mind, paradoxically, was racing and lucid.

She knew now that, without having

SEE MORE of the WEST in '39

● Out through the Land of Glamour, to impressive, magnificent, man-made Treasure Island rising from the sea . . . back through Nature's vast Wonderland of giant forests, mighty mountains, glorious waterfalls and rippling streams . . . what a veritable storehouse of pleasant things to remember.

Rock Island takes you on this interesting and exciting circle of ALL the West at *no extra fare*. Well-appointed, air-conditioned trains daily from Chicago.

Rock Island

All-Expense Tours are the Economical, Carefree Way. Ask about them. Mail the coupon today.

W. J. LEAHY, Passenger-Traffic Manager
Rock Island Lines
723 La Salle Street Station, Chicago, Illinois

Send complete travel information concerning: ☐ San Francisco World's Fair ☐ All-Expense Tours.

Name______________________________________

Address____________________________________

City_____________________State_________ 2559

Choice of CHAMPIONS and HOLLYWOOD

CHICAGO FLYING SCOUT Roller Skates

For Speed – for Strength – for Economy
"CHICAGO" WHEELS HAVE 3 LIVES

Extra quality features add health and greater pleasure.

Demand "CHICAGOS."

Write for BOOKLET *"How to Roller Skate."*

FREE SKATE PIN AND ANKLE PADS

Send picture of "Our Gang" cut from skate wrapper with 10¢ to cover mailing, and get beautiful Gold F. Skate Pin and Ankle Pads.

CHICAGO ROLLER SKATE CO.
Quality Roller Skates for over 37 Years
4424 W. Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

ITCH OF ECZEMA, RASHES AND OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED SKIN TROUBLES STOPPED QUICKLY

Use D.D.D. Prescription

AT ALL DRUGGISTS 35¢ • 60¢ • $1.00

She wasn't **EMBARRASSED**

WHEN • •
SHE APPLIED
FOR THE JOB
THIS
TIME
↓
BECAUSE
OF—

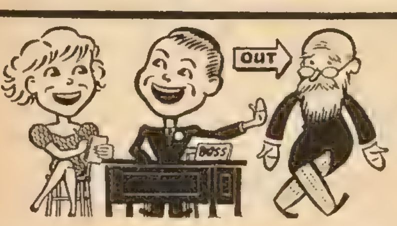
PSORIASIS

Have you been sensitive and embarrassed in your business career because of disfiguring psoriasis lesions? Then why not give SIROIL a chance? It tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis and relieve other of its discomforts. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of SIROIL will help keep them under control. Applied externally, SIROIL does not stain clothing or bed linen—nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a strict two weeks satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

AVOID IMITATIONS

SIROIL
FEATURED BY the AMERICAN DRUGGIST IN COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

SIROIL—AT ALL DRUG STORES



WE don't say you'll win the Big Boss's job overnight, BUT—if constipation is making you the office grouch, see what a *difference* FEEN-A-MINT makes. It's that good-tasting, chewing gum way to relief. Reliable, gentle, and so *easy* to take. Just *chew* it to get its splendid benefits. No wonder millions, young and old, say: "It seems like magic!" Try it yourself — *today!*

FEEN-A-MINT TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

IF YOU FEEL SUNK

Read this and cheer up

Are you so blue that life is no longer worth living? Do you cry easily? Do you feel low, mean, depressed —just absolutely SUNK?

Then here's good news for you in case you need a good general tonic—Just take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Let its wholesome herbs and roots help Nature build up more physical resistance and tone up your system, so that it can more easily throw off the "blues" and give more energy to enjoy life.

MILLIONS of women have depended upon this Compound and have passed the word along to friends and neighbors, and to their children.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, 927 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Why not take Pinkham's Compound and go "smiling thru"?

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

dared admit it to herself, she had foreseen this for weeks. She had dreaded Freda, and she had dreaded the influence of Nazi glamour. And she saw, too, that to fight against it now was futile. Pride, if nothing else, forbade it. The only thing that astonished her was the fact that she could accept all this so fatalistically.

She pushed the hair back from her temples. She breathed deeply of the cool morning air, seeking strength in it, and tried to blink the ungovernable tears away.

"Yes, Eric," she whispered; "you've said quite enough."

Over his shoulder he glanced at her. It was a brief glance, a little puzzled. Perhaps he had anticipated a much more violent reaction, and her amazing self-control bewildered him. He frowned back at the trees.

"I'm sorry it has to end, Carol," he said, every syllable distinct. "It isn't your fault. It isn't anybody's fault. The thing just—happened."

"Let's not try to analyze it. Please!"

"I—I'll take care of your passage home, of course," he said a bit lamely.

"I'm leaving this morning."

At that he stood silent.

"It's going to be pretty hard on Ricky," she said after a pause. "I wish you wouldn't try to explain anything to him now. I'll tell him sometime—after we're gone. He probably won't be able to—understand—"

Eric pulled his hands out of his pockets and turned in surprise. "Ricky?" he said, staring. "*Ricky?*"

"Hadn't you even *thought* of Ricky?"

"Of course I've thought of him! He can't go with *you*, Carol. I—I want Ricky here. With me."

And now she actually staggered. She fell back against the bed, gaping. This was the most inconceivable thing he had yet said; and the most devastating.

"Eric!" she whispered. "You don't expect me to—give up *Ricky!*"

He answered slowly: "Don't talk of giving him up as if you're turning him over to a stranger. I'm his father. I realize very well that it will hurt you for a while. But—I want Ricky."

SHE couldn't be calm now. She couldn't remain the lucid, intelligent figure she had tried so desperately to be, now her mind was rioting. A hundred infuriated cries wanted to break from her at once—wild and strident cries of protest. But they didn't come. Her voice remained very low, trembling:

"*You* want him. You want Freda too. You demand everything and expect me to yield everything. Well, I won't! You can have Freda, but you can't take Ricky. He's mine. He's the one thing I won't let you have!"

Her fury roused a change in Eric, too. "Now, listen, Carol," he snapped. "You've got to be reasonable about this—"

"No!"

"You know I'll take good care of him. I love him as much as you do. I'll be able to give him—"

"No, I tell you—no!"

"You've got to listen to me!"

"Not about Ricky! You can have everything else, but not Ricky! I won't even *talk* about it. Ricky is going home with me. I'm going to pack and—"

She stopped abruptly, because Eric was slowly walking toward her with a strange new expression. He was tense, and his lips were set in an ugly line. Never before had she seen him like this. His very determination awed her. She held her breath. He looked down deep into her eyes.

I DIDN'T want to put it on these grounds," he said. "But if you're not going to be reasonable I must. When I join the Party I'm registering Ricky's name for enrollment in the Jungvolk. He enters as soon as he starts school. That means he'll belong to the state, and you won't have any legal claim on him. He'll *have* to stay here."

It took her several long seconds to recover sufficiently to find her voice.

"The—the Jungvolk?" she finally forced out, the words weak, hardly audible. "Our—*Ricky?*"

"Certainly."

Her lips parted; but this time she could manage nothing. She could not even breathe. She could only look at Eric as though he had been horribly transfigured.

"So," he added with finality, in that same low voice, "you'll leave him with me. I give you my word he'll have everything. I'll—"

"Eric—" It broke from her in a terrible whisper. "I'll never give you Ricky! I'll never let you do that to him! It's the one thing I'll fight with every ounce of—"

"Fight?" He repeated it as though she were saying something without meaning. "Fight whom?"

"You! Everybody! They won't let you take Ricky. He belongs to me. Any civilized court—"

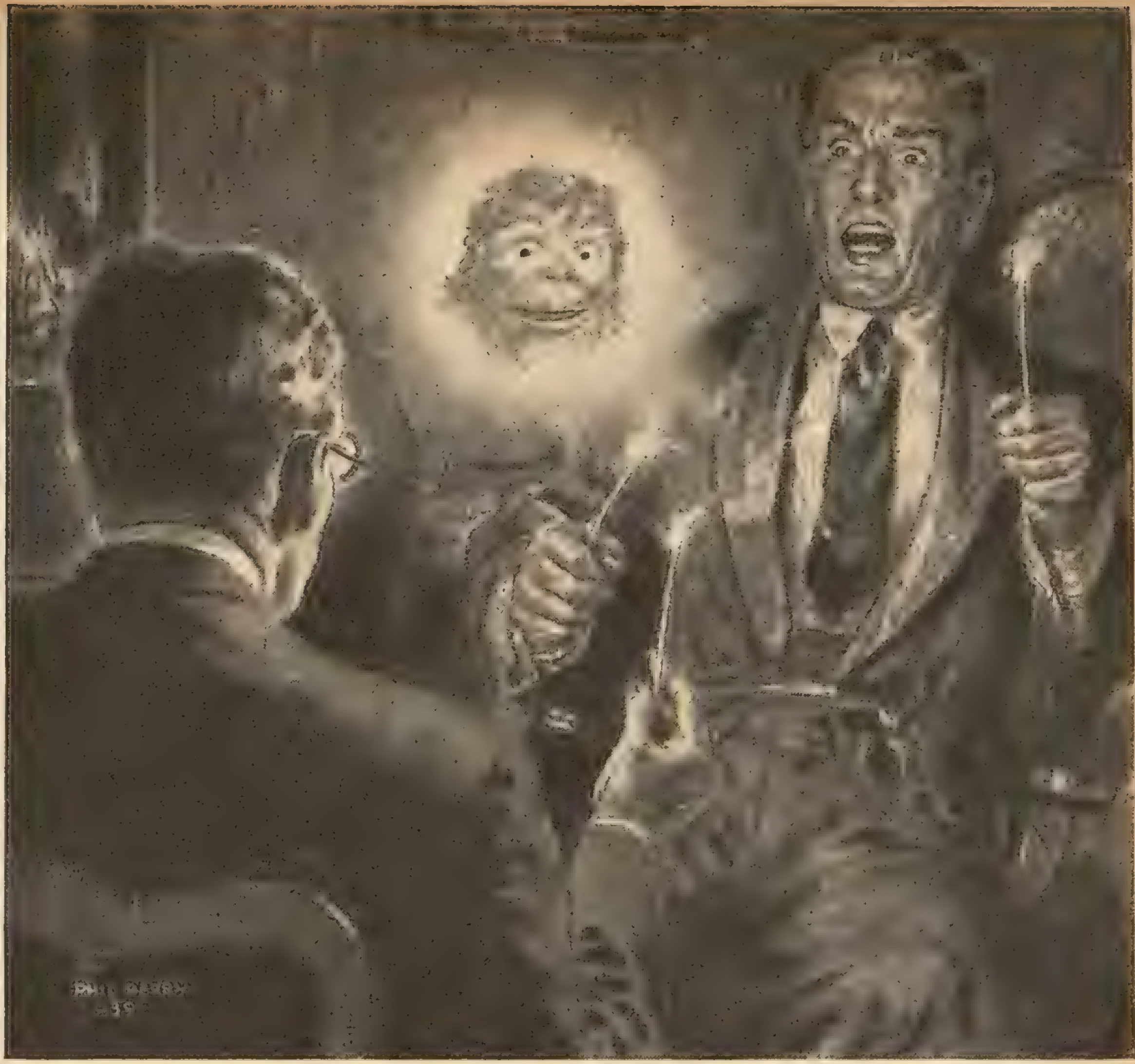
Eric turned away from her with an almost pitying shake of his head. He went back to the window. Something in his attitude kept her inarticulate, waiting in terror for another blow. . . . And it came.

"I've already found out about the courts," he assured her. "If I join the Party and enroll Ricky as a candidate for the Jungvolk, no Nazi judge is going to award him to you. They won't let you take a German boy out of the country. I've talked to two lawyers and I know what I'm saying. . . . I'm sorry. I hoped it wouldn't hurt you so much. But that's one thing on which I absolutely refuse to argue. Ricky stays with me!"

Is Carol going to lose her little boy to the Nazis? And her husband to Freda? Will no hand be raised to defend her from this double outrage? Tremendous and unexpected forces are let loose as the heart-gripping drama comes to a fateful close in next week's Liberty.

I AM A
Psychic
DETECTIVE

THE INCUBUS



The cloud swung around and I saw distinctly the dark hairy head he had described to me.

The strange chronicle of a ghost's Waterloo. Is this beyond belief?

BY HORACE LEAF, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Mr. Leaf is not only a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society but a scientific psychical research worker in good standing and the chosen successor of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in that field. There can be no doubt about his sincerity in telling these ghost stories; he is sure that they are true, though he is always aware that you probably won't believe him. What do you make of them? Can it be, do you suppose, that they represent a real, almost unexplored realm of supernormal psychical phenomena?

OF all a professional ghost layer's critics, none is so severe as the average doctor.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when a note came to me from my old schoolfellow, Dr. Stanley Thwaites, the famous Harley Street nerve specialist:

> With this I am sending you my patient, Major C. Eversleigh Calthrop, V. C., O. B. E., late of the 7th Fusiliers. I have been treating him for delusions, but the incisions in his flesh are—well, I do not know what to think they are. Perhaps he is more in your line than he is in mine. Anyhow, better have a look at him.
>
> Yours skeptically,
>
> STANLEY THWAITES.

"Show the Major in," I said.

I confess I was surprised. For Eversleigh Calthrop was not the type one would suspect of thinking he saw ghosts. Tall, erect, broad-shouldered, India-tanned, he was the picture of all that a retired military man of fifty-five should look and be.

"Thwaites is the one who is having delusions," I thought to myself.

On closer inspection, however, the Major betrayed unmistakable signs of severe nervous strain. There was no doubt about it: this once doughty soldier, who had acquitted himself with distinction in the guerrilla warfare of the Far East and who had won his Victoria Cross in the dark days on the western front, was badly frightened.

He had lived since his retirement at Richmond on Thames, in a quiet respectable inn. Life had moved serenely for him and for its other occupants, gentlefolk like himself, until the previous year, when they had been joined by a new lodger, very rich, very ignorant, very old, and so dirty and malodorous that they finally served notice on the proprietor that the newcomer must go.

The old man went, but not without vowing vengeance on Major Calthrop, whom he had singled out, probably with justice, as the ringleader of the movement against him. A few days later, the angry old man committed suicide. That was seven months before this visit.

Of those months, the Major now told me his story. He would no sooner turn out the light, he said, and get into bed than he would be aware of a great staring evil eye peering insolently down at him out of the darkness. Each night it grew bigger, more malicious; yet always it was the eye of the dirty old man. At first, if he closed his eyes, he shut it out. Later on he seemed to see it whether he closed his eyes or not. He could not escape.

One night, lying there in a cold sweat with his evil eye upon him, he thought he observed an eerie white mist revolving rapidly close to his chest. At the same moment he felt a curious drawing sensation about his heart, as if energy were being sucked out of him.

"Every night after that," he whispered, "the cloud appeared. Then suddenly, one night, the cloud burst, and out of it peered the head of a human ape."

He covered his eyes with his hands.

"Was there any resemblance," I prompted, "to the former lodger?"

"That's it, Mr. Leaf, that's it!" he almost shouted. "It was an ape—but it was the old man!"

One night he woke to find, to his horror, that the creature was in bed with him. With the strength of desperation, he pummeled and kicked it until it seemed to fade away into nothingness. But night after night it returned. Finally it brought along a sickly white animal resembling a small bear, which seemed to have no body, only a head and a large mouth.

In my professional experience I had heard many weird tales, but none which so taxed credulity as this. The man's obvious sincerity, however, as well as his reputation as an officer and a gentleman, precluded the possibility that he was trying to hoax the doctor and me. There seemed, therefore, to be only one plausible explanation: Major Calthrop was insane.

He must have read my thoughts, for he hastily bared his neck and chest and revealed the small red marks which had so puzzled Thwaites. There was no doubt that they had been caused by sharp teeth.

Was it possible that I had to deal, not with a mere ghost, but with some ghostly vampire?

"Any other evidence of this character?" I asked.

"Yes, but not here. I should be glad to show you footprints, if you care to come to the inn."

"At what hour do these apparitions appear?"

"About eleven o'clock."

"I will come tonight before eleven," I assured him.

THE situation was alarmingly complicated by my doubt as to the Major's sanity. To be sure, he had not dreamed those marks on his neck and shoulders; but he might have acquired them in some way not at all connected with such apparitions as he described. I did not fear ghosts, even human apes with hair all over their faces and bodiless white bears, half so much as I did a crazy man who might leap at me in the dark and destroy me in his mad frenzy.

Altogether, my ride to Richmond in a taxicab was attended with forebodings. Major Calthrop was waiting for me on the steps of the inn. In the dim light of the porch lamps, the ravages of fear and despair were deeply written on his twitching face.

The house itself, however, was unexpectedly reassuring, entirely matter-of-fact. There was nothing unusual, either, about the stairway up which the Major led me. His room was not exactly cheerful, but its stiff spick-and-spanness was no setting for horrendous doings.

My doubt of the man's sanity was growing at every step. Then my eyes caught the ghostly imprints of which he had spoken. They were very faint. A casual glance would not have distinguished them from the pattern of the wallpaper. But there were literally hundreds of these pawlike marks, with distinct five-toe impressions. They were especially numerous on the wall at the head of his bed. Several of them, apparently the most recently made, were covered with a dark red substance which I was able to scratch off with my finger.

"My blood," the Major said simply.

"Do these creatures attack you only in bed?" I asked.

"At first that was so. Now they follow me all over the room."

"That being the case, Major, I will ask you to sit here."

I drew a straight-backed chair to the center of the floor. Then I drew from my briefcase several ordinary Chinese joss sticks. Two of these I lighted and handed to my host, who had silently taken his position as instructed.

"You will please hold one in each hand," I said.

Without question he obeyed. Whereupon I pulled the heavy window drapes and plunged the room into darkness. Then I groped my way to a seat against the wall near the electric-light switch.

The joss sticks were for defense against the Major, not against ghosts. If he was indeed a madman, he might attack me in the dark. So long as he held the lighted sticks in his hands, I would be sure of his whereabouts. If he dropped them, I could turn on the light.

For a long time we sat thus. Then he whispered:

"Do you see anything?"

"No," I said.

"You will. I feel that sensation I told you about."

You will have to take my word for it that everything else I tell from now on is exactly as I saw and heard and experienced it. A dim phosphorescent cloud seemed to form between us. At first it was small and swirling and near the Major's breast, but it rapidly grew larger.

"You see that?"

I did not have time to answer. Even as he spoke, the cloud swung suddenly around and I saw distinctly the dark hairy head he had described to me.

The joss sticks in the Major's hands were trembling now. Suddenly he dropped them and sprang to his feet with a blood-chilling shriek.

Next moment he was upon me. I thought he had lost his reason and was attacking me. Then I saw all too clearly the cause of his distress. Towering over us was the figure of a stout old man. One coarse dirty hand was clenched in a gesture of hatred. The other brandished a thick walking stick. The face—and this was the most terrifying thing of all—was the face of the giant ape that had sprung from the cloud.

"Save me! Save me! This time he will kill me!"

As the Major spoke, the horrific creature deliberately raised its cudgel and brought it down in the direction of his head. I turned on the light.

The threat seemed so real, the peril so imminent, that I expected to hear the crash of the club on the Major's skull, but I heard nothing; and if he felt anything, he gave no sign. He made no effort to move from the position into which he had flung himself. His arms were rigid around my neck, his body a dead weight. He was whimpering like a frightened baby.

Finally I roused him. The apparition had disappeared with the turning on of the electric light, but it was evidently still in the room. We both heard dull thuds like the thumping of a heavy stick on the floor.

In spite of these portentous sounds, however, the soldier in Eversleigh Calthrop soon reasserted himself. We picked up our joss sticks and prepared for our second vigil.

This was to be brief. I had no sooner switched off the light than I felt something soft brush against my left leg, and heard what seemed like a small soft body squirming slowly across the room in the direction of the hapless Major, who seemed to have lost consciousness. Leaning forward to rouse him again, I was startled to hear a low growl. In the glow from the fallen joss sticks I distinctly saw the shadowy form of a small shapeless slimy white animal, about to spring.

I don't mind saying I was at my wits' end. What should I do? The Major settled the question by leaping to his feet with a scream of pain. I could hear him staggering around the room like a drunken man. Then he lurched heavily against me—and we fell together to the floor.

Freeing my right arm, I ran my hand over his body until I felt the slimy pelt of a small hairy animal with its face buried in his neck. There was no question now about the ghost's having materialized in the loathsome form of a deadly vampire.

It was out of the question for me to rise and find the electric switch. The heavy body of the Major had fallen on my left arm and pinned my whole left side to the floor. But I was prepared for just such an emergency.

FROM my pocket I pulled a small electric torch. Pressing the button, I turned its light full strength on the head of the incubus. The creature let go its hold on the Major's neck and swung around on me. But the bright light proved too much for it. With one growl, it fell to the floor, where it disintegrated and left no sign of its visible existence.

At this point there came a loud and peremptory knocking on the bedroom door. The effect on the Major was immediate. Once more he won my admiration by getting up manfully and walking resolutely to the door.

Outside, backed by a half dozen badly frightened guests, stood an angry—and also frightened—proprietor. To his demands for an explanation of the uproar, my good Major replied with dignity and poise, and not a little ingenuity, that we had been "rehearsing a play."

It took me six weeks to lay the ghost. During all of that time I spent part of every night in the room where first he and then he and I together had had the encounters with his strange and terrifying guests. The reason for the long delay was a simple one. I couldn't persuade the spirit of the vindictive old man to go away until I could show him that his victim no longer feared him, and that vengeance was no longer his.

Another of his strange experiences as a psychic detective will be laid before you by Mr. Leaf next week.

Hollywood Lights the Temple

Sans make-up (the first to do it thus) our Shirley emerges in color in a tale of days when Lord Fauntleroy was famous

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ★ ½ THE LITTLE PRINCESS

THE PLAYERS: Shirley Temple, Richard Greene, Anita Louise, Ian Hunter, Cesar Romero, Arthur Treacher, Mary Nash, Sybil Jason, Miles Mander, Marcia Mae Jones, Beryl Mercer, Deidre Gale, Ira Stevens, E. E. Clive, Eily Malyon, Clyde Cook, Keith Kenneth, Kenneth Hunter, Lionel Braham. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Walter Ferris from a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Directed by Walter Lang. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 94 minutes.

Anita Louise, Shirley Temple, and Richard Greene in The Little Princess.

MAYBE you belong to the graying generation of men whose boyhood was made miserable by Frances Hodgson Burnett. She wrote of that paragon of virtue in lacy collars and velvet breeches, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and thousands of boys were dressed like him and told to ape his model manners. To them the author became a nightmare figure.

This story of London in the days when Her Majesty Queen Victoria was taming the stubborn Boers, is almost as dated.

Monarchy rode safely in the saddle in those golden days, the garrison at Mafeking was relieved, and the world cheered. Yes, life was simple then.

One of those stalwart British officers, off for South Africa, puts his little girl in Miss Minchin's Polite School for Girls. Comes news of his death.

The mercenary Miss Minchin shoves the Little Princess up to a cold garret closet where only the kitchen slavey befriends her. The student snobs turn up their noses at our grief-stricken heroine.

But the brave Little Princess never gives up believing that her father will come back.

It is all shot in technicolor and, for good measure, Hollywood has dropped in a lavish (and over-ornate) ballet to indicate one of the Little Princess' hungry garret dreams. But who am I to cavil at a Shirley Temple spectacle?

Miss Temple is properly expert as the Little Princess and should make a vast appeal to her great public. I suspect this public is really adult. I know that my favorite little boy—who is just ten—adores La Henie rather than Miss Temple. But that's that.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Shirley's first adventure with technicolor and they found it best to use no make-up at all except where the Little Princess looks wan and worried. Those pink cheeks elsewhere are authentic. First star to ever tech without make-up. . . . Speaking of odd jobs, as we weren't, there's William Mathiesen. He supplies bagpipe players and he's very busy, the way British troops have been marching recently around Khyber Pass—in Hollywood. He has fifty skirlers on call, all born north of the Clyde. They get ten dollars an hour to play, twenty-five a day to march and act. . . . Another specialist on the production was Captain Arthur Roberts, late of the Eleventh English Lancers. He taught snatches of Hindustani to Shirley, Cesar Romero, and the macaw. The macaw bit Romero, three stitches. Cesar said things, but not in Hindustani. . . . Arleen Whelan was the first scheduled for the role filled by Anita Louise, who, for all her slenderness, had to rest between scenes, what with the tight corsets, bustles, and hip pads of 1899. . . . Miles Mander was one of the earliest flyers, a friend of Claude Grahame-White. They pioneered in England, building the first airdrome at Hendon. Mander flew in the Gordon Bennett Cup race of 1910, was a war ace, turned to the theater later. Now he never flies. . . . Technicolor presents odd color problems. No true yellow can be used, as it sticks out from the screen like a sore thumb. You can't see the acting for the yellow. So the straw around Shirley's pony in the film had to be dyed a dead green. When pools are built on sound stages the water has to be dyed blue. Otherwise you'd note the absence of the usual sky reflection. Since Shirley works only in the daytime, $3,000 worth of black cloth turned day into night for the London street scenes. . . . Production, the nineteenth of the Temple career, cost $1,500,000, ran twenty days over schedule. . . . When the school party blew up in the film, the children really had a party, given by Shirley and her mama, in the studio's Café de Paris. Ice cream and cake for all. . . . This film was made around Xmastime, while Shirley was busy shipping 10,000 holiday cards to her Australian admirers. She's an idol there, too.

★ ★ ★ LET FREEDOM RING

THE PLAYERS: Nelson Eddy, Virginia Bruce, Victor McLaglen, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Charles Butterworth, H. B. Warner, Raymond Walburn, Dick Rich, Trevor Bardette, George F. Hayes, Louis Jean Heydt, Sarah Padden, Eddie Dunn, C. E. Anderson. Original story and screen play by Ben Hecht. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 85 minutes.

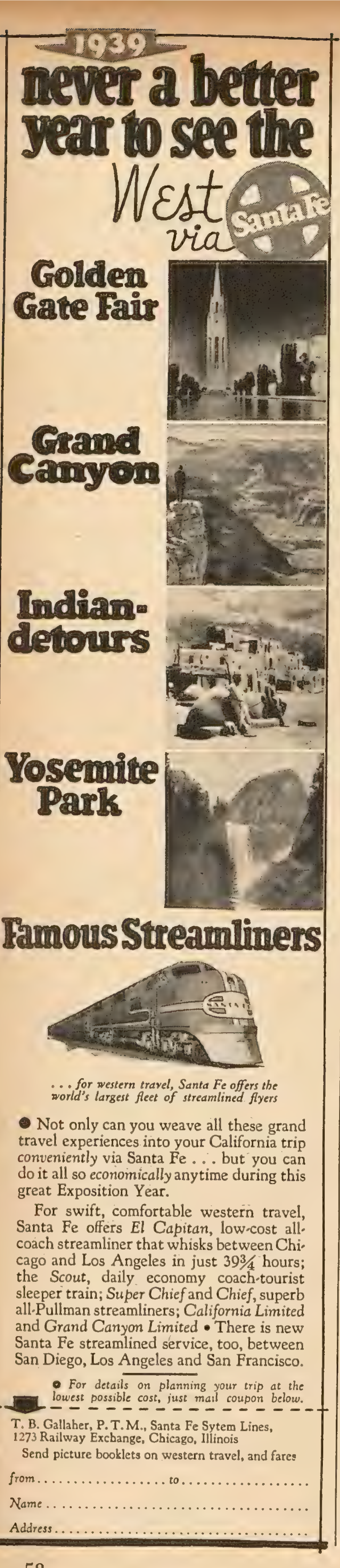
THIS is a song recital by Nelson Eddy with a story background. Period, 1868.

The yarn presents very much the same set of circumstances that cinematically made a bad man of Jesse James. It's that ol' devil railroad again. But it makes a good man of Nelson.

The railroad scoundrels—backed by their gang of hoodlums—are making their way through peaceful farming country, buying up land at a few cents an acre where they can, burning houses and seizing property where the owners resist. Nelson Eddy, as a farmer's son who has been graduated from Harvard, comes back to lead the embattled farmers against the cutthroats. The events are frequently melodramatic, in fact one character chuckles that "It's worse than East Lynne." Mr. Hecht must have had his tongue in his cheek when he composed this opus.

Mr. Eddy isn't exactly believable as the hard-fisted Harvard lad who worsts Victor McLaglen (as tough a railway foreman as ever came out of Hollywood) in fist-to-fist battle. But he sings — everything from Home, Sweet Home to My Country, 'Tis of Thee. Even with the national anthem, this is far from Eddy's best picture. It's hokum plus.

VITAL STATISTICS: This had several preliminary titles. It was first called The Song of the West, then The Dust Road. . . . Lionel Barrymore limps through the film as Eddy's pioneer dad. Oddly enough, it was a Western, date 1922, called Boomerang Bill, that started all of Barrymore's trouble. A horse kicked him, breaking a kneecap. This is Barrymore's thirtieth year in films. He started with D. W. Griffith in 1909. . . . Jimmy Durante was first considered for the role of saloon pianist, but Charlie Butterworth got it. . . . When the call went out for homely gents to play the railroad hoodlums, you should have seen the casting office! Finally seventy-five were selected. . . . If you look close you'll see Luis Alberni, Billy


1939

never a better year to see the West via Santa Fe

Golden Gate Fair

Grand Canyon

Indian-detours

Yosemite Park

Famous Streamliners

. . . for western travel, Santa Fe offers the world's largest fleet of streamlined flyers

● Not only can you weave all these grand travel experiences into your California trip *conveniently* via Santa Fe . . . but you can do it all so *economically* anytime during this great Exposition Year.

For swift, comfortable western travel, Santa Fe offers *El Capitan,* low-cost all-coach streamliner that whisks between Chicago and Los Angeles in just 39¾ hours; the *Scout,* daily economy coach-tourist sleeper train; *Super Chief* and *Chief,* superb all-Pullman streamliners; *California Limited* and *Grand Canyon Limited* ● There is new Santa Fe streamlined service, too, between San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco.

● For details on planning your trip at the lowest possible cost, just mail coupon below.

T. B. Gallaher, P. T. M., Santa Fe Sytem Lines,
1273 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Illinois
Send picture booklets on western travel, and fares

from . . . . to . . . .

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

Bevan, Constantin Romanoff, Vic Potel, Tenen Holtz. And there are four members of Barrymore's Captains Courageous crew: Francis X. Bushman, Jr., William Fischer, David Wengren, and Philo McCullough. . . . Nelson Eddy left on a concert tour of thirty cities after this film. It ran all the way to Havana and brings him back to Hollywood on May 1. . . . During the shooting of one scene Vic McLaglen had to drink seventeen sixteen-ounce schooners of beer—really cider with a seltzer tablet or two. A little groggy at the finish, but he wouldn't quit. . . . Director Jack Conway wanted to puzzle folks, so he put both Raymond Walburn and Guy Kibbee in the same film. They're always being mistaken for each other. . . . Virginia Bruce once was in the chorus of Fred Astaire's Smiles, on Broadway. Those were the days!

★ ★ ½ WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, Warner Baxter, Binnie Barnes, Cesar Romero, George Barbier, J. Edward Bromberg, Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Ruth Terry, Alice Armand, Iva Stewart, Dorothy Dearing, Helen Ericson, Kay Griffith, Harry Rosenthal, Edward Cooper, Rene Riano, Lawrence Grant, Charles Williams, Howard Hickman, George Irving, Harry Hayden.

The weekly $10 prize for reviews covered in the February 25 issue of Liberty has been awarded to Thom Gaskell, 198 Jay Street, Albany, New York, for his review of The Three Musketeers.

Screen play by Nunnally Johnson based on a story by James M. Cain. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 75 minutes.

THIS pleasant fabrication of married life has its amusing qualities. Don't be frightened of the title or the story. It seems that once upon a time there was a self-made man, a building contractor, who loved his wife completely. But she, like her mother before her, is bitten by the singing bug. To cure her, he presents his better half in a concert. But that, alas, is the worst thing. Now she *must* sing. What does he do? Up to now a bathroom tenor, he suddenly finds that he has a voice too, and he starts out to best her at her own game.

Maybe it's amusing because Warner Baxter and Loretta Young are pleasant performers, nicely aided by Binnie Barnes. Altogether, this is not hilarious—but you could do much worse of an evening.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is comedian Gregory Ratoff's third directorial effort. He finished it six days under schedule. . . . It's one of Loretta Young's last for Fox. She's going on sabbatical leave, probably to Europe. . . . George Barbier celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on the set. Cake with seventy-five candles, heat terrific. Born in Philly, Barbier started as a page boy at fourteen. Has been in 1,000 stage roles, sixty movie parts. Has played innumerable fathers, never been one in real life. . . . Ed Bromberg carries a pocket chess set; played with the wardrobe man between scenes. . . . The property man on this film was Count Phil de Esco, only titled prop man in the maddest town in the world. Born in Rumania, has been in film work for years—eleven years with Norma Talmadge, several with Valentino. . . . Binnie Barnes and Loretta Young worried all through the picture about the forest fires that threatened their houses just then. . . . Ben Hecht, by the way, picked Binnie to be trap drummer in his comedy band of Hollywood notables. . . . That's Vladimir Bakaleinikoff who conducts in the opera scenes. Once was a conductor at the Imperial Opera in old Russia. Has the authentic baton swing. . . . They say that Loretta really knocked Warner Baxter cold accidentally in that boudoir scrimmage, shouted into an imaginary mike, "It was a great fight, mom. I'll be right home." We have our doubt, though. Yeah, just a skeptic.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, Made for Each Other, That Certain Age, The Sisters, You Can't Take It with You.

★★★½—The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James, Gunga Din, Walt Disney's Shorts, Sweethearts, If I Were King, The Great Waltz, Men with Wings, Spawn of the North, Angels with Dirty Faces, The Lady Vanishes, Four Daughters.

★★★—Yes, My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each Other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man, The Beachcomber, Pacific Liner, Zaza, Tail Spin, Kentucky, Stand Up and Fight, Pygmalion, The Great Man Votes, Christmas Carol, Trade Winds, Dawn Patrol, Out West with the Hardys, Submarine Patrol, Dramatic School, Just Around the Corner, The Shining Hour, Sixty Glorious Years, The Cowboy and the Lady, Gangster's Boy, Brother Rat, Suez, The Arkansas Traveler, Mr. Wong Detective, There Goes My Heart, Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

By Oliver Swift

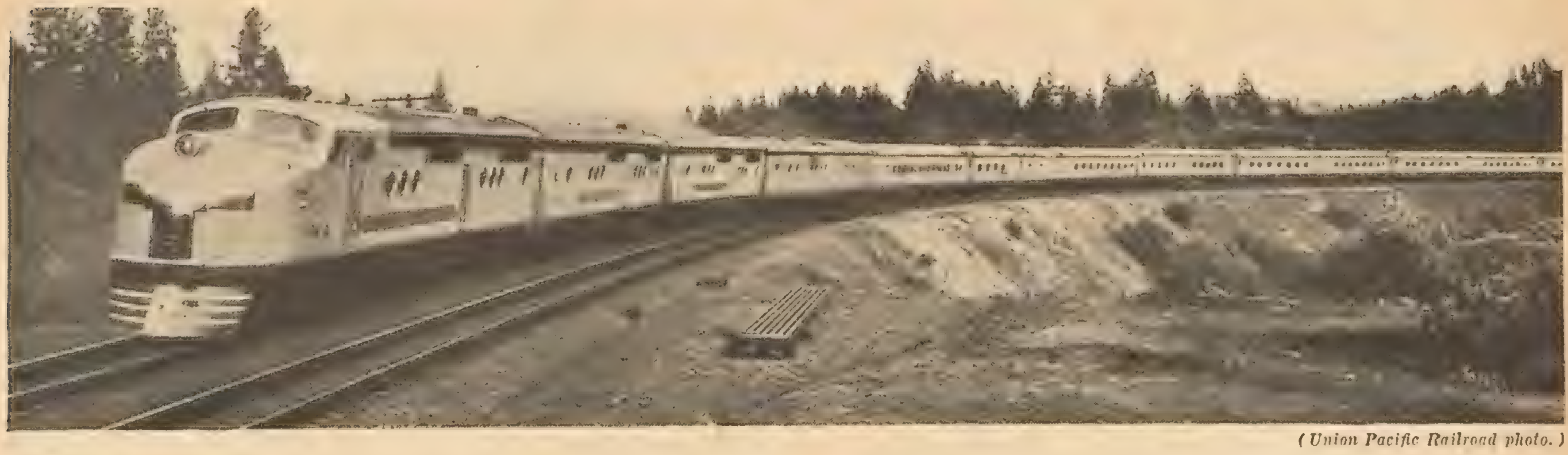
★ ★ ★ **THE WEDDING,** by Grace Lumpkin. Lee Furman, Inc.

Twenty-four hours in the life of a bride, portrayed with limpid simplicity to make an American picture each reader can match from individual experience.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 20

1—Thomas Alva Edison.
2—None.
3—A hot drink, prepared from port wine, water, lemons, sugar, and nutmeg.
4—1898.
5—Pompeii.
6—Pneumonia.
7—Indiana.
8—Dave Elman.
9—If any of the three, an optimist—since there is a blind spot in every normal human eye.
10—The Shrew.
11—Oak Park, Illinois.
12—Signora; signorina.
13—Theodore Roosevelt.
14—A fish.
15—Nellie Melba.
16—George Bernard Shaw.
17—The highest mountain in Great Britain.
18—Asbestos.
19—Five and a half yards.
20—Hervey Allen

Speed to Vacationland via a Liberty Travel Prize!


(Union Pacific Railroad photo.)

YOUR chance to win one of Liberty's vacation prizes is excellent, even though you missed last week's initial coupon. You can start right from this page now, with every opportunity to score. Read the brief rules carefully so that you understand what is required and then solve the jumbles on Coupon 2. Do not, however, send the coupon yet. Wait until you have a complete set of ten at the end of the game. Now to make up lost ground.

Reprints of Coupon No. 1 are available for those who failed to save it. Write to the address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. With the solution of this set of jumbles your entry will be even with the field. Coupon 3 will be published next week in Liberty.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated June 3, 1939, Liberty will publish an official coupon containing a list of jumbled names. Each of these, when you have arranged the letters in correct order, will form the name of a well known North American vacation resort. Example NOTADAY=DAYTONA. "The" will not be included in jumbles except when it appears between two words in a compound name. "Lake" will be included in jumbles when it is a definite part of a name, as Lake Louise.

2. To compete, use the official coupons and list the solution for each jumble in the space provided therefor.

3. When you have solved all ten lists of jumbles, write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining "Where I would best like to spend my vacation, and why." This statement must accompany and be a part of your entry.

4. Entries will be rated on correctness of solutions and clearness and convincingness of the accompanying statement, and the twenty highest entries on this basis will each be awarded $100 for vacation travel, Pullman, hotel, and other accommodations. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. All coupons must be submitted as a unit at the end of the contest, together with the statement. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best. All winning entries will become the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc., for reproduction wherever desired.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to Jumbled Vacation Resorts Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. All entries must be received on or before June 7, 1939, the closing date of this contest.

(Detroit Convention Bureau photo.)
A beach on Lake Huron.

(Penn. State Publicity Commission.)
Halfway State Park, near Lock Haven.

(Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. photo.)
Indian Bake Oven, New Mexico.

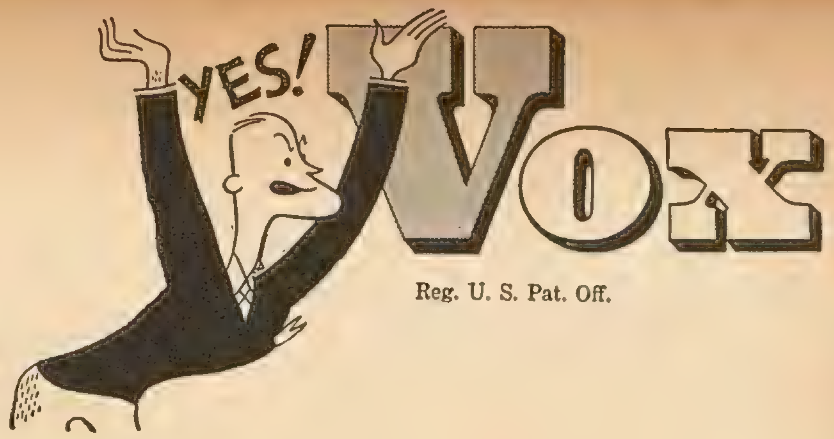
(North Carolina State photo.)
Famous Blowing Rock, Blue Ridge.

(Oregon State Highway Dept. photo.)
Rainbow trout from Diamond Lake.

No. 2 . . . USE THIS OFFICIAL COUPON

JUMBLE SOLUTION

1. ROANEK ....
2. KANCAMIC ....
3. NIPESTHUR ....
4. TUNECKANT ....
5. LENTDONEP ....
6. LENTHACROS ....
7. BADCLINKOLS ....
8. SPARKURABY ....
9. CABUSEMALASH ....
10. NOTAPUTHMOS ....



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BATTLE OF EYE DOCTORS

Westminster, Md.—At the time of the enactment of our optometric laws, the most that could be obtained in optometric education varied all the way from apprenticeship under a practicing optometrist to two years in a college teaching optometry. Today all optometric courses in Grade A schools are four years, consisting of at least four thousand hours; the State Boards of the several states do not recognize graduates from any other than first-class schools. Just imagine! Four thousand hours spent on the study of the eye and related subjects, including practical work in the clinics! *And the medical schools devote no more time to the study of the eye today than they did thirty-seven years ago when the first optometric law was passed. Which is to say, not more than seventy-five hours are spent on the study of the eye* in any of our medical colleges.

The optometrists do not fear the competition of the ophthalmologist, incompetent in refraction, any more than the capable lawyers fear the shysters in their profession. But that is not the end of the story, and here is the crux of the whole tale. The ophthalmologists, by using the prestige of the medical profession, have managed to blind private organizations, states, and even the national government to the worth and qualifications of optometry, apparently feeling, in their bigotry, that optometric qualifications are even less than their own!

Incidentally, the writer does not condone in any way the practice of optometry as conducted by lay corporations such as jewelry stores, department stores, etc. It is his firm conviction that these places are the incubator of the idea that " everybody is sold a pair of glasses, whether he needs them or not."

Very soon the United States government is going to enact legislation setting in force socialized medicine. Whether the A. M. A. likes it or not, this will and rightly should come to pass. It will affect mainly those people of the income brackets who compose 90 per cent of our population. Optometry feels that this should be done and is willing to support such a program, but optometry is not going to stand supinely by and see the legislation enacted by the federal government deny to the people the right to select the type of practitioner who shall examine their eyes. That is exactly what the medical profession is trying to do when it wields its influence to have optometrists excluded from the provisions of the act creating socialized medicine boards. Naturally, the various state laws will have to conform to the federal parent law, and that will mean that there will be total exclusion of the optometrists by the states that have already recognized their right to practice their profession.

The questions involved are these: Should any legislation be passed that deprives the members of a recognized profession of their livelihood? Should the various governments deny the right of any citizen to decide who is to examine his eyes? And, if the answer to this is affirmative, should the governments specify an incompetent group when a competent one is standing ready to aid them? —*Edward E. Herold, O. D.*

LESS LIKE AESOP?

Tarentum, Pa. — May I suggest that something be done to have lines 28 to 36 of Mr. Macfadden's editorial, Shall We Be Forced into War by Reckless Officials? (January 28 Liberty) incorporated into the Constitution of the United States as " a creed for American gentlemen "?

When Mr. de Mille wrote Hollywood Thanks Hitler (February 11 Liberty) is it possible that it would have sounded less like the Aesop fable of the fox and the grapes if he had read that editorial first? Isn't it true that in a way he is also an " official "?—*Joe.*

MINER'S GOB

Paris, Ark.—The February 11 Vox Pop contained a letter on the origin of the word gob. I was born and reared near and am now employed in a coal mine. As far back as I can remember, the word gob was used by miners to mean the dirt, sulphur, and refuse thrown behind them as they mined the vein of coal.

The reference to a sailor as a gob may have come from the coal mines. I believe this angle would stand investigation.—*Karl Glass.*

BECKER WAS FRAMED

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Liberty should be commended for giving the public the truth in the case of Lieutenant Charles Becker, who was executed for the murder of Herman Rosenthal. Becker worked for me as an investigator when I was attached to the staff of District Attorney William Travers Jerome in 1902-1907.

I was aware of the fact that the execution of Becker was a frame-up. I got the inside story in this case from one of Whitman's assistants whom I had known for years. Tom Osborne, the warden of Sing Sing Prison at the time of Becker's death, served with me in the navy during the war. He at that time was warden of the Naval Prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He told me that Becker had been framed, and that some time some one would confess to this crime. I hope that some day Liberty may be able to dig up and publish the truth in the Lindbergh-Hauptmann case. — *Thomas F. Rice.*

SHE IS A HE

Erskine, Minn. — Why don't you co-ordinate the various departments of Liberty?

So far, no one is supposed to know whether Beverly Hills is of the male or female sex or cut out of a good piece of pine lumber. But, lo and behold, on page 56 of January 28 Liberty the cartoon in the upper right-hand corner plus its explanation underneath gives away your little secret. This proves that *she* is a *he.* —*Sherlock.*

CONSISTENTLY DONE

Richmond, Va. — Among Liberty's paramount claims is the willingness to present both sides of every question. And who can deny that this is consistently done?

So, Mr. Frederick Lewis' attempt to enhance the achievements of Jimmy Roosevelt (February 18 Liberty) is so ridiculous it becomes interestingly preposterous or vice versa, whichever you please. He is a good salesman, yes. An Eskimo would buy an electric fan from a son of the President of the United States.

The statement that he is on speaking terms with big business men surely is as true as the implication that he possesses important federal contacts. Mr. Goldwyn is not paying out $50,000 per annum for nothing. As for brains: when, where, or how has young Roosevelt had an opportunity to display any? He doesn't need brains.—*John H. Norvell.*

CORSET FOR BAY WINDOW

St. Charles, Ill. — Some one wrote to the effect that in a few years men would be wearing corsets (December 24 Vox Pop). Now, I don't know if she was serious or only kidding, but the more I think about it the more it strikes me as a good idea.

I am one of these men who are not by any means fat, but I do have quite a " bay window," regardless of my efforts to get rid of same. I would be one of the first to take up wearing a corset, if

one were made for this purpose. I believe one could readily become accustomed to what slight discomfort there would be.

I hope some manufacturer goes into the matter, as I would like to have more of a streamlined figure than I now have.—*L. N.*

FROM DAVID LUBIN'S SON

San Francisco, Calif.—Mr. Wells in The Future of the Jews (December 24 Liberty) mentions in the highest terms my father, the late David Lubin.

His solution to "forget they are Jews and remember that they are men" is no solution at all. This is the same as saying that Jews should "ditch" their ideals that justice is right, and accept the pagan ideals of the butcher dictators. No, thank God; those of the Jewish religion can't do that, just the same as Christ couldn't.

No, the accepted traditions of the Jews is not nonsense. It was Jews, through Moses, Christ, and the other prophets, who gave to the world practically all the ideals that we now call civilization, and which the butcher dictators are now trying so hard to kill for their own selfish interests.

True, "the future of the Jews is like the future of the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, English, Germans, and Russians—and that is, common humanity in one large and varied world order." But to attain this may mean the overthrow of the dictators by the democracies. I don't know the answer.

Please permit me to quote from a letter written by my father, David Lubin, to Mr. H. G. Wells, dated November 4, 1916:

"Did it ever strike you that the 'underdog' may have something to say, and perhaps in the near future, that may set a thing or two straight? Oh, no; how could you think of such a thing, for in common with all the sons of Esau you have a big stick for the 'underdog,' and this Esau crowd have been so busy spitting and cursing and burning and despising and hooting that they have gotten to believe it all. But never mind. Some day they will be treated to a surprise party, and they will know better."—*Jess I. Lubin.*

WHY HE BEAT HIS WIFE

Southend, Eng.—Arrested for beating his wife, a man here blamed American movies. "The films have Americanized my wife," he declared. "She calls me 'big boy,' and when I tell her to do anything she says, 'O. K., Chief.'"—*Harry Sampson.*

FIRST JUNIOR POLICE

Denver, Colo.—Your wonderful magazine carried an article by the police commissioner of Boston, Massachusetts, telling how he had formed a junior police corps in October, 1938, and gave the impression that he was the originator of this movement. (February 4 Liberty.) Now, we, the Denver police, organized the *first* unit of this kind in the United States in June, 1937.

We have gone the Boston outfit one better and have all of our boys in regulation uniforms, and one hundred of them play band instruments.

I think that the field is large enough for every city in the country to have junior police, and I am willing to assist any P. D. in organizing such a group. After nearly two years' experience I feel that I am qualified. — *Sergeant Walter T. Heath.*

PICK THEIR HERO

Louisville, Ky.—In your roster of brave deeds in February 4 Liberty, we think that the article about the Rev. J. E. Barbee is the best—and that he is deserving of your Gold Medal for Valor in Citizenship.—*Mrs. E. M. Salin; Mrs. B. N. Grosvenor; Mrs. John Meadows.*

AWAKENING AMERICANS

Atlanta, Ga.—Permit me to thank you for the copies of reprints from Liberty titled What the Dies Committee Overlooked.

I have handed most of these copies to a young lawyer friend, and several copies to others, where I hope it will result in awakening true Americans to the menace in our midst.

I sincerely hope we can wake up before it is too late. I agree with the ideas expressed in Part Three, where it says:

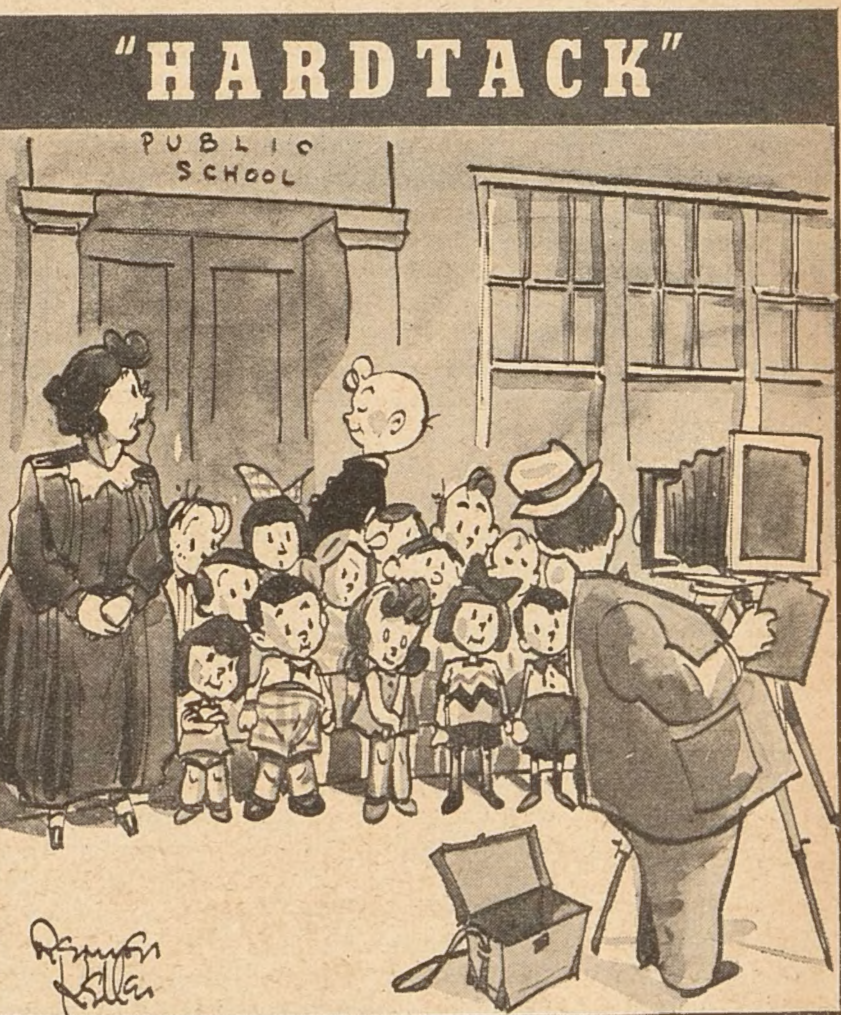
"Few of these zealous young people realize they are being used as shock troops for Karl Marx and Stalin. Many, Hoffman admits, if they knew the truth, would spurn an alliance with such an undemocratic organization as the Youth Congress." I believe that is true, and when the time comes, they will prove that they are true Americans. Of course there are many who will not.—*Mrs. Nellie N. Edwards.*

THOSE 2 COWS AGAIN!

Oswego, Ore.—Just to complete the unfinished composition "alleged" to have been written by a "Western" man by Dolly K. Yancey (February 4 Vox Pop):

Conservatism: If you have 2 cows, you bilk your neighbor out of his 2 cows so you may have 4 cows; you milk them all and set the milk away in crocks. You neither sell the milk, give it away, nor use it. Soon it smells to high heaven, and that is known as malodorous politics or Conservative Republicanism!

Tell the dolorous Dolly that such pseudo-philosophy is known in the West as hillbillyism.—*S. W. Riley.*



"Never mind your profile, Hardtack; just face the camera."

From a Disguested but Respectful Lady

FULTON OURSLER

FROM HELEN Robison of St. Louis, Missouri, comes the following:

I am getting MIGHTY sick and tired of receiving rejection slips from your magazine. For eleven years now I have been submitting manuscripts to you; for eleven years I have been receiving rejection slips. I'm warning you: I've just about lost my patience!

It does seem to me that your magazine could at least express their gratitude to some of us old-timers for our undying efforts, by slightly changing the tune of the proverbial PLEASE ACCEPT OUR THANKS — etc. — bla—bla—, to something which would be a little less irritating to our fractured nerves.

For instance, I think it would be only fair and decent for Liberty Magazine to issue to all of us who have been crazy enough to hang on for ten years or longer, a lifetime rejection slip. My suggestion would be one which we could frame. Probably a nice portrait of an editor's snarling lips — gritted teeth showing. Then when we poor devils receive our returned and unavailable manuscript, we could save our fast ebbing strength by not having to open the envelope; we could just raise our soleful (sic) eyes to the wall and inertly drop the unwanted material into the nearest ash can.

Better still, you might try running a nation-wide contest for unarrived and worn-out writers. To all those who have had the guts to hang on for over ten years, I suggest awarding to them a gold-plated pistol—with full directions on how to use it.

Summing it all up, we find that I have given the better years of my life for dear old Liberty—and I am still shackled hand and foot. However, I haven't given up hope yet. I have one consolation: that I may be in line for walking away with Liberty's gold medal for valor in citizenship!

Disgustedly, yet respectfully yours.

NOW, MY DEAR Miss Robison, your letter has humor and some felicity of expression. Eleven years? You are a persistent and courageous person, and I salute you. But you do not tell me what you have been doing otherwise during those eleven years. What have you been doing to train yourself for authorship? . . . Writing is a profession and one must train for it as one trains for medicine and the law. The rewards for successful writing are often a great deal higher than those that come to successful lawyers and doctors; yet law and medicine are larger fields than authorship. Therefore there are many more successful physicians and attorneys than there are successful writers, and the competition in authorship is greater than in any other profession that I know. . . . To say that one manuscript in a thousand is purchased is an understatement. The true percentage is much more discouraging. Only those who train and prepare themselves over a long period are likely to succeed, unless they have genius, which unfortunately is rare. A successful surgeon generally has behind him eight years of primary education, four years of secondary education, at least two years of academic study, four years of medical school, two years as an interne in a hospital. Then he must pass a state medical examination, and finally he can hang up a shingle and hope to get some patients. During all those years of study and preparation he must be financed or earn his own way. Lawyers have an equally difficult road to travel.

BEGINNING AUTHORS seem to think that they have only to sit down at a typewriter and write. I advise you kindly to regard writing as a serious profession. Writers operate on the minds and souls of people, and they need serious preparation for that work. What you probably need is a good literary coach who will examine your work and tell you whether you have talent or not, and, if you have talent, where you are making your mistake. I cannot recommend a literary coach, but the various magazines devoted to authorship can help you. We do not issue any lifetime rejection slips to authors; we are always hoping their next story will be something we feel we can print.

WHICH DOESN'T LEAVE much space to tell you all about our interesting features for next week. There will be two short stories: I Play These, by Achmed Abdullah; and Old Shoes for Luck, by Virginia Sullivan Tomlinson; and many exciting articles, including Good-by to Café Society, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; Hollywood Treated Me Like a Leper, by Elaine Barrymore; The Sins of the Jews, by George E. Sokolsky; and others, to complete this week's bill of fare. Of course there will also be installments of our serials: Twilight Cheats, by Grace Perkins; I Married a Nazi, by Oscar Schisgall; Lady with Wings, by George Palmer Putnam; and the first part of a new serial, First Love, by Llewellyn Hughes.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
for Liberals with Common Sense

■

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 8, 1939

■

EDITORIAL

Lawlessness—That Is Our Main Trouble.....Bernarr Macfadden 4

SHORT STORIES

Opening Night.......Steve Fisher 12
"If Wishes . . ."—Liberty's Short Short.......Rhoda Truax 24
For Sale or Rent Ethel Doherty and Louise Long 43

SERIALS

Twilight Cheats—Part III Grace Perkins 26
Lady with Wings—Part V George Palmer Putnam 34
I Married a Nazi—Part VIII Oscar Schisgall 49

ARTICLES

Why I Am Against the People's Vote on War Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt 7
Making Americans Out of Jews George E. Sokolsky 10
Pitchers Are Sissies! Grover Cleveland Alexander with Harry T. Brundidge 16
Hollywood Jobs: The Confessions of a Talent Scout....Billy Grady as told to Kenneth L. Watt 18
The Girl Who Dances for Hitler Frederick James Smith 21
Razed Eyebrows......Sophie Kerr 41
I Am a Psychic Detective: The Incubus..Horace Leaf, F. R. G. S. 55

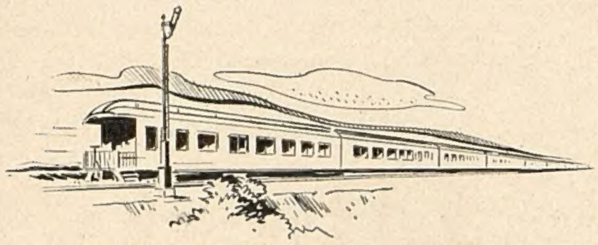
FEATURES

Twenty Questions, 20; To the Ladies by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, 22; Crossword Puzzle, 42; Movie Reviews by Beverly Hills, 57; $2,000 Vacation Travel Contest, 59; Vox Pop, 60.

The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

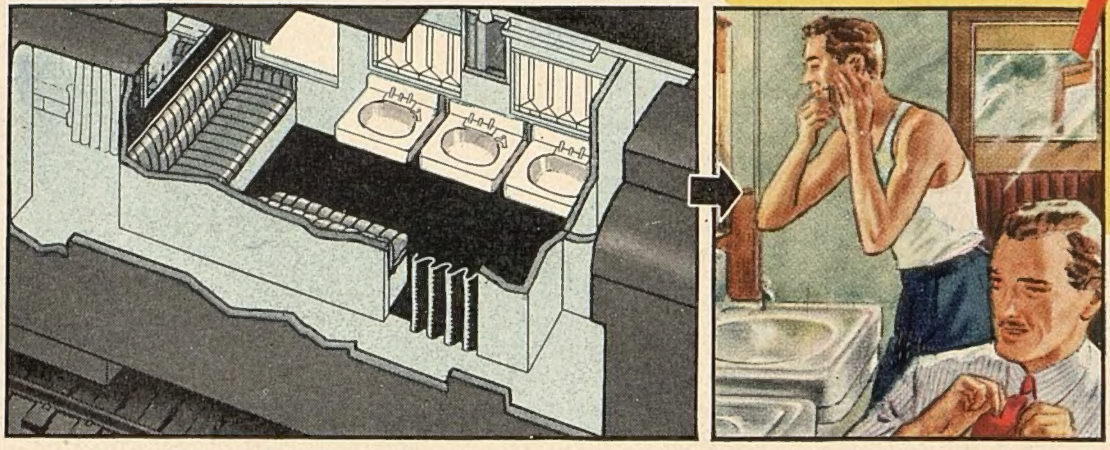
COVER BY
DAN OSHER

ON THE AVERAGE 300-MILE OVERNIGHT TRIP . . .

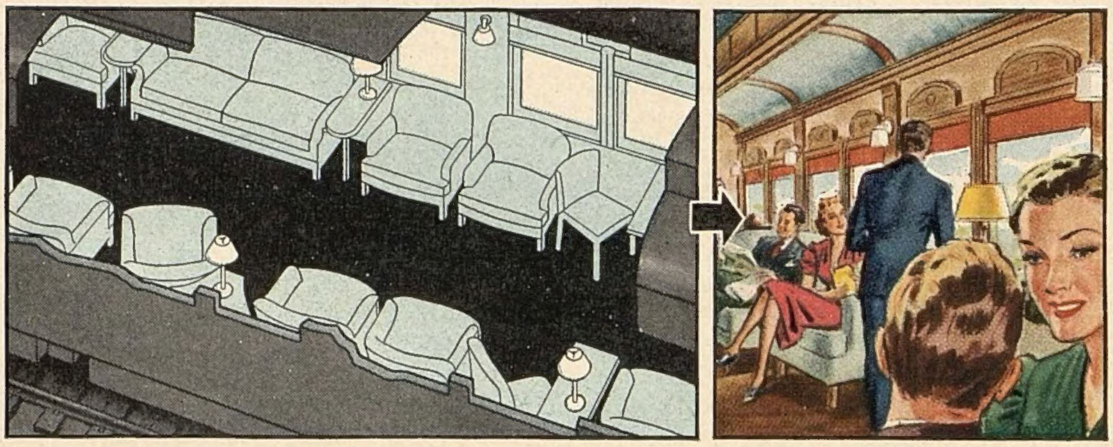


Your "Home on the Rails"

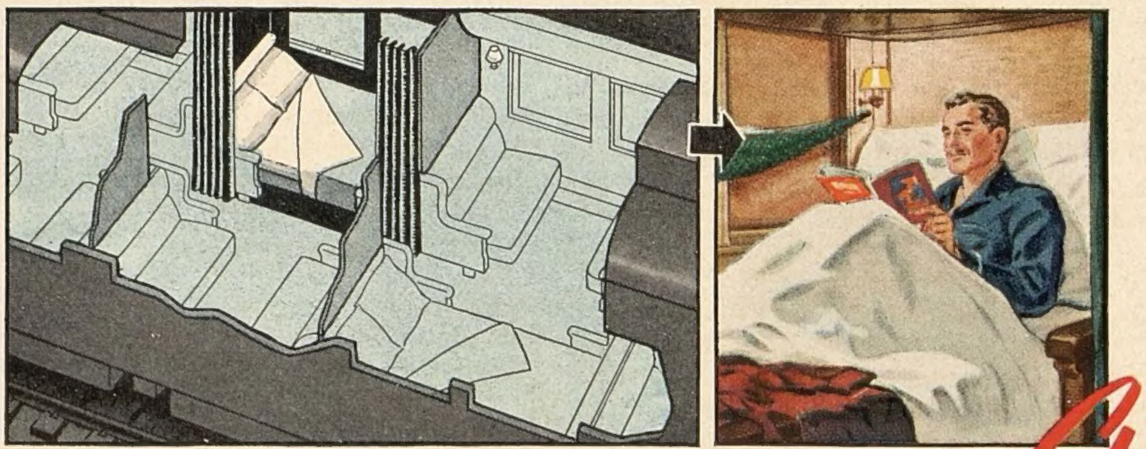
COSTS ONLY $2.65*!



Your "Dressing Room"—as the diagrammatic drawing above indicates—is a spacious, completely equipped washroom that includes private toilet facilities. All the hot water and towels you can use. Large, clear mirrors and perfectly planned lighting and ventilation.



Your "Living Room"—is the best description of the Pullman lounge car, as shown above. Soft carpeting, deep easy chairs, writing tables, current magazines—all these and many other things make this "living room" ideal for relaxation, reading, smoking or conversation with your fellow travelers.



Your "Sleeping Quarters"—a roomy lower berth—is part of the "3 Room Apartment" you rent for $2.65 plus first class rail fare on the average 300-mile trip. Bed is a full six feet, 2 inches long, the mattress soft and sleep-inviting! You'll awake relaxed and refreshed!

Dollar for Dollar Pullman Now Offers You the Greatest Travel Value Any Amount of Money Can Buy!

In actual cost, rail and Pullman is not the cheapest way to travel. But Pullman travelers will tell you that you get *so much more for so little extra*, that no other means of travel can approach Pullman in real dollar value!

Take the average 300-mile overnight Pullman trip, costing you $2.65 plus first class rail fare. On most trains you occupy what can be truthfully called a "3 Room Apartment"! For, in addition to your private, lower-berth sleeping accommodation, you *also* enjoy the facilities of a big dressing and washroom and the full use of a tastefully furnished lounge car!

Moreover, consider the freedom and relaxation . . . the quiet, "all-weather" comfort of traveling in this "Home on the Rails." Then you'll certainly want to go rail and Pullman. Because you'll realize that for only a few dollars more, you can enjoy the greatest travel value any amount of money can buy!

And equally important, *Pullman offers you the safest, most dependable transportation in the world! Next time, go Pullman!*

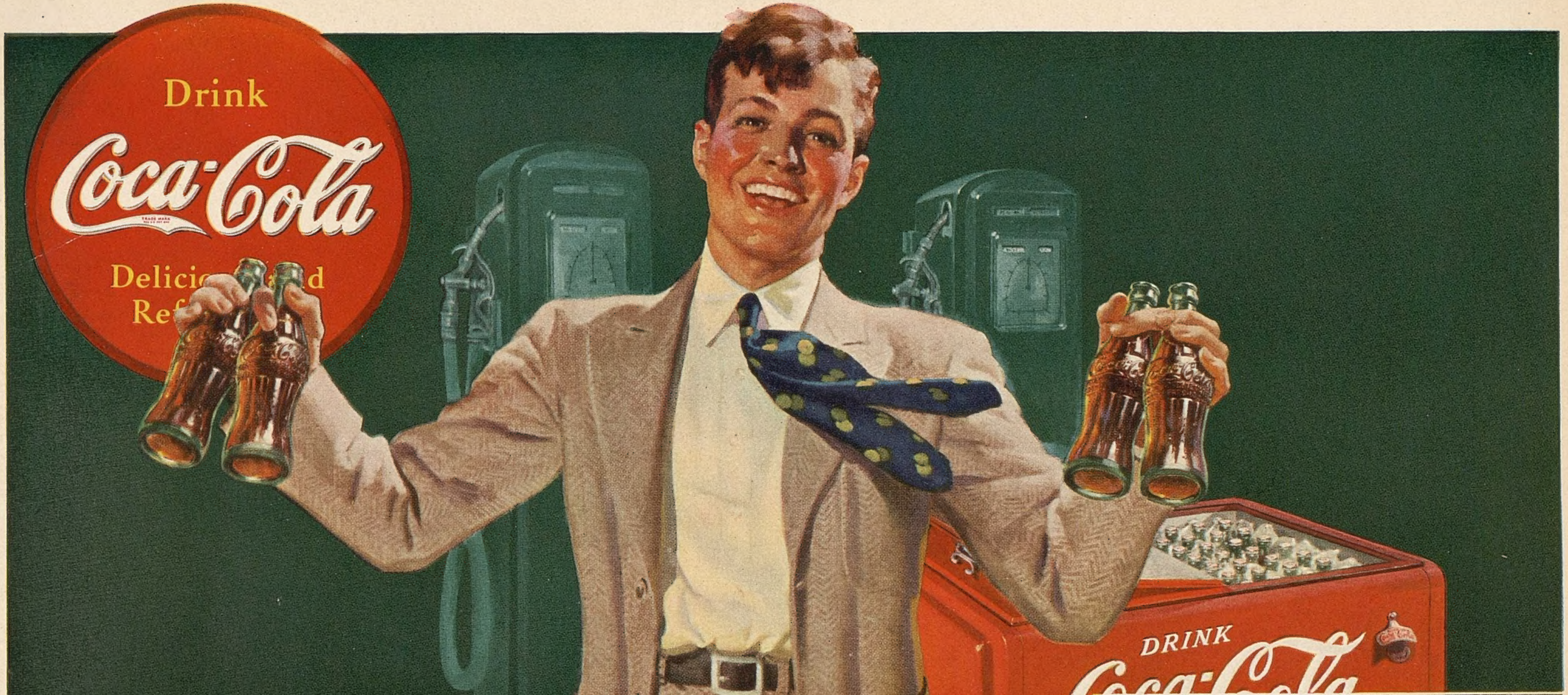
SEND FOR "LIFE ON A PULLMAN." Here's a new book, telling "veterans" as well as "first-timers" how they can get the most out of their next Pullman trip. Send for this free, informative word and picture story of "Life on a Pullman." Simply write to The Pullman Company, Dept. L3, Chicago, Illinois.

**Plus, of course, first class rail fare for transportation*

Go RAIL AND Pullman

THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE....WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE

Copyright 1939, The Pullman Company


Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicio d
Ref
DRINK
Coca-Cola

COPYRIGHT 1939, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Thirst stops here

The road maps of the world are dotted with happy places to pause. And ice-cold Coca-Cola is there to make a pause *the pause that refreshes.* Familiar red coolers everywhere signal you to refresh yourself and be off to a fresh start.

DRINK
Coca-Cola

INVITING YOU TO PAUSE . . . REFRESH